神の子供

西岡兄妹

太田出版

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God's Child

Nishioka Brosis

Translation
Megchan
Lettering
Nomad Soul

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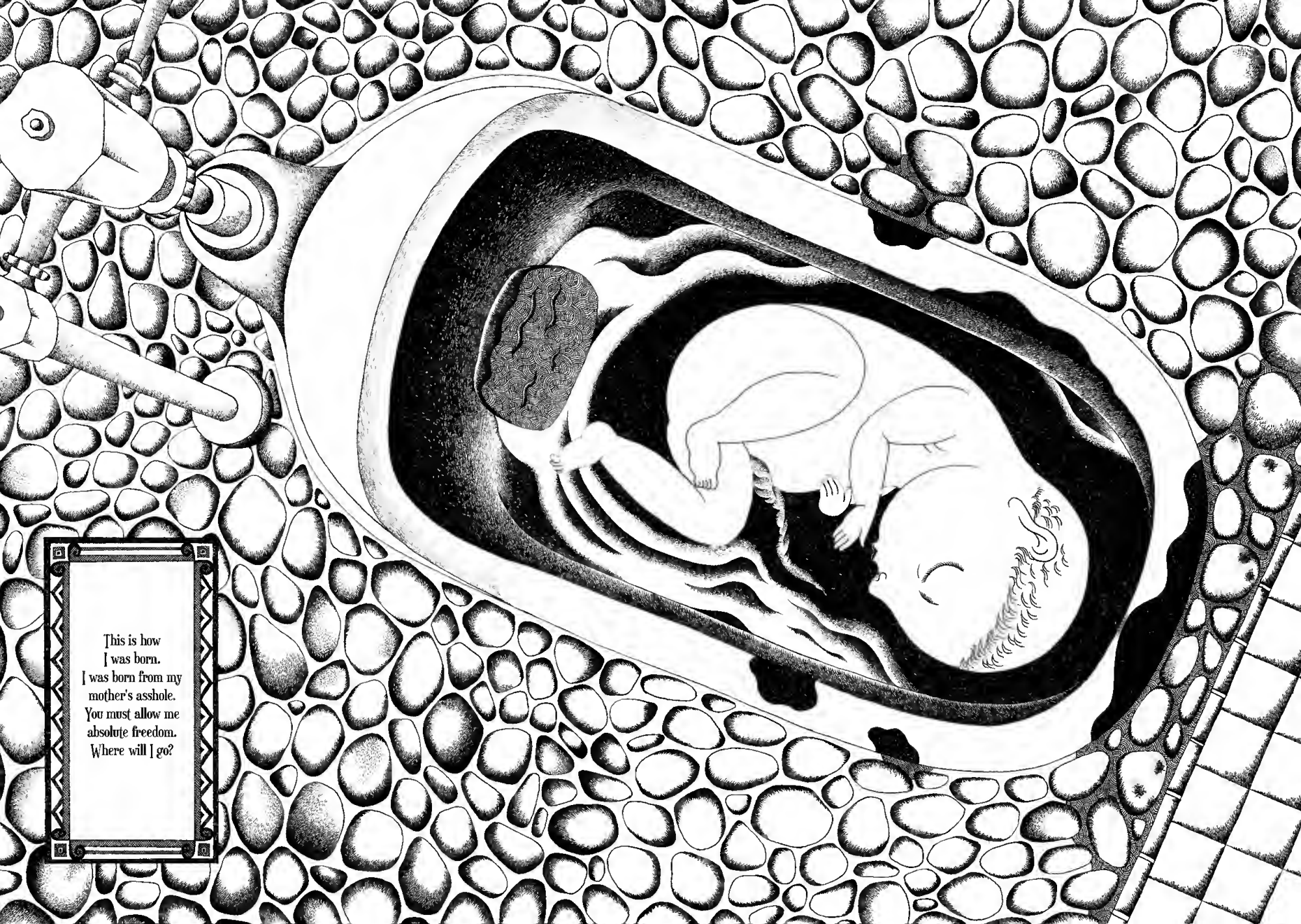
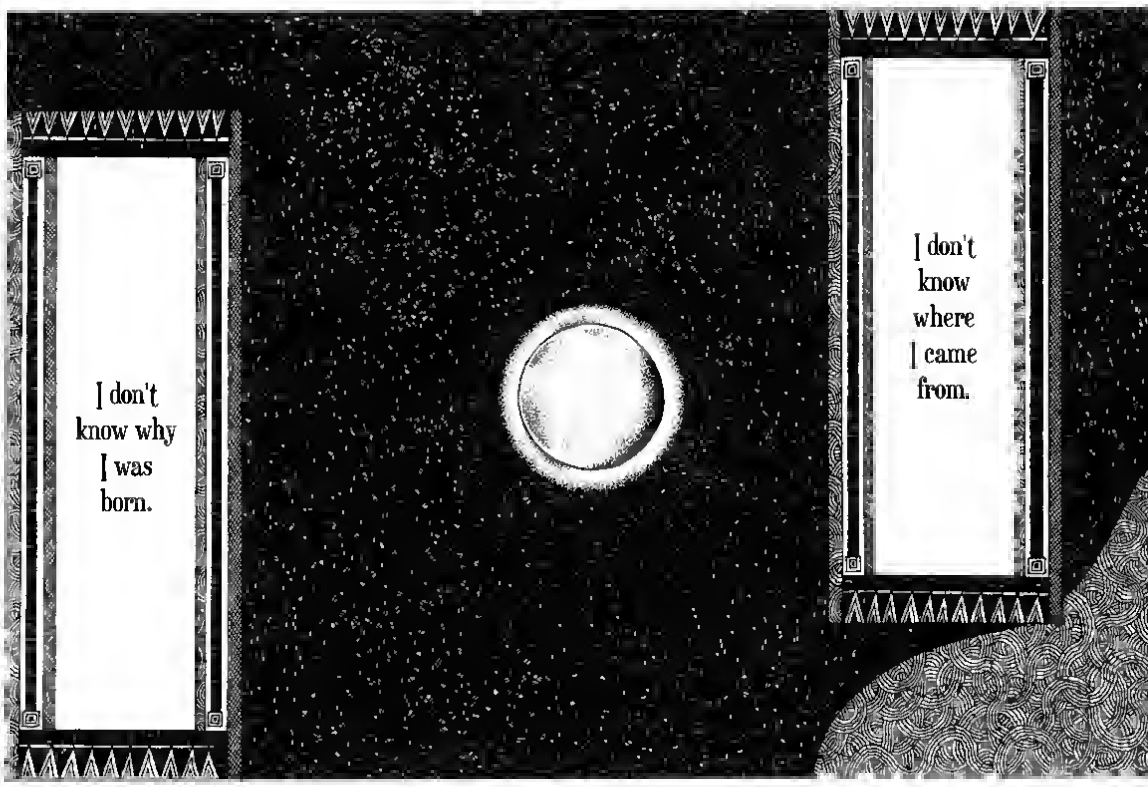
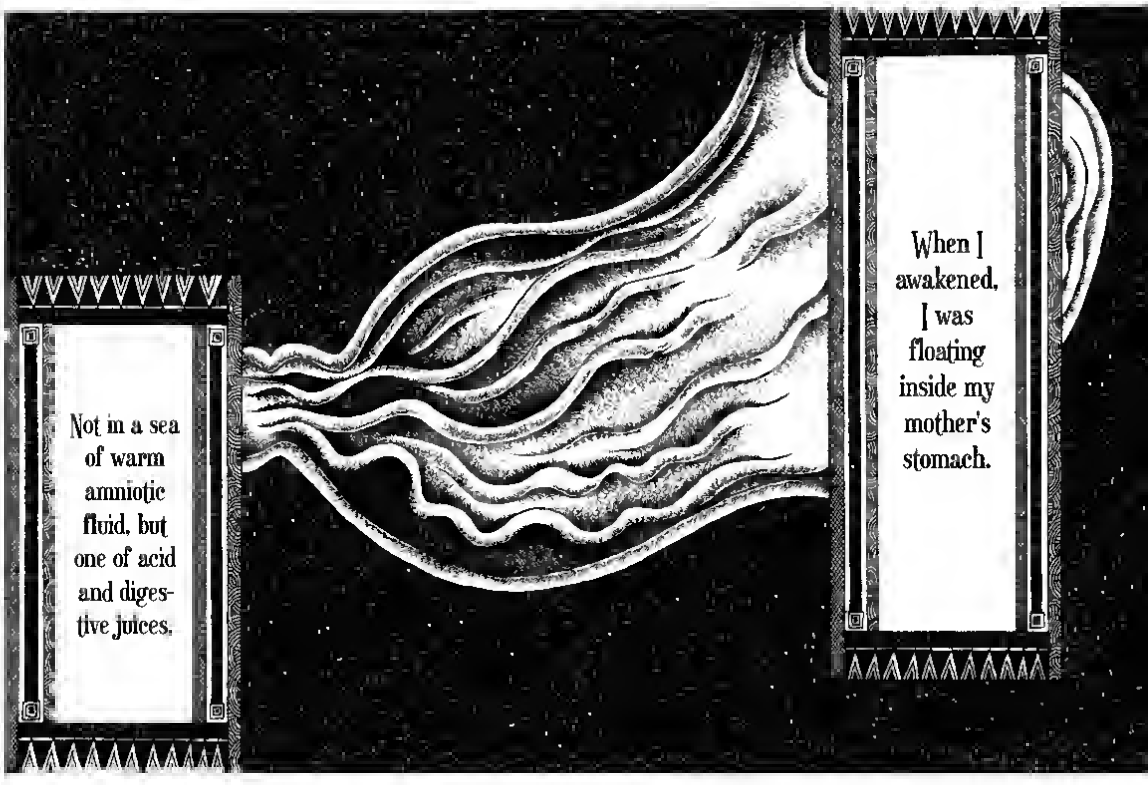
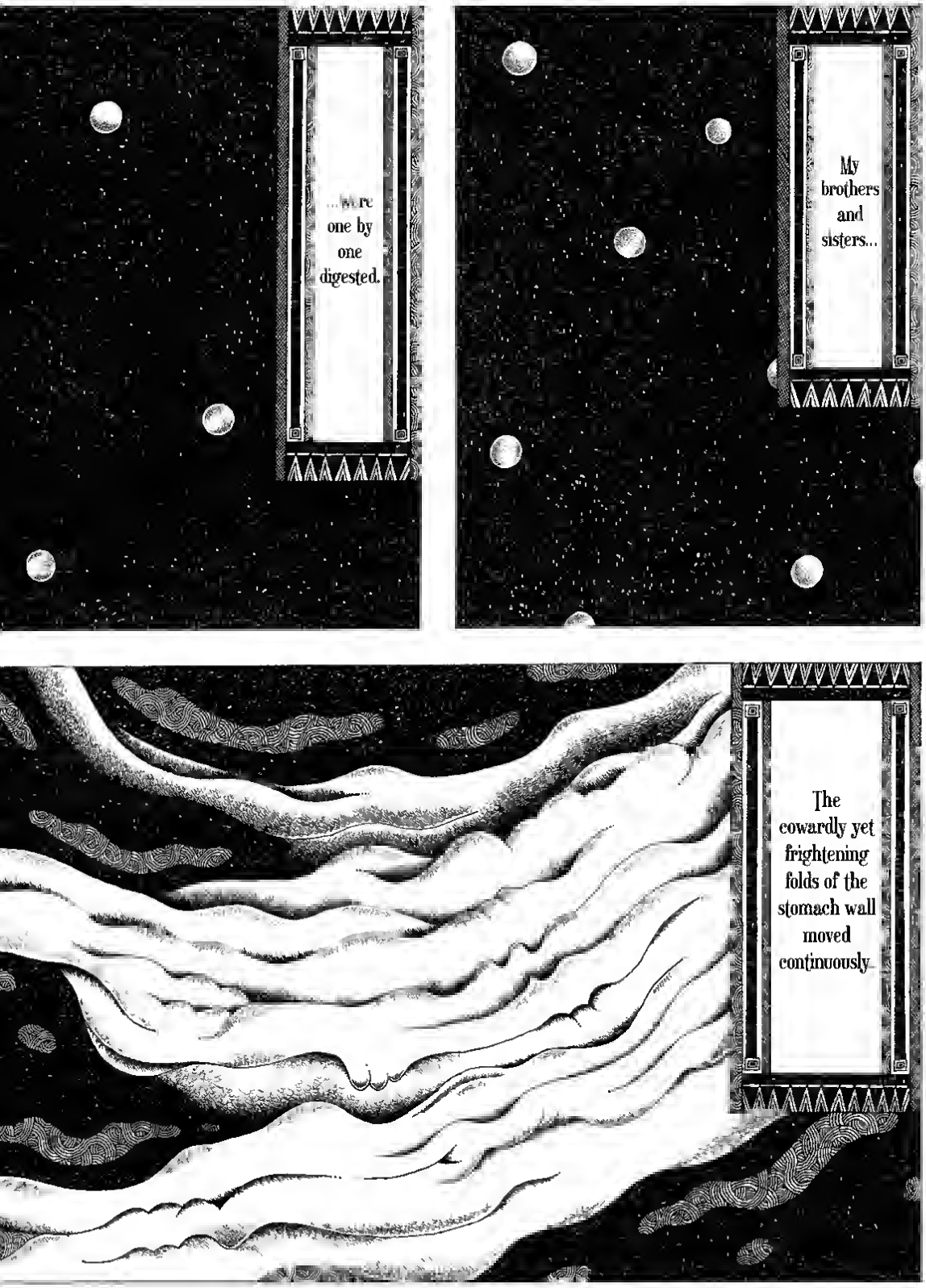
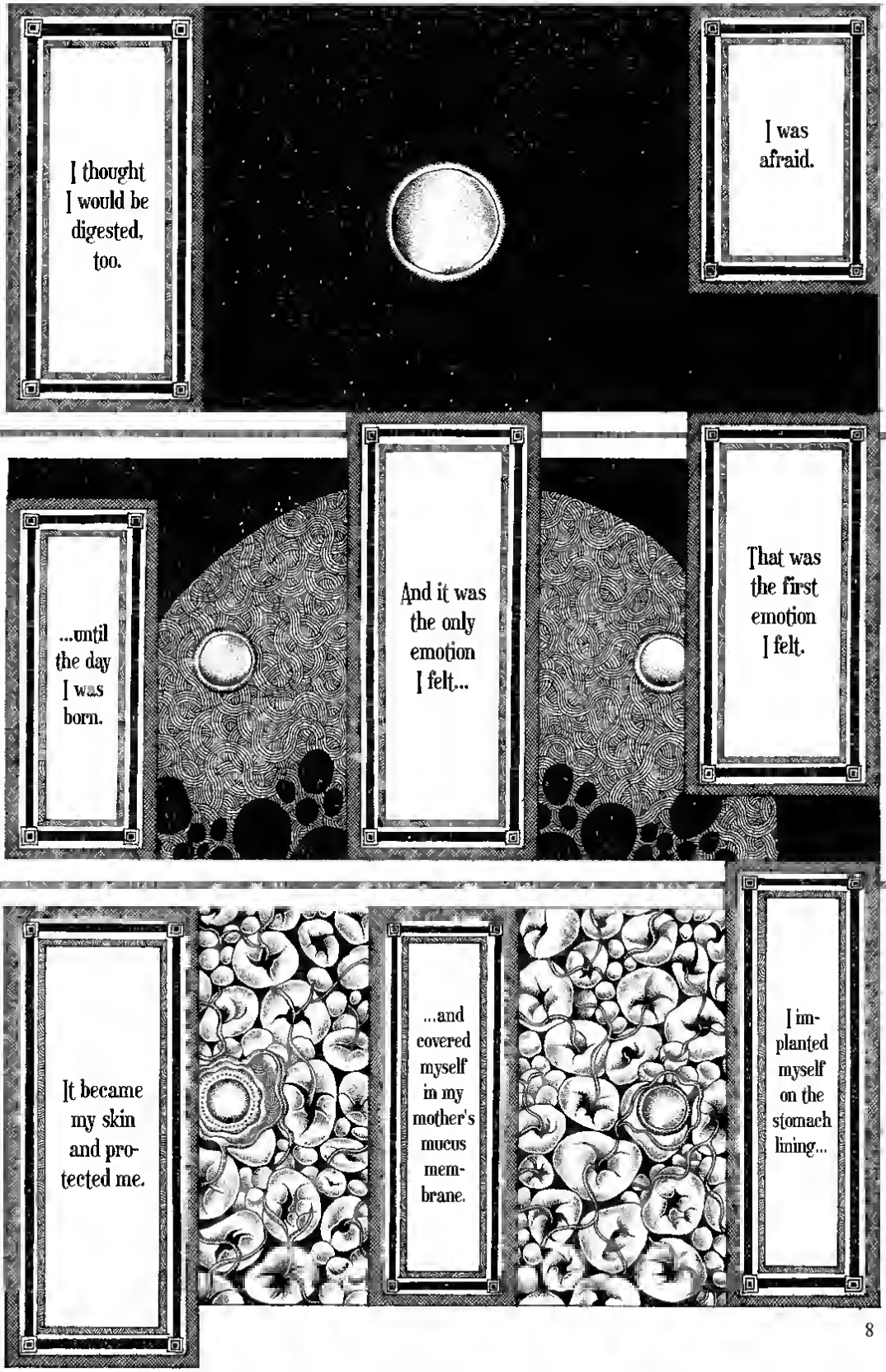
Chapter 1
Child of a Black Sun

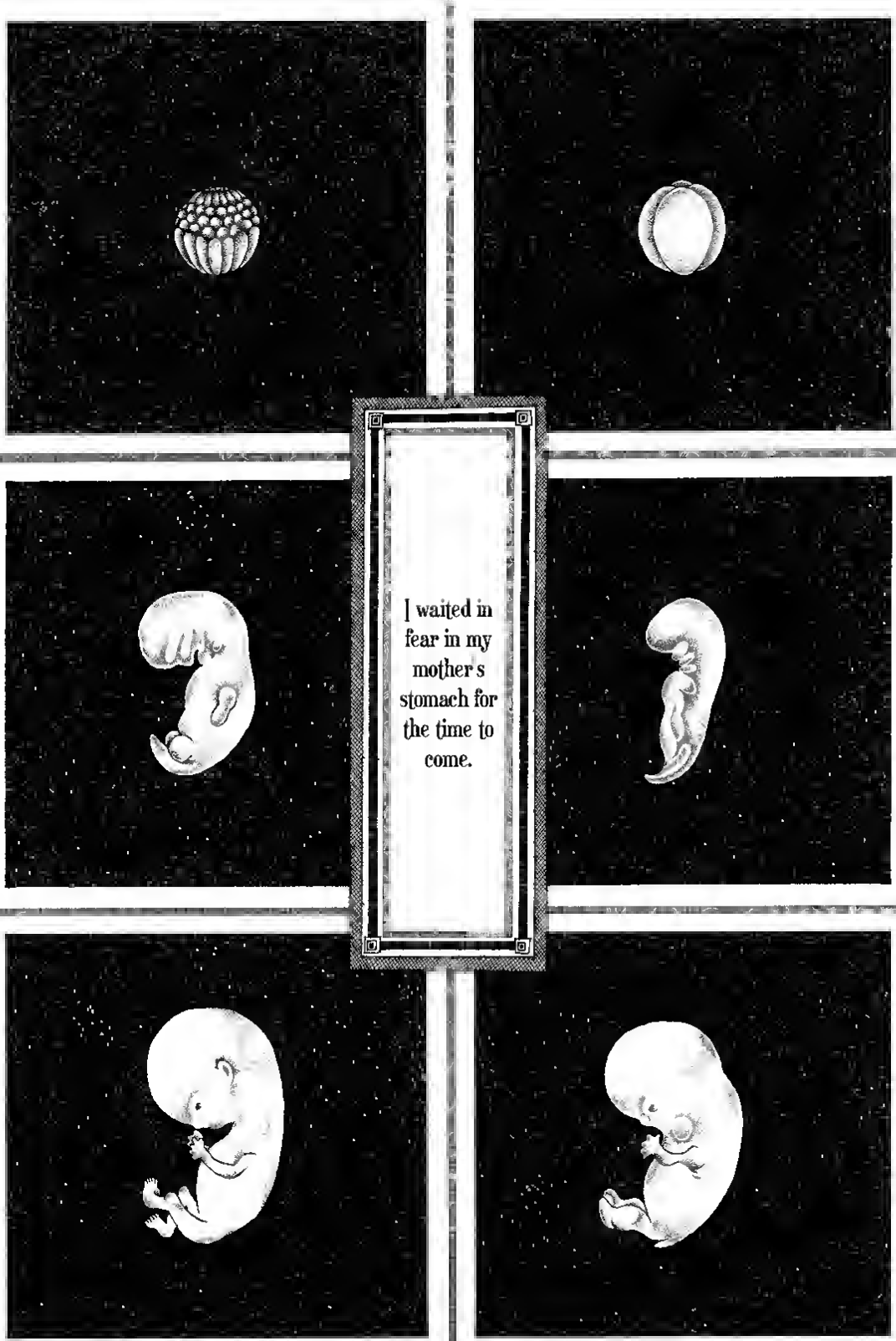

This is how
I was born.
I was born from my
mother's asshole.
You must allow me
absolute freedom.
Where will I go?

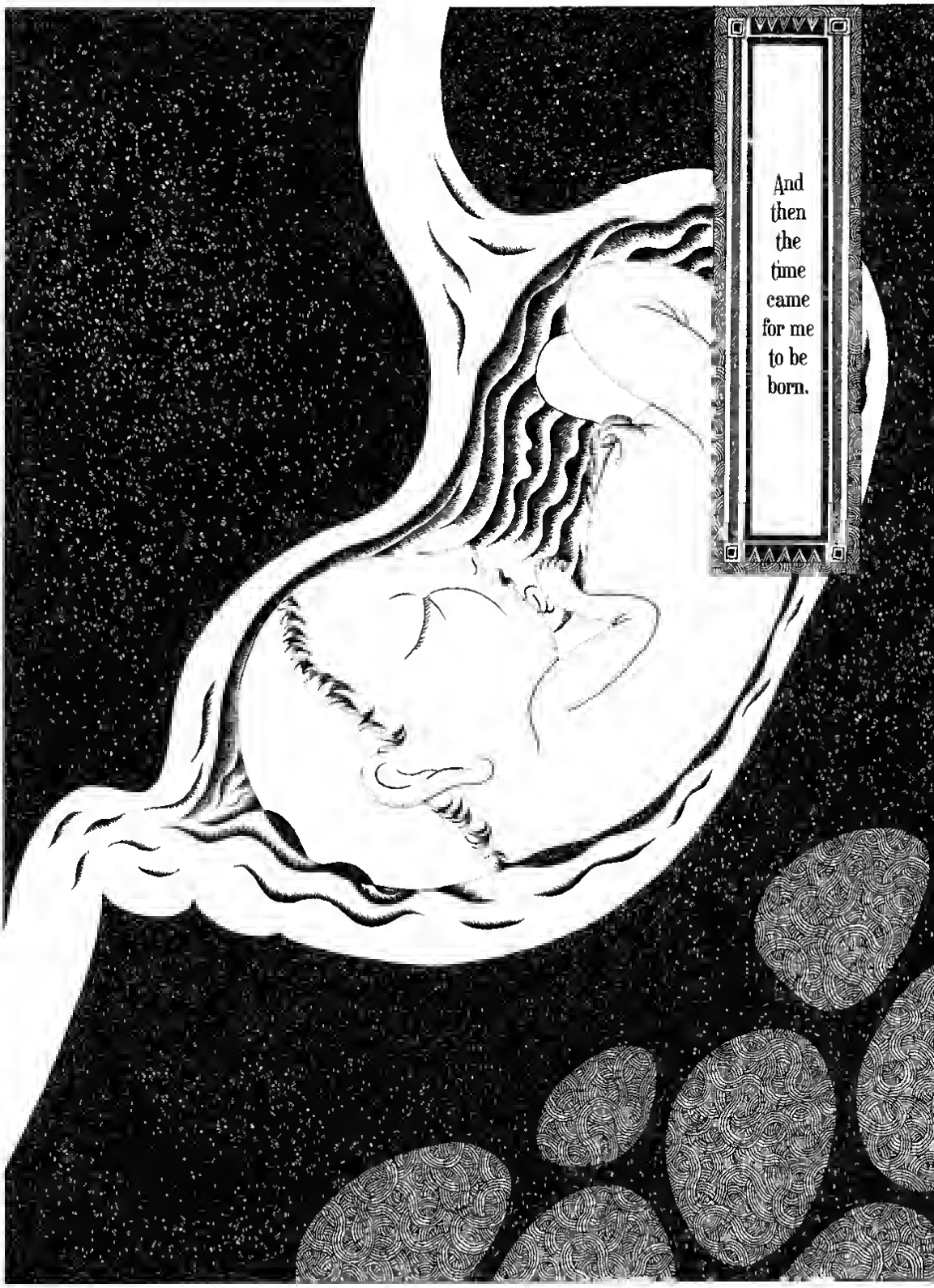

I don't know why I was born.
I don't know where I came from.

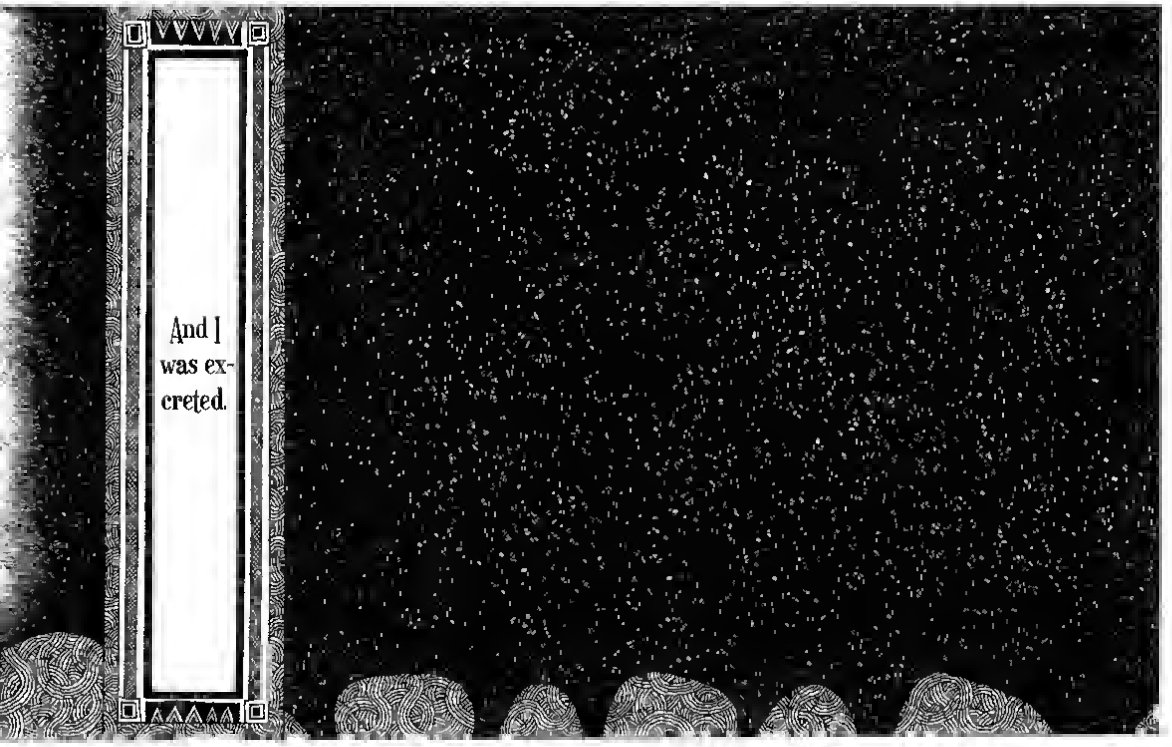

Not in a sea of warm amniotic fluid, but one of acid and digestive juices.
When I awakened, I was floating inside my mother's stomach.

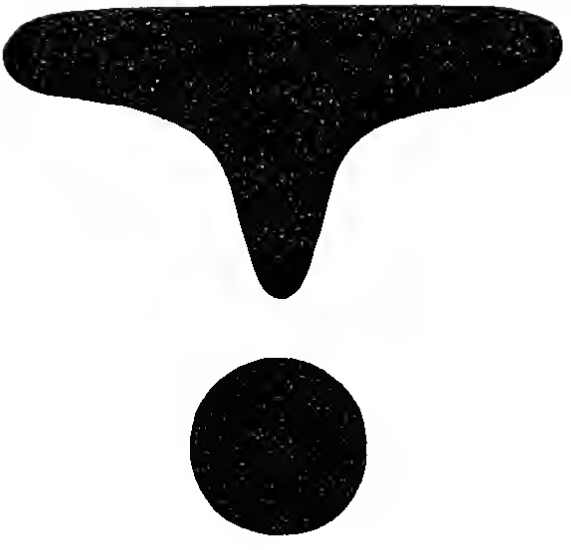

...were one by one digested.
My brothers and sisters...
The cowardly yet frightening folds of the stomach wall moved continuously.


I thought I would be digested, too.
I was afraid.
...until the day I was born.
And it was the only emotion I felt...
That was the first emotion I felt.
It became my skin and protected me.
...and covered myself in my mother's mucus membrane.
I implanted myself on the stomach lining...

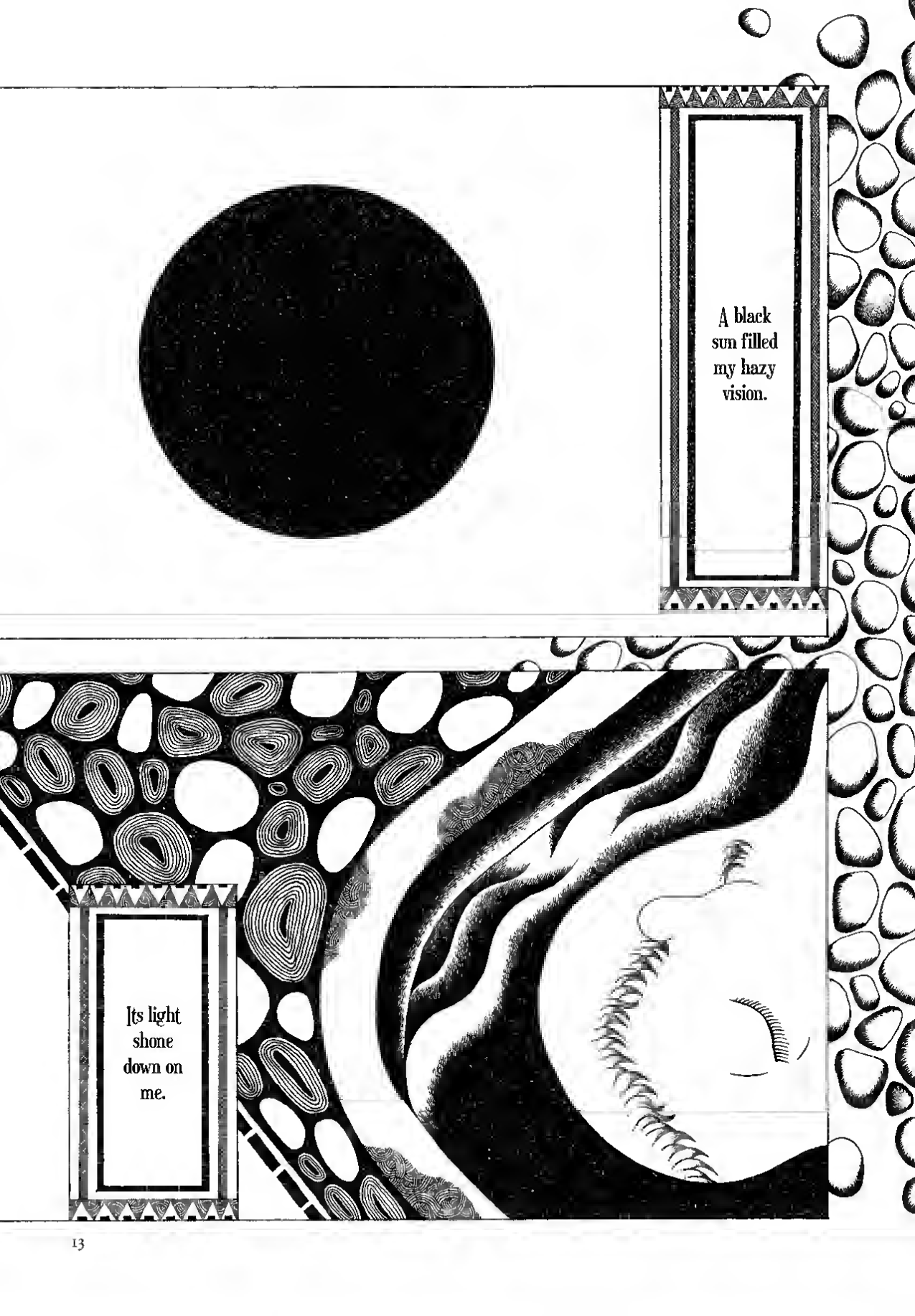

I waited in fear in my mother's stomach for the time to come.

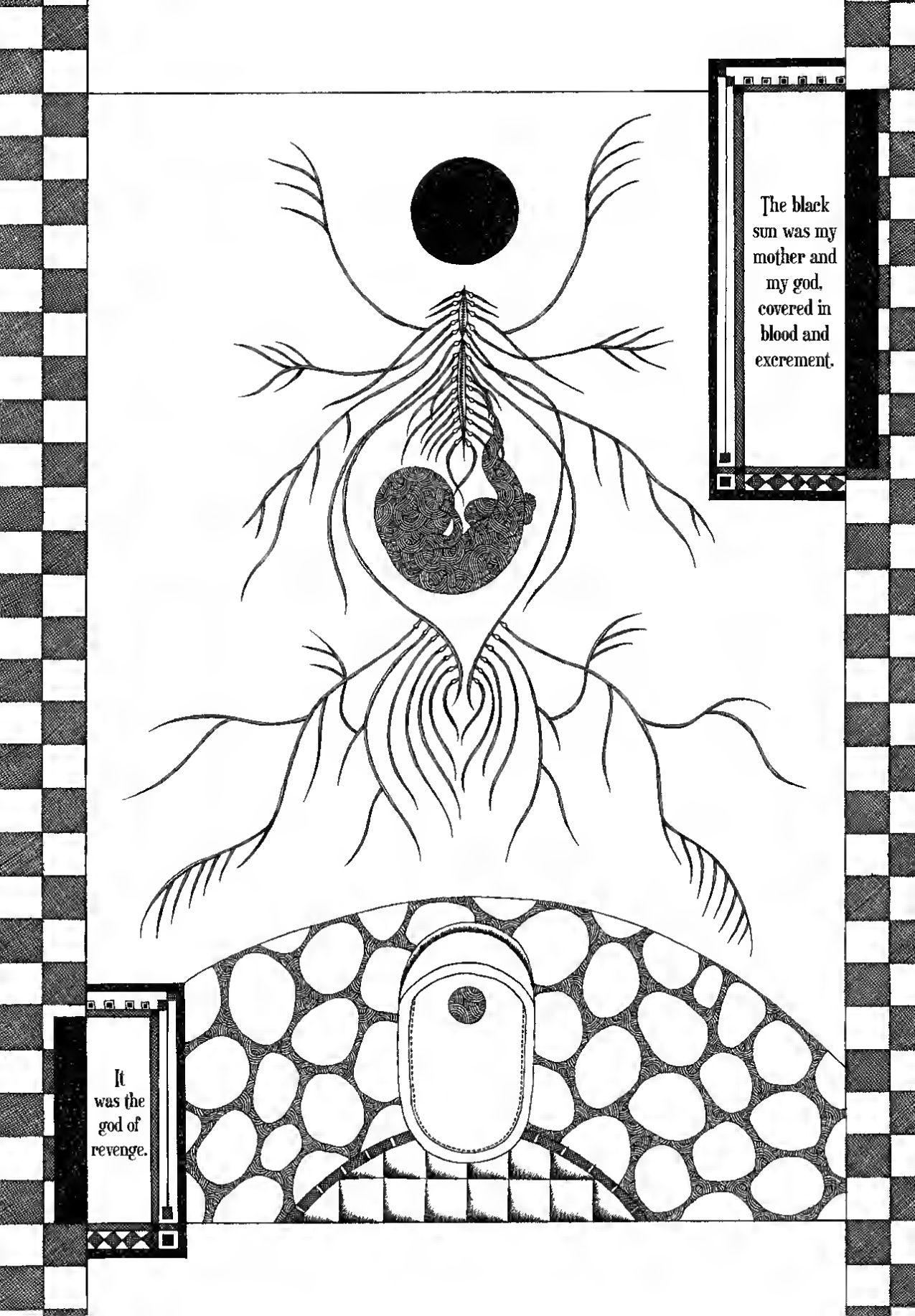

And then the time came for me to be born.

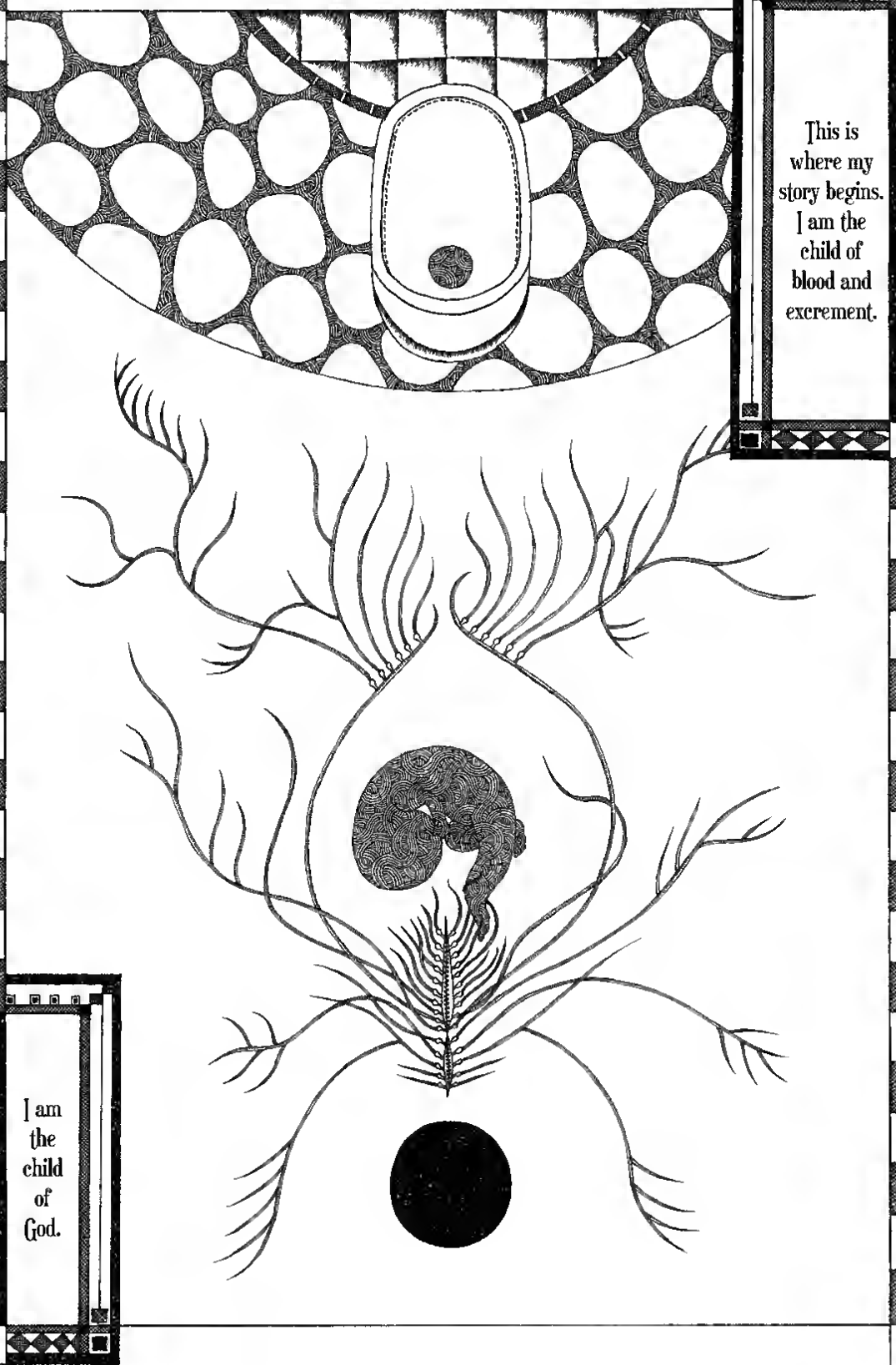

And I
was ex-
creted.

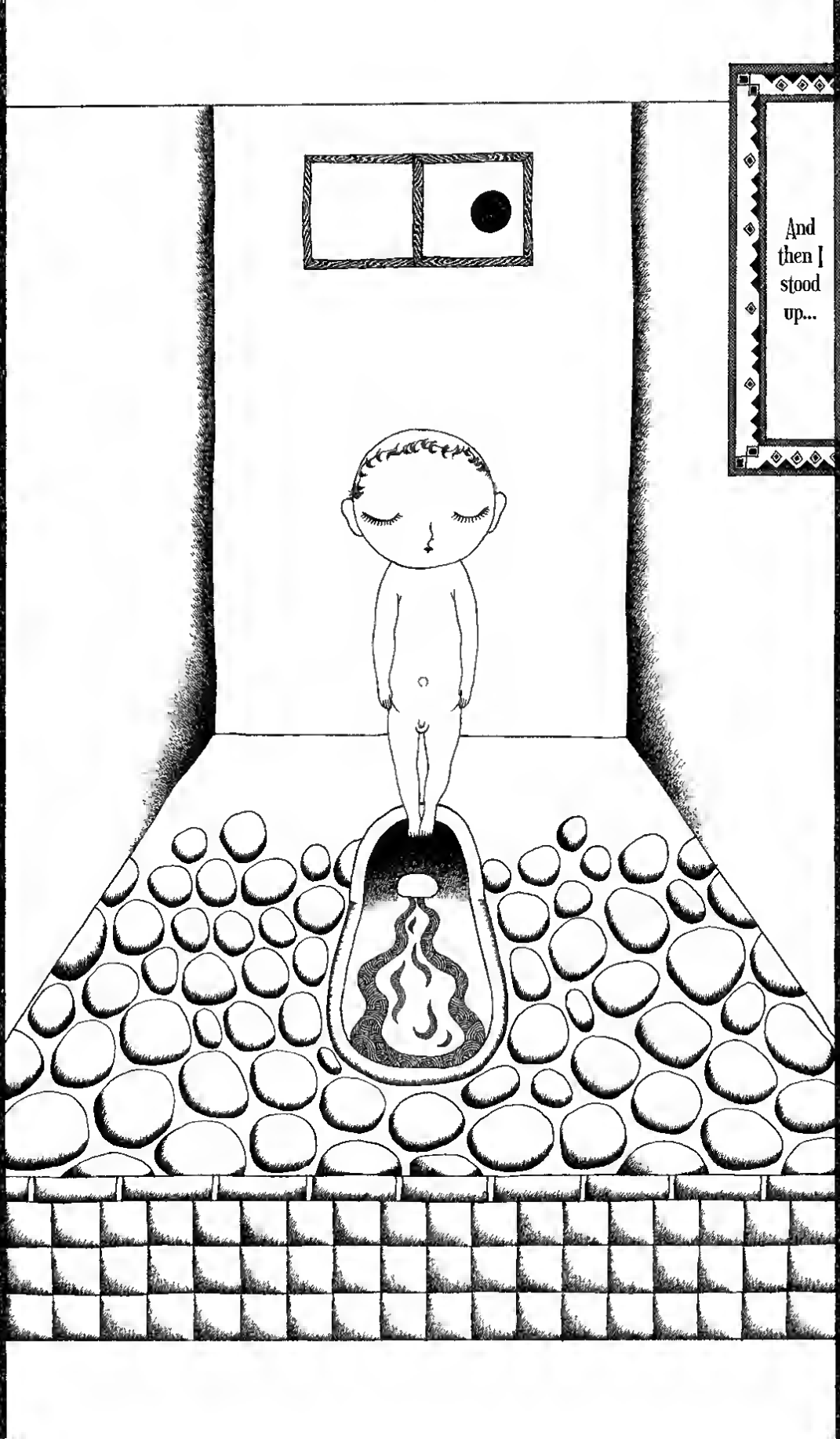


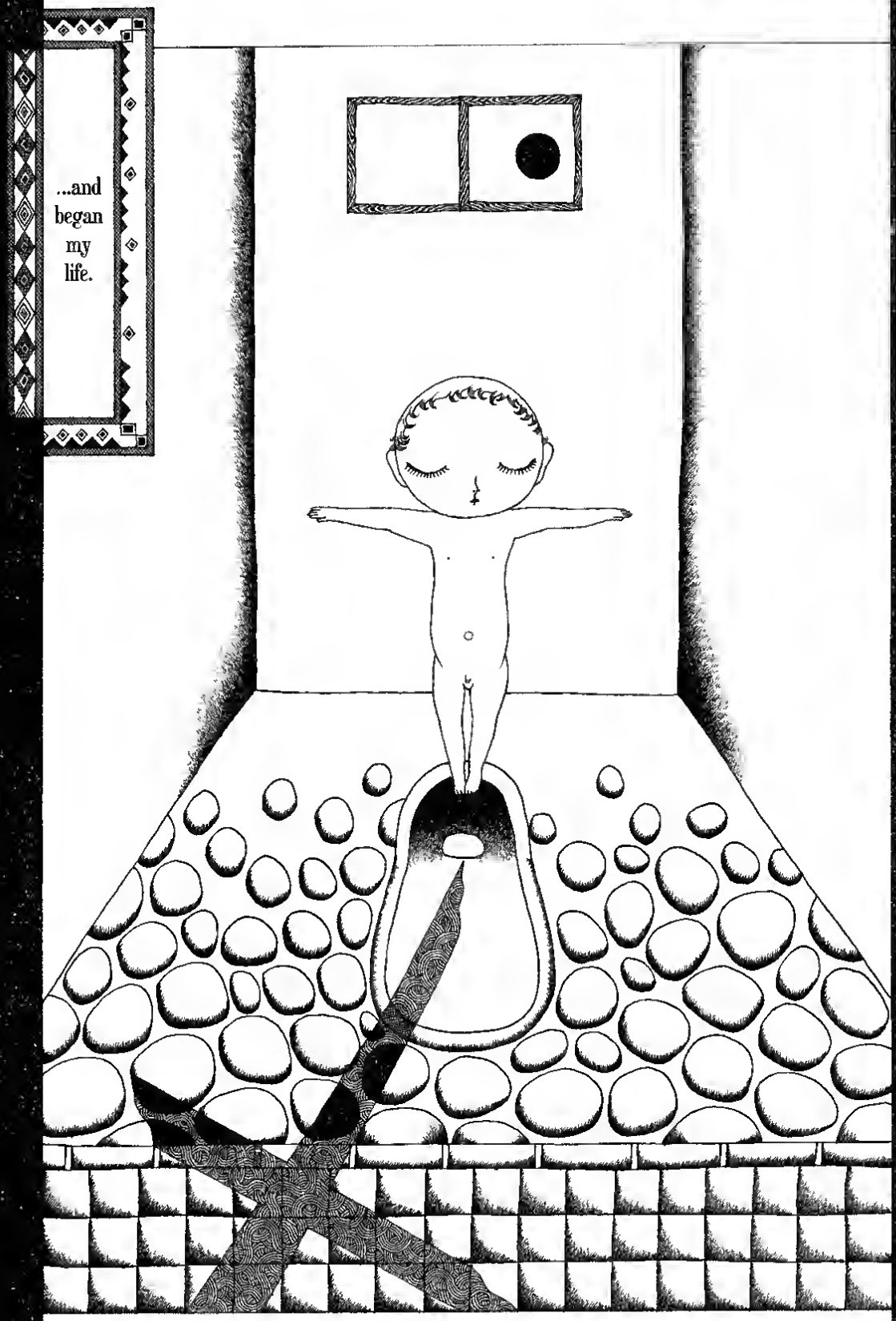
This is how I was born.

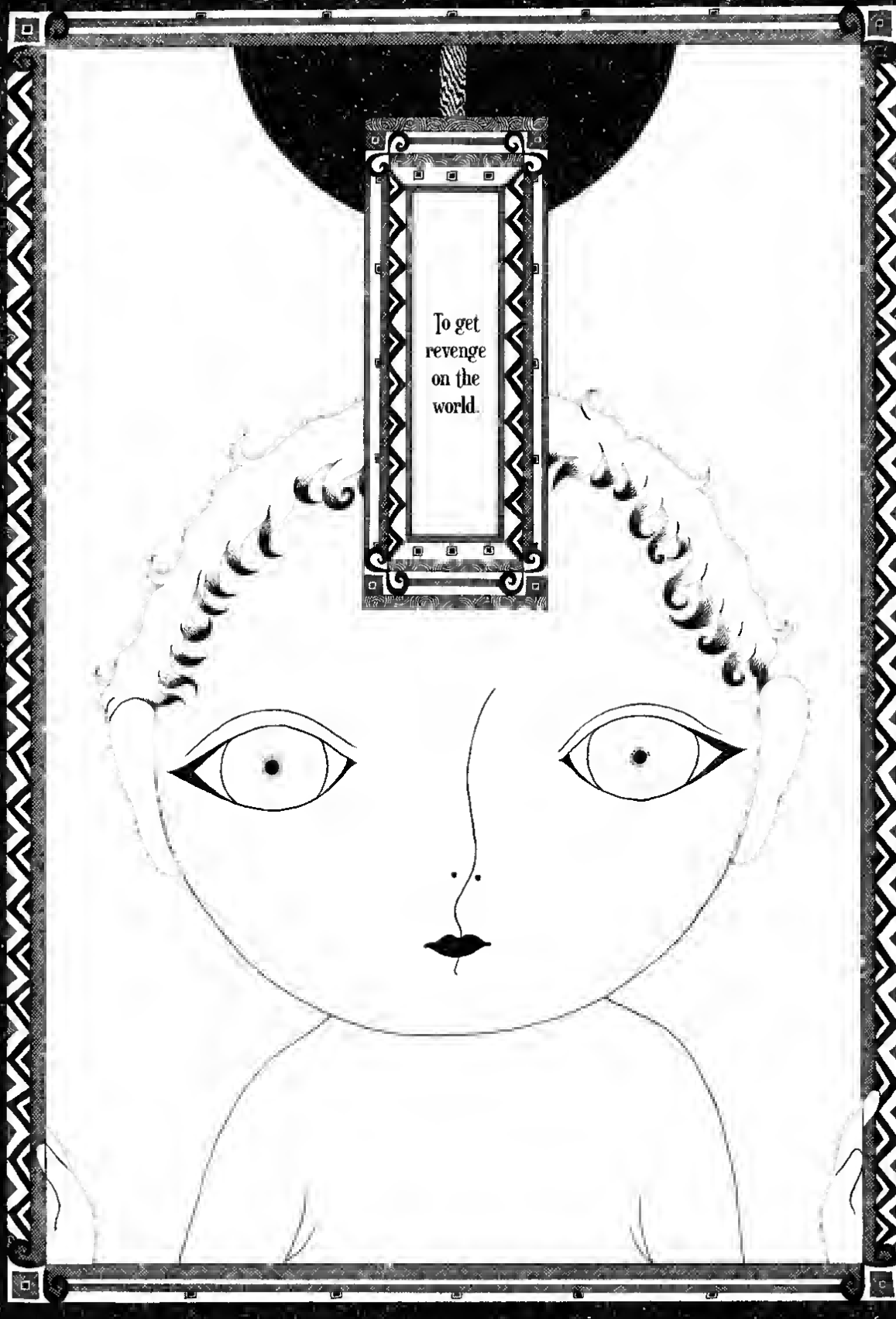

A black sun filled my hazy vision.
Its light shone down on me.


The black sun was my mother and my god, covered in blood and excrement.
It was the god of revenge.

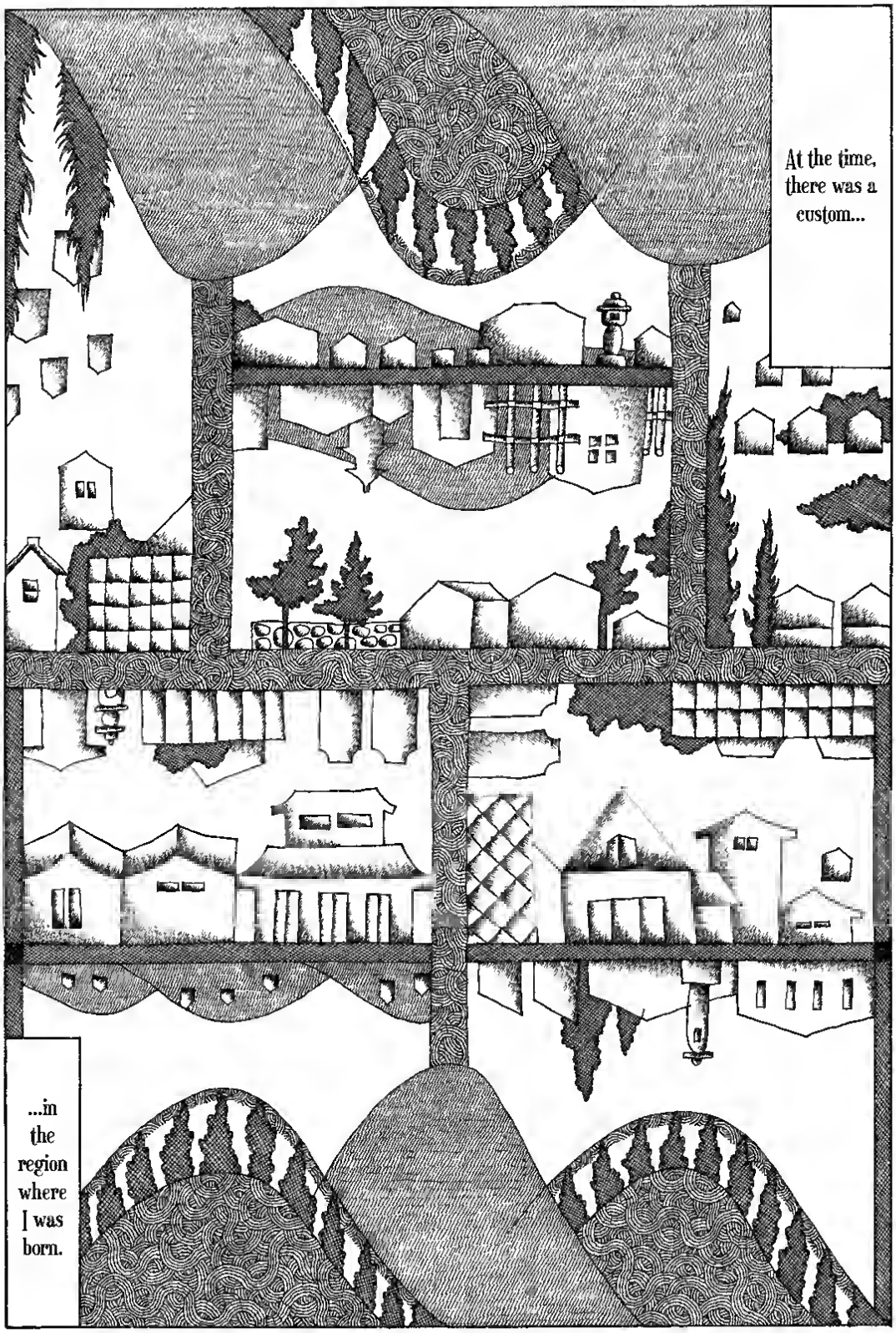

This is where my story begins. I am the child of blood and excrement.
I am the child of God.

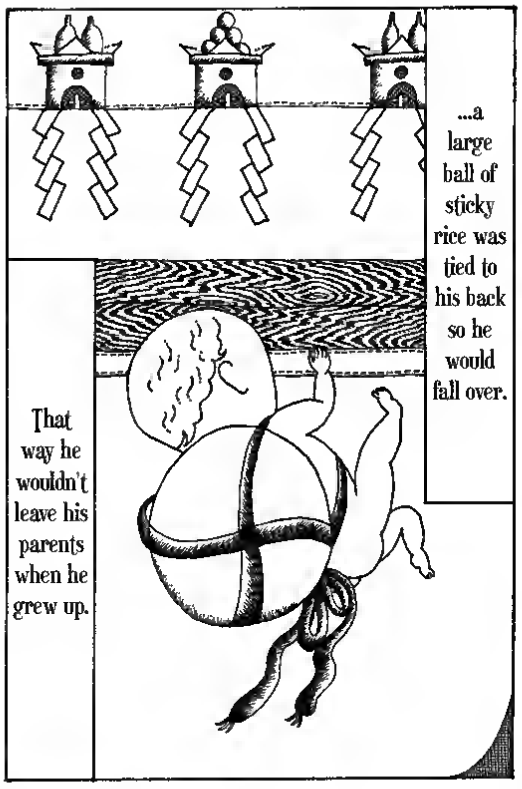

And then I stood up...

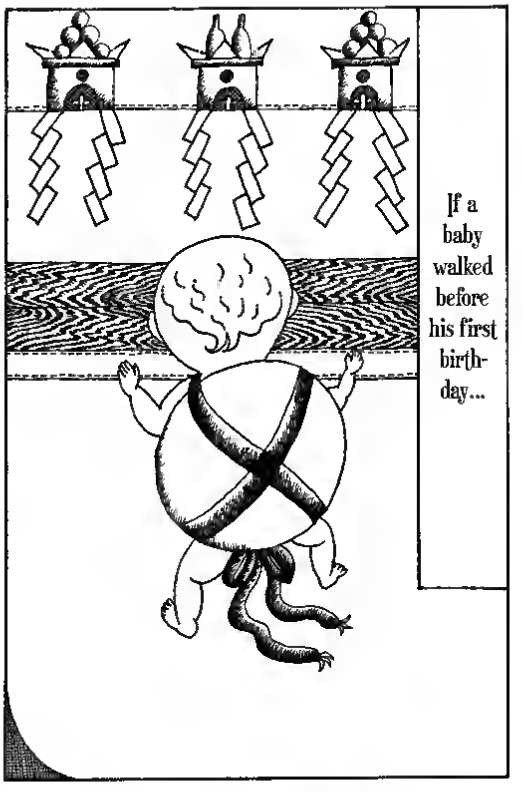

...and
began
my
life.

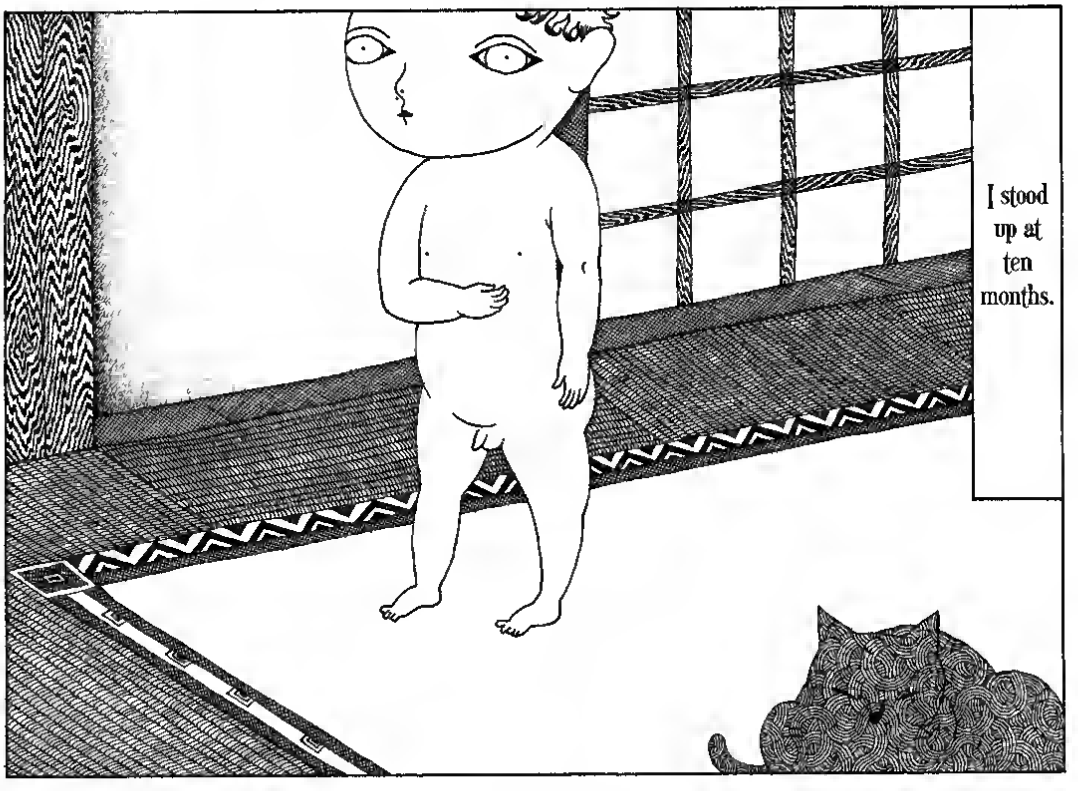

To get
revenge
on the
world.

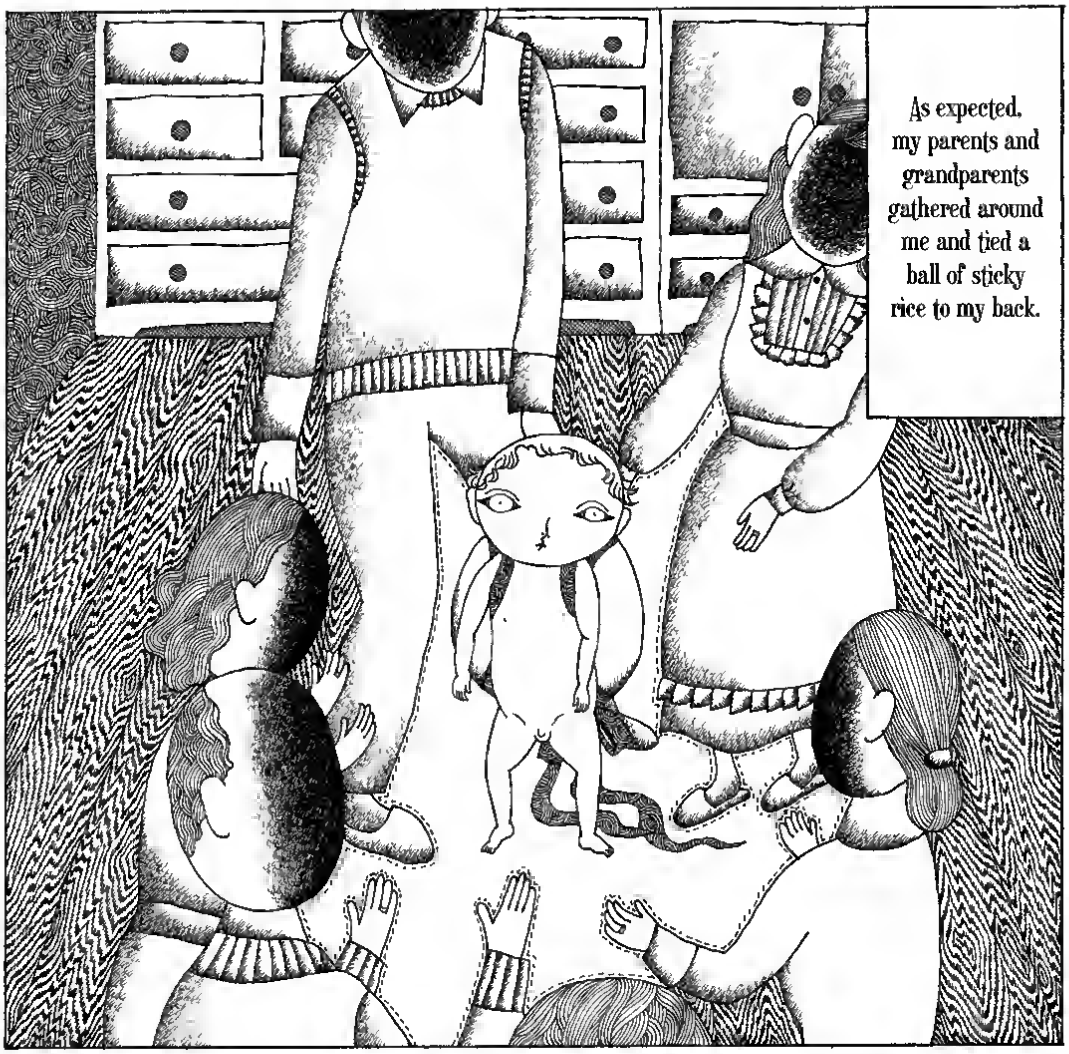
Chapter 2
Child-
hood

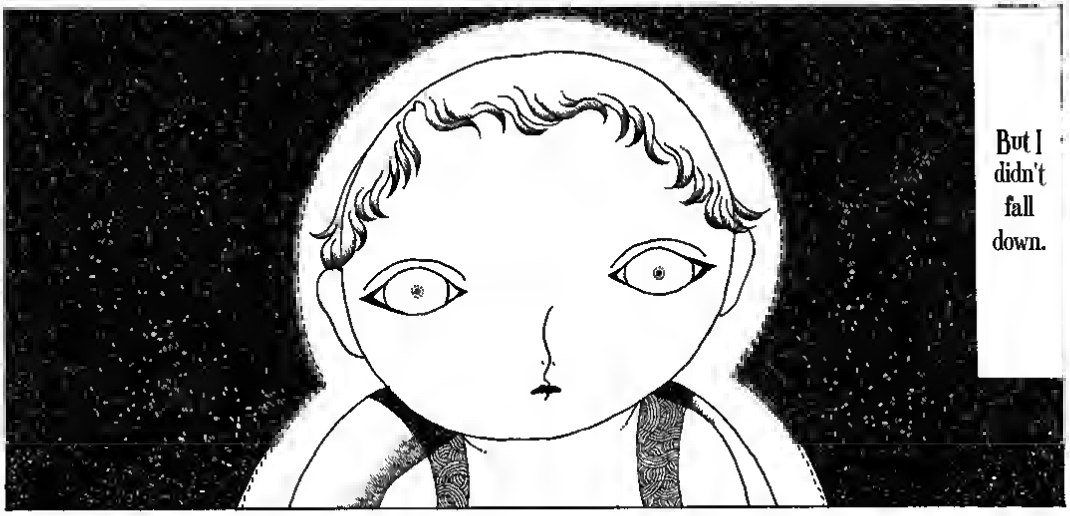

At the time, there was a custom...
...in the region where I was born.

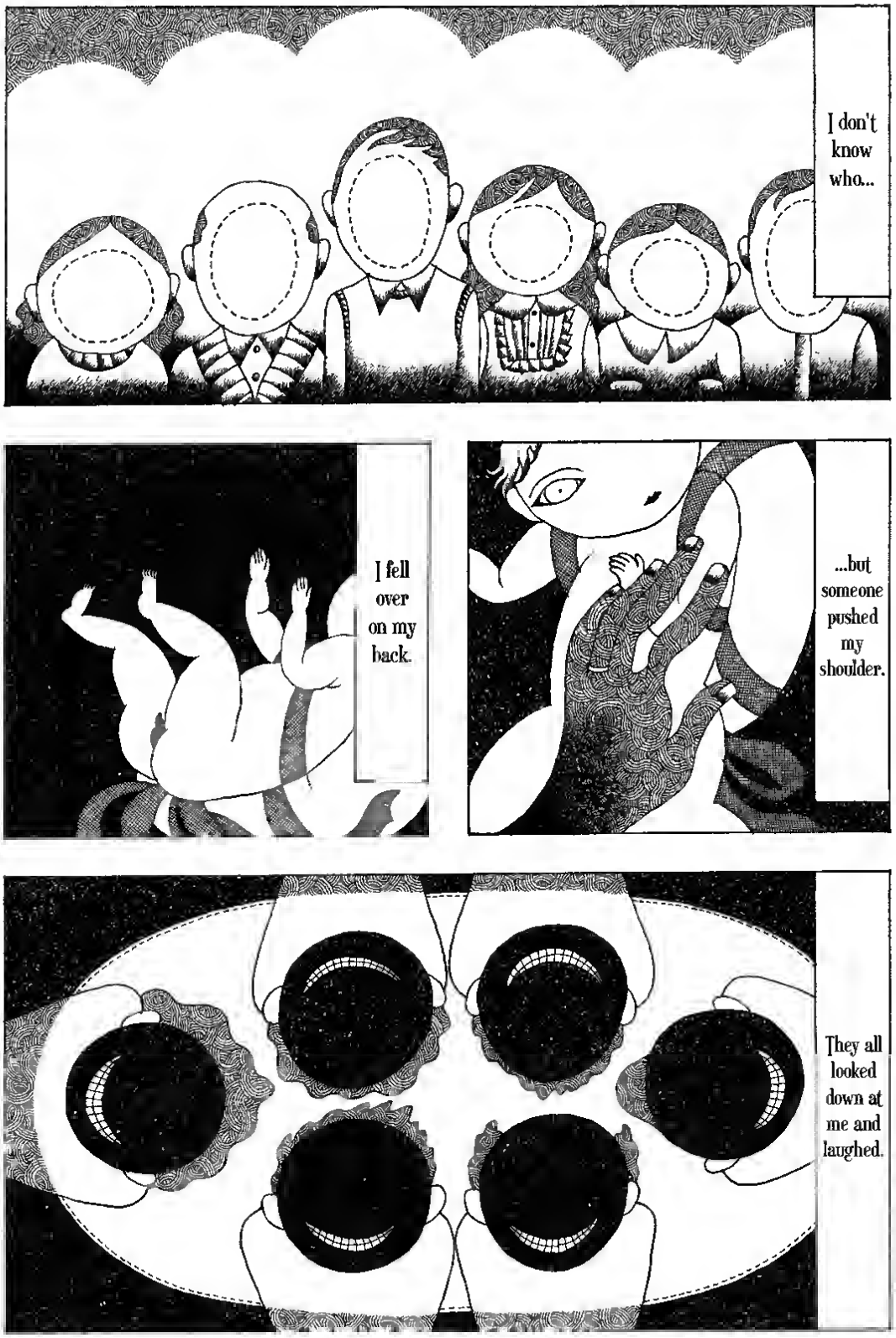

That way he wouldn't leave his parents when he grew up.
...a large ball of sticky rice was tied to his back so he would fall over.

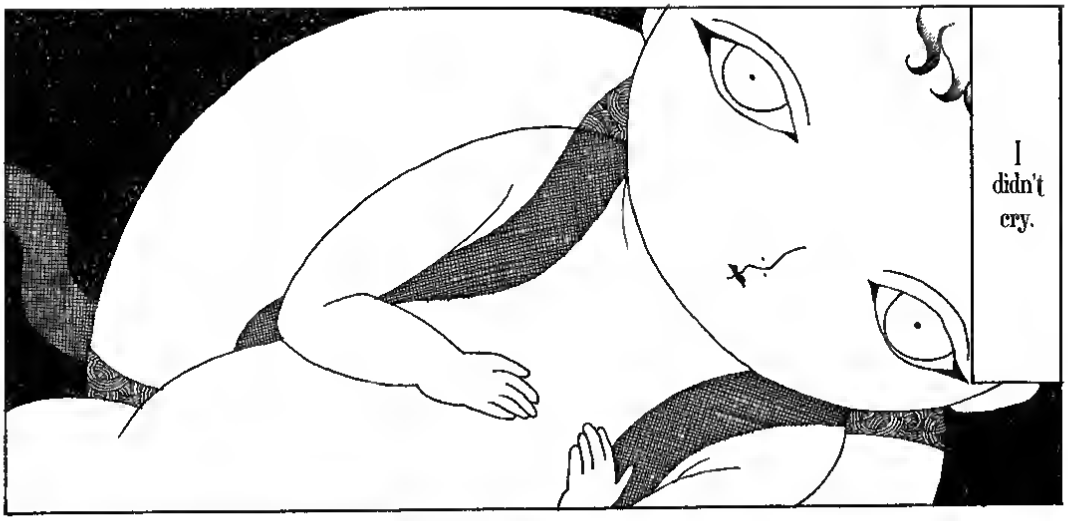

If a baby walked before his first birth-day...


I stood up at ten months.

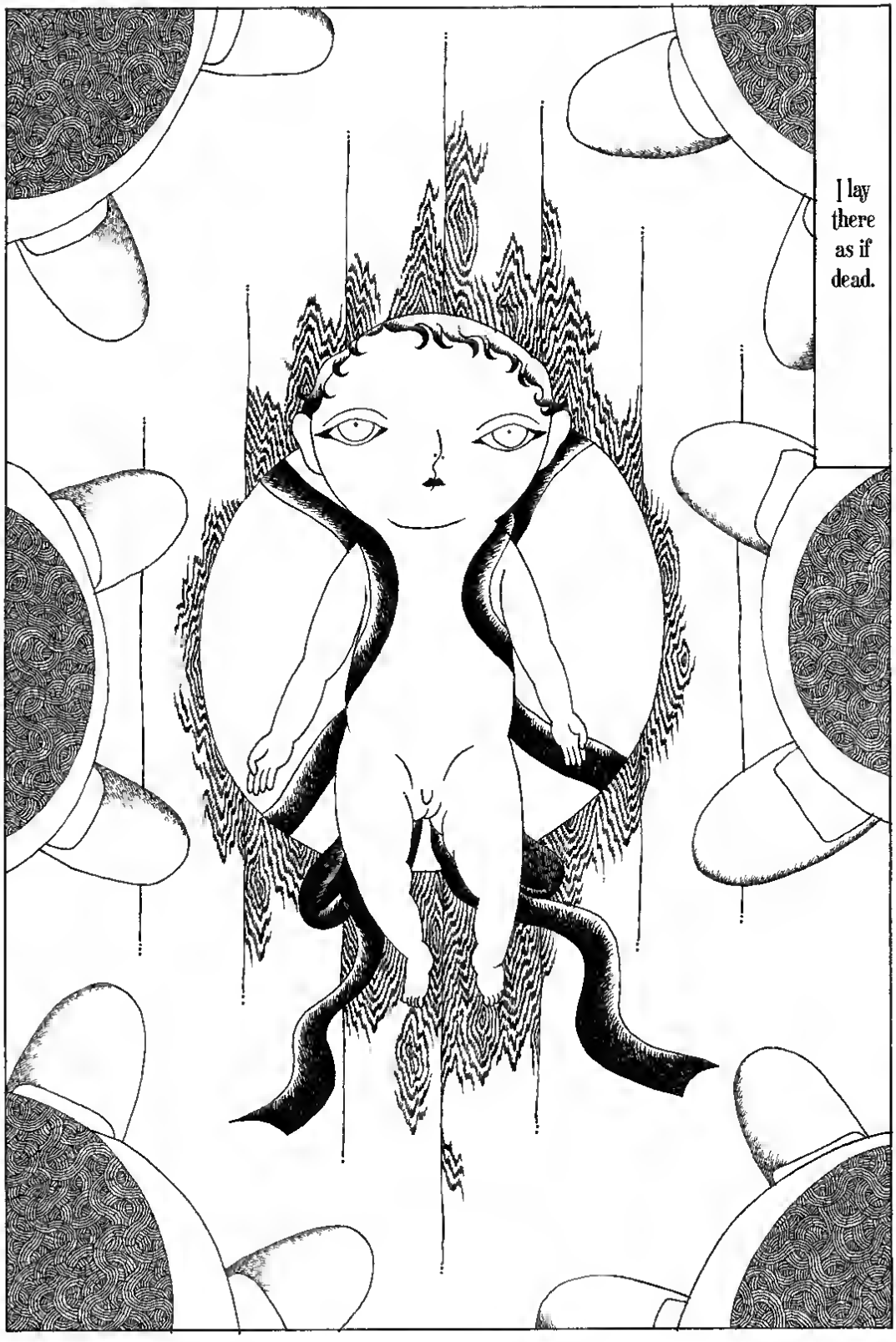

As expected, my parents and grandparents gathered around me and tied a ball of sticky rice to my back.

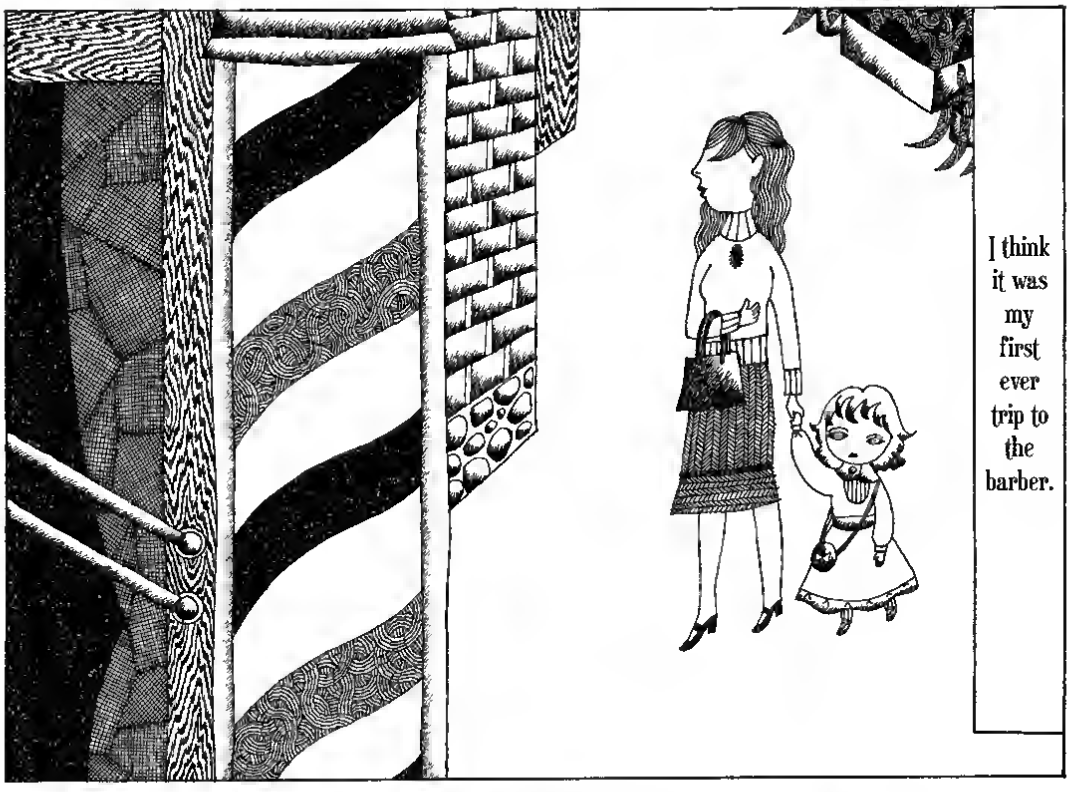

But I didn't fall down.

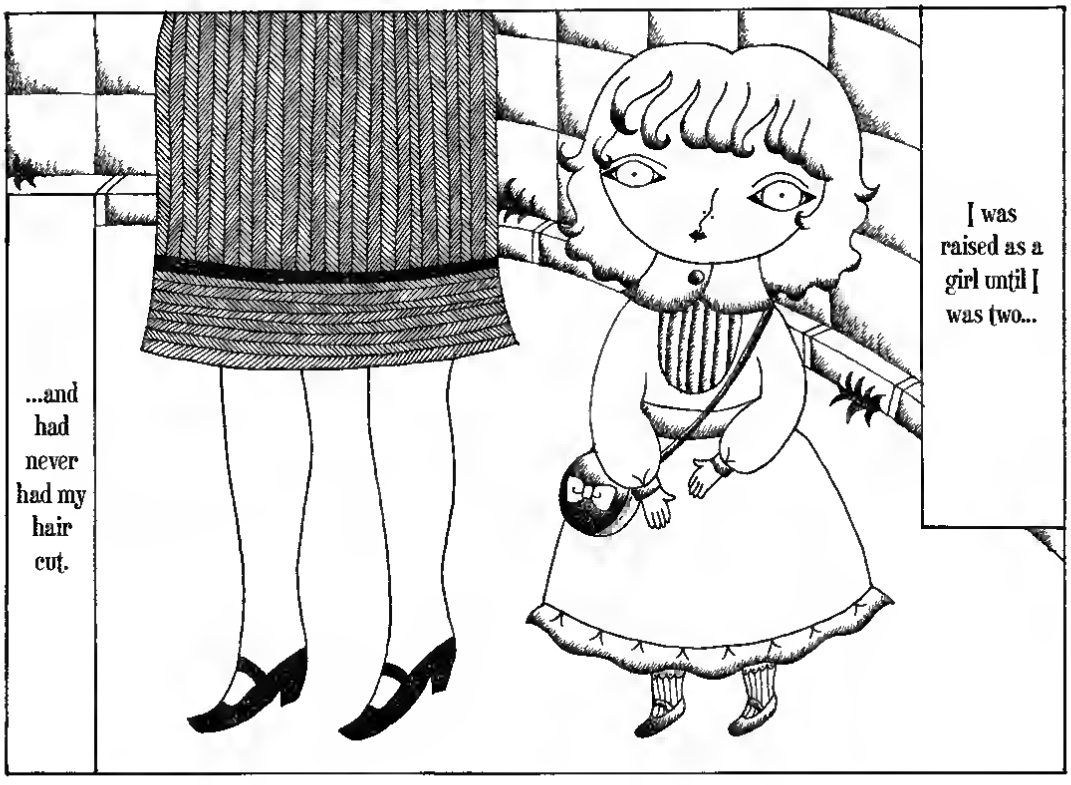

I don't know who...
I fell over on my back.
...but someone pushed my shoulder.
They all looked down at me and laughed.

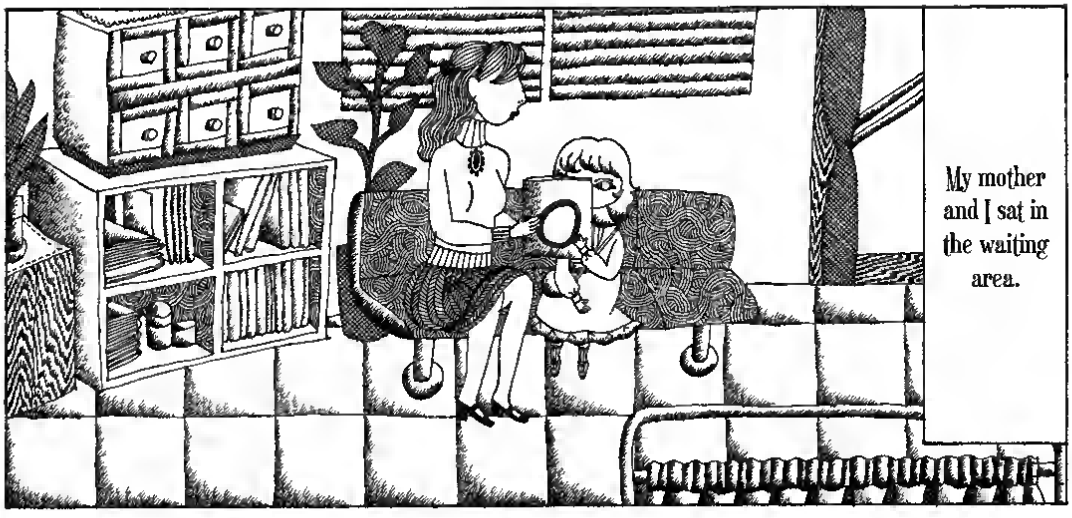

I didn't cry.

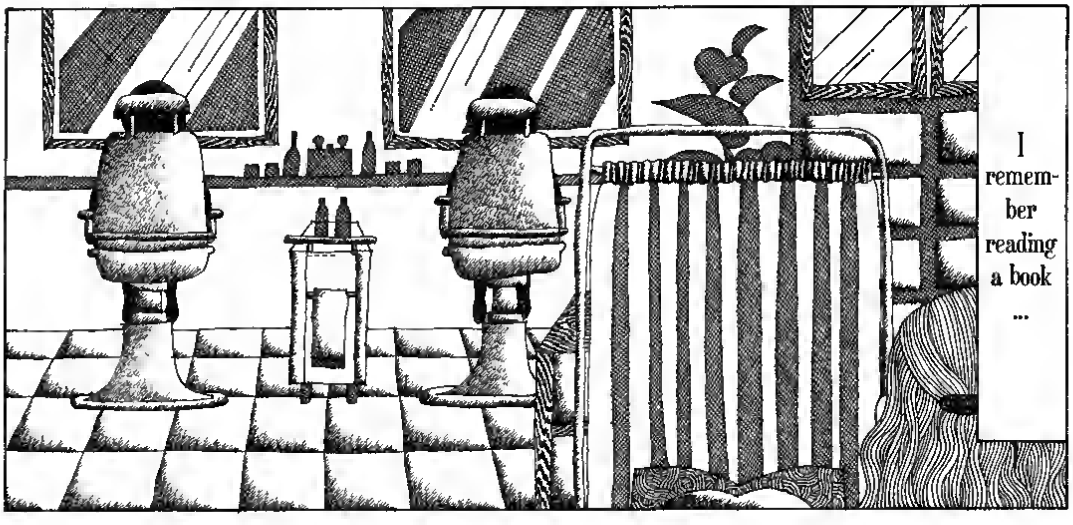
They stood up, still looking down at me.

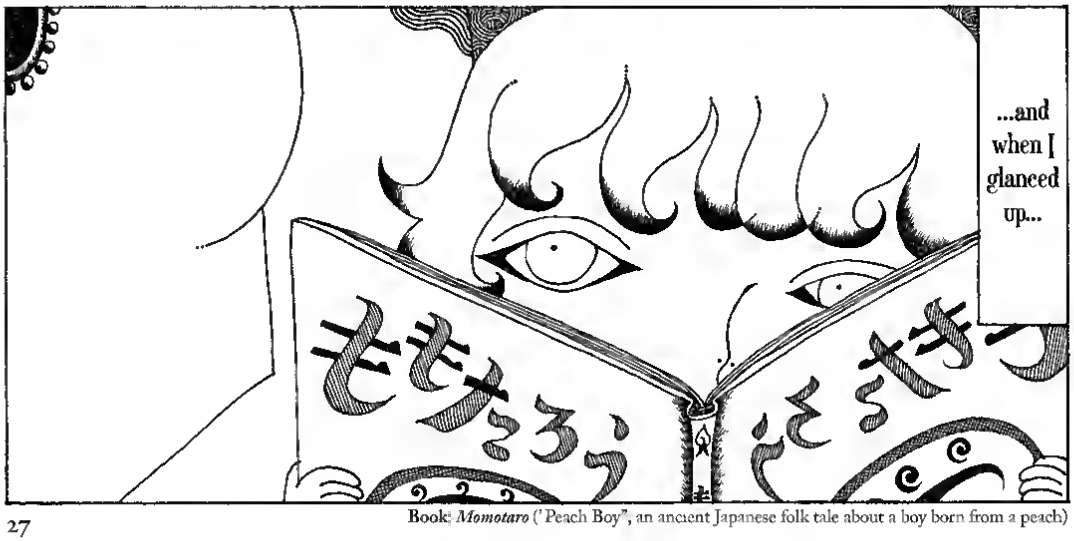

I lay there as if dead.


I think it was my first ever trip to the barber.

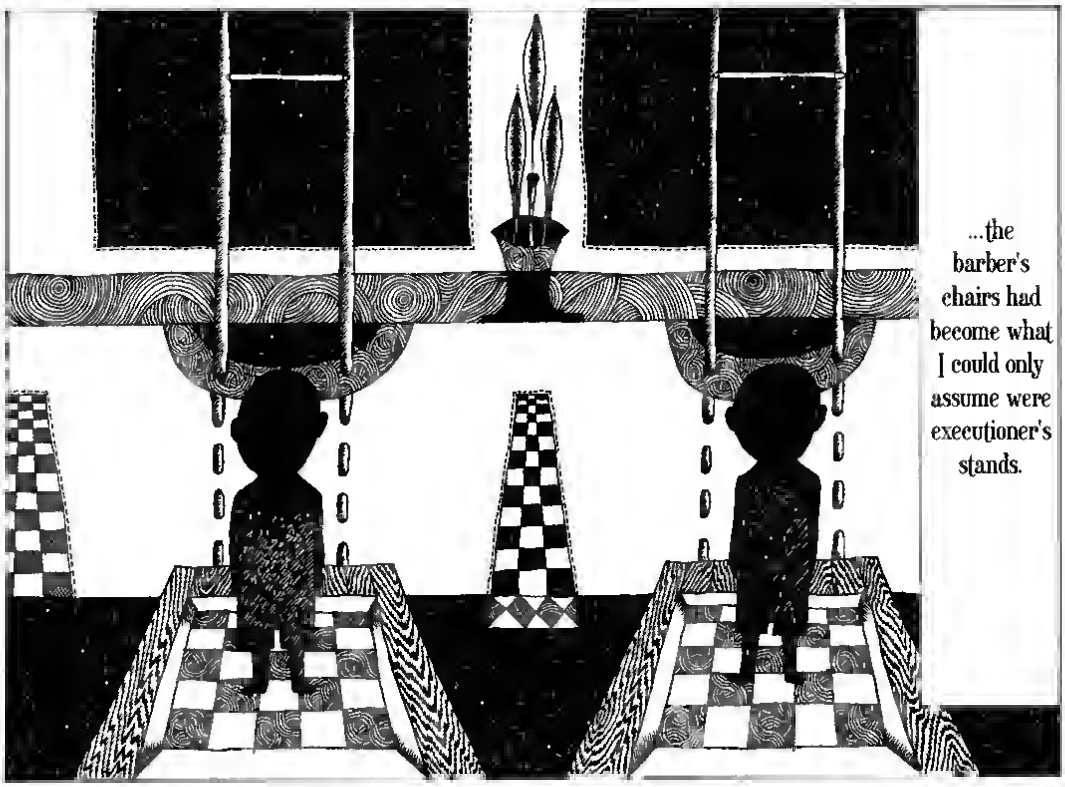

I was raised as a girl until I was two...
...and had never had my hair cut.

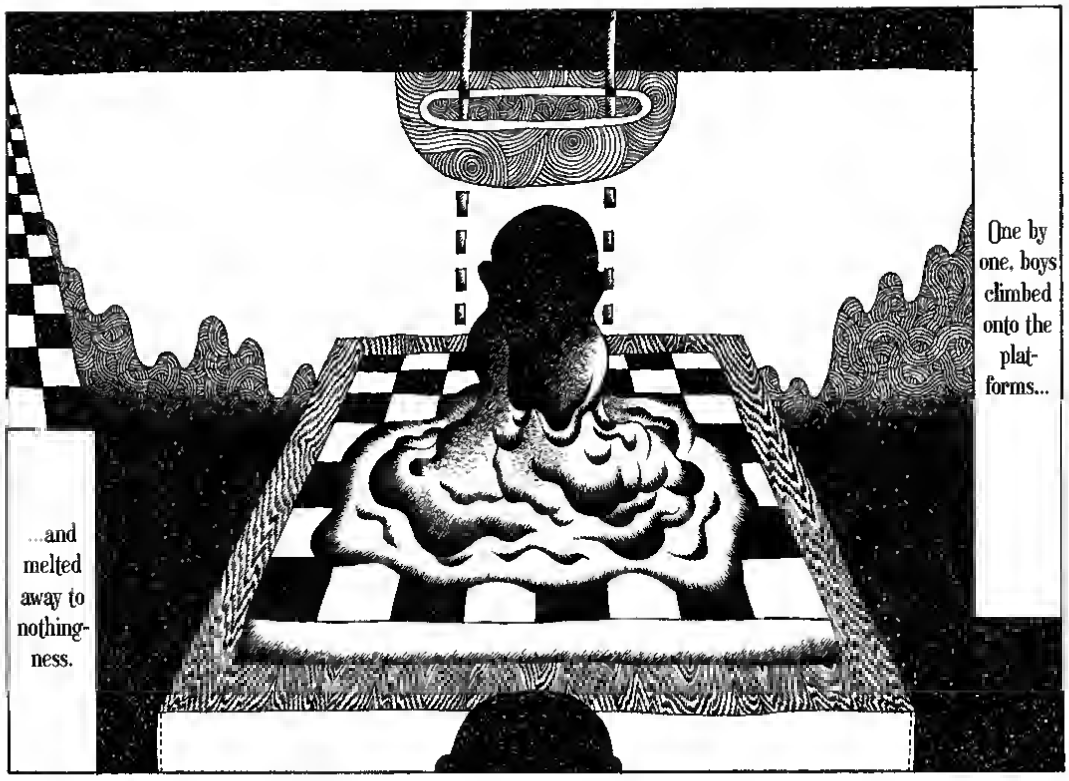


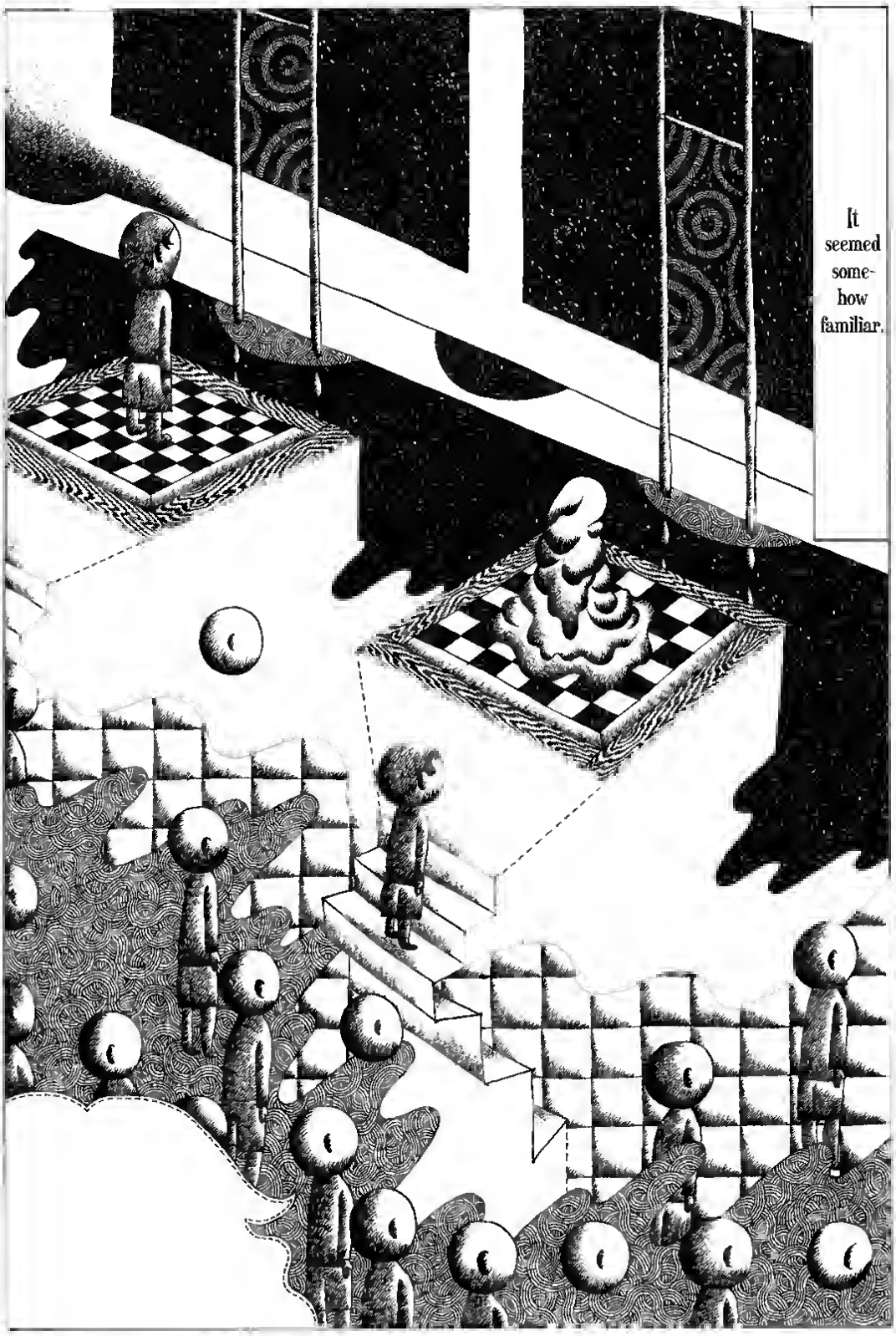




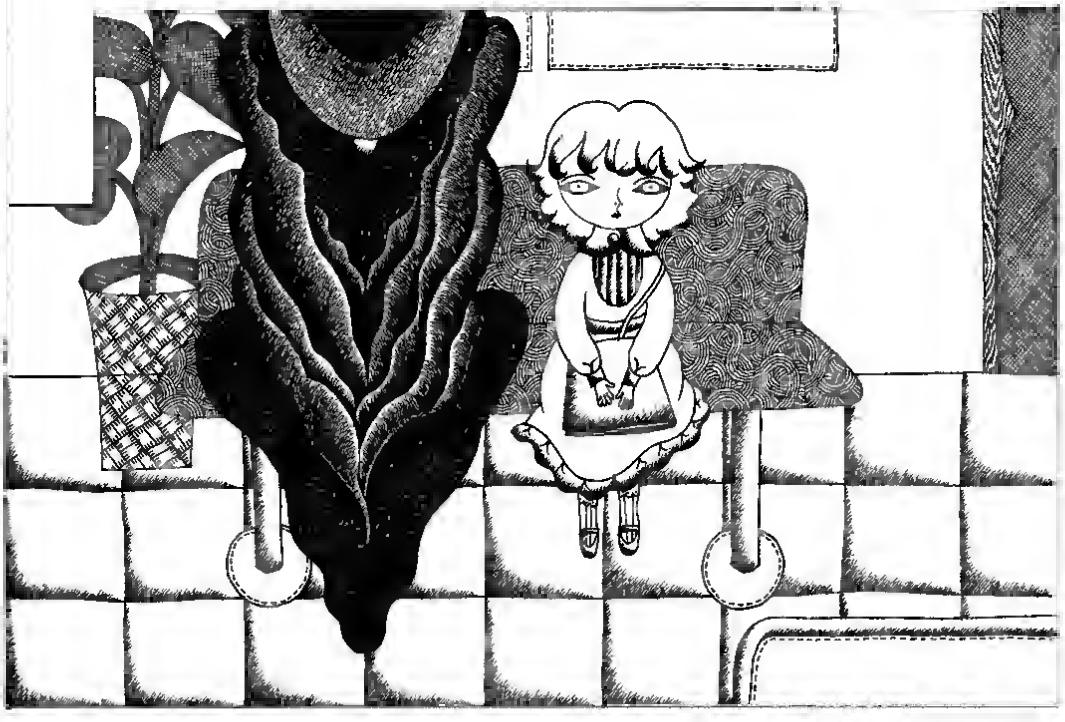
Book: *Momotaro* ("Peach Boy", an ancient Japanese folk tale about a boy born from a peach)

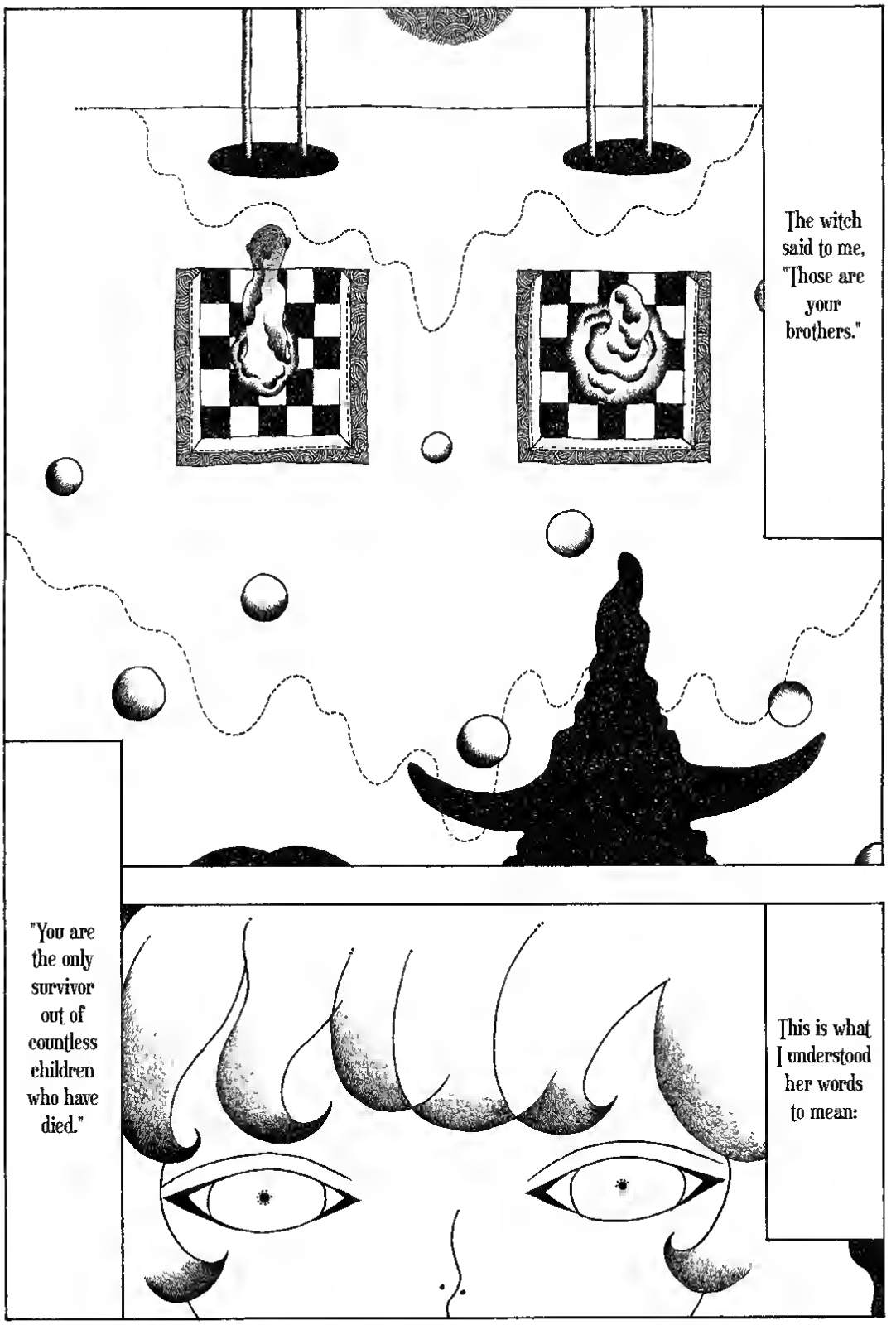

...the barber's chairs had become what I could only assume were executioner's stands.

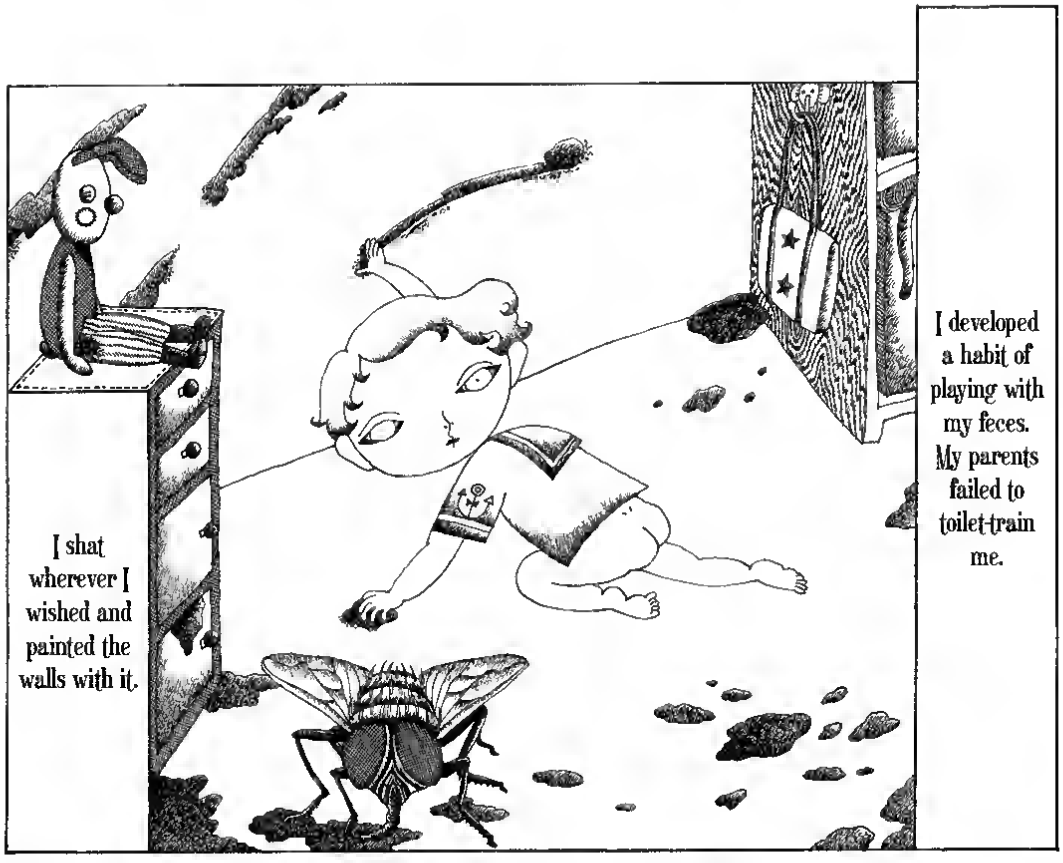

One by one, boys climbed onto the platforms...
...and melted away to nothingness.

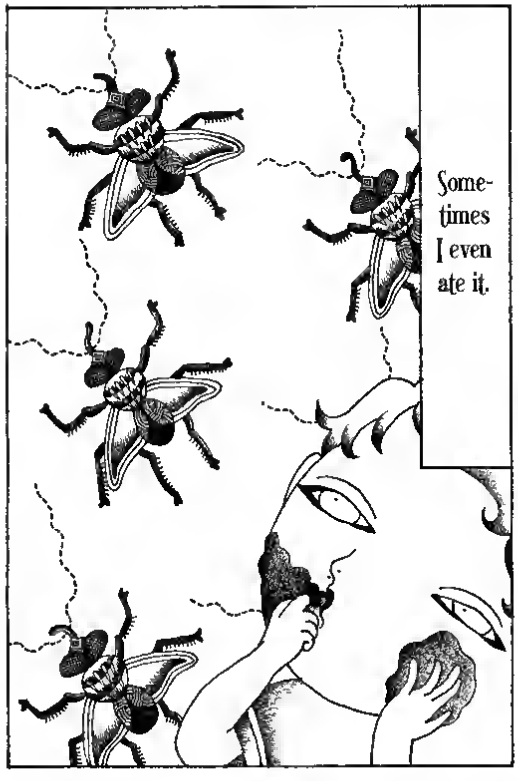

It seemed some- how familiar.

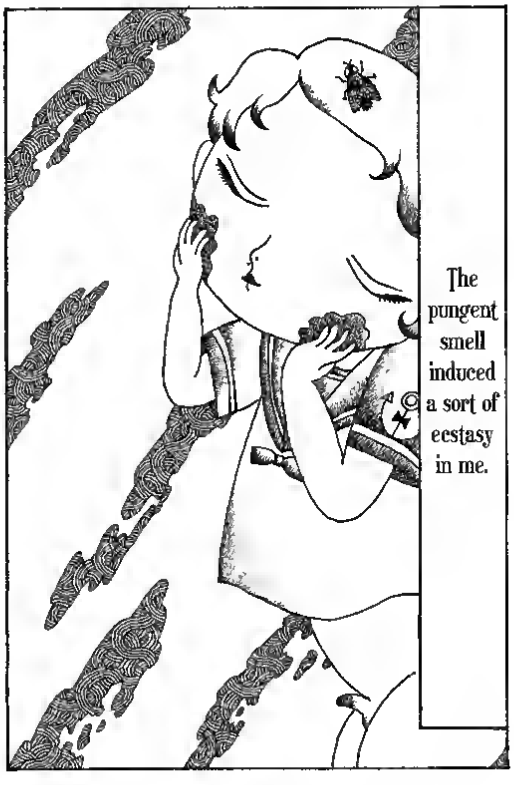
...was an old witch.

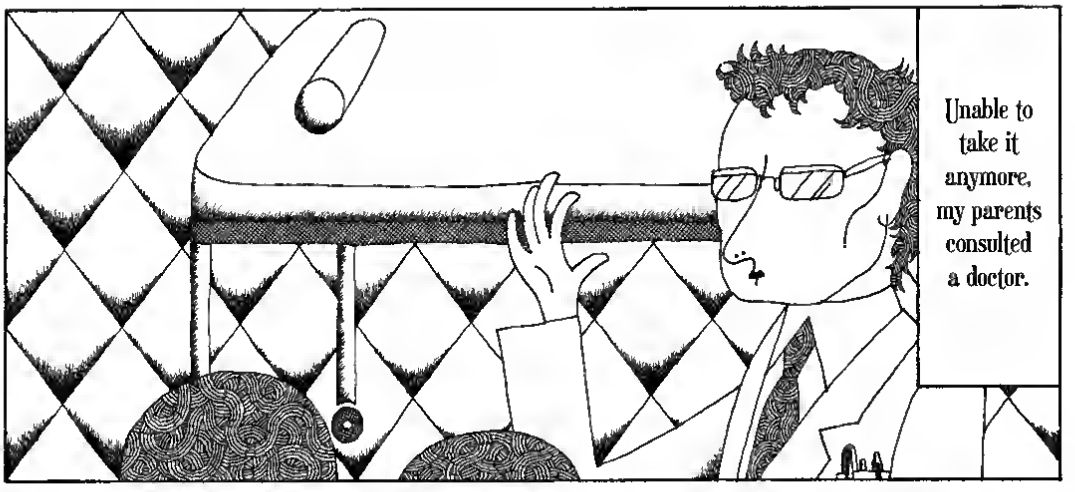


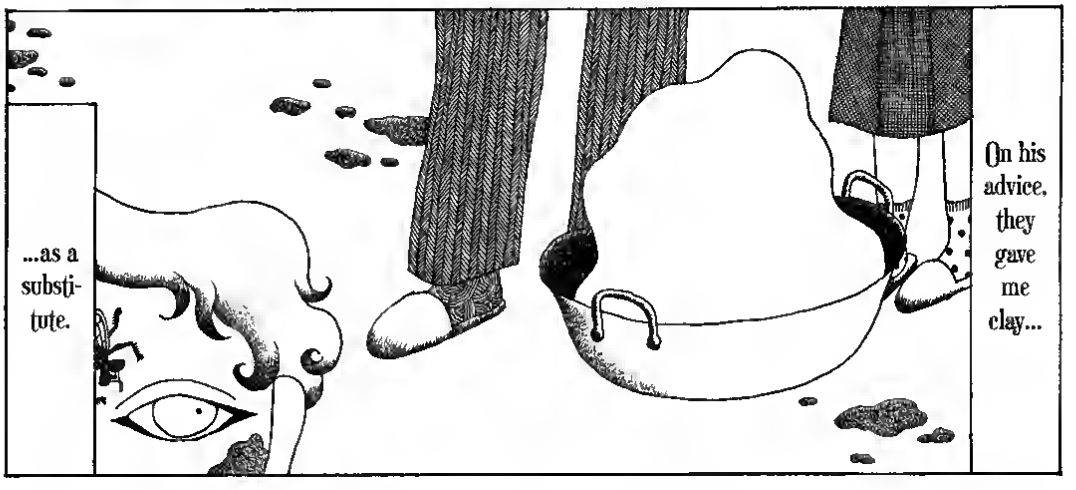

The witch said to me, "Those are your brothers."
"You are the only survivor out of countless children who have died."
This is what I understood her words to mean:

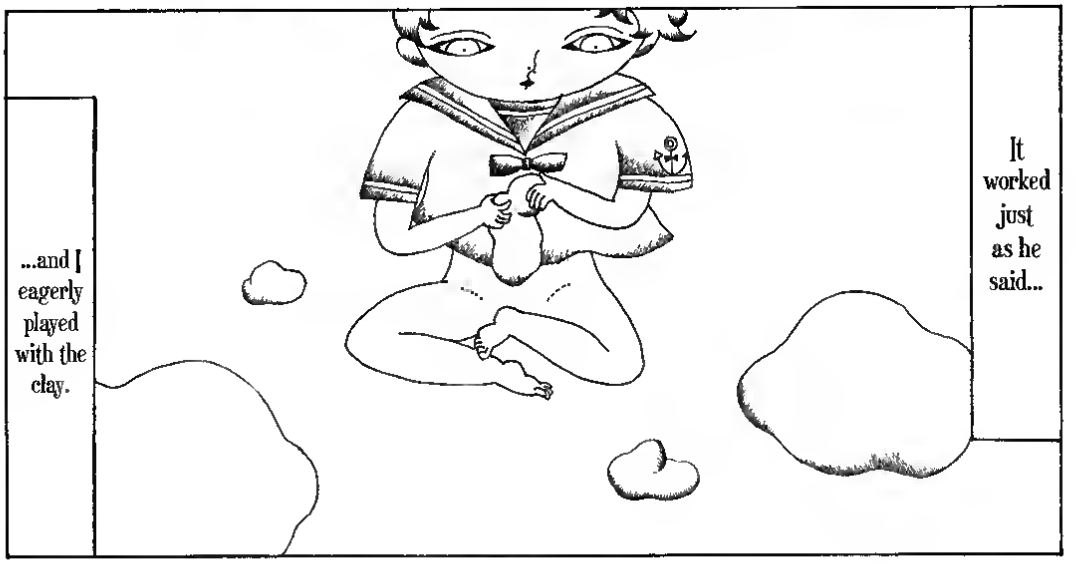

I shat wherever I wished and painted the walls with it.
I developed a habit of playing with my feces. My parents failed to toilet-train me.

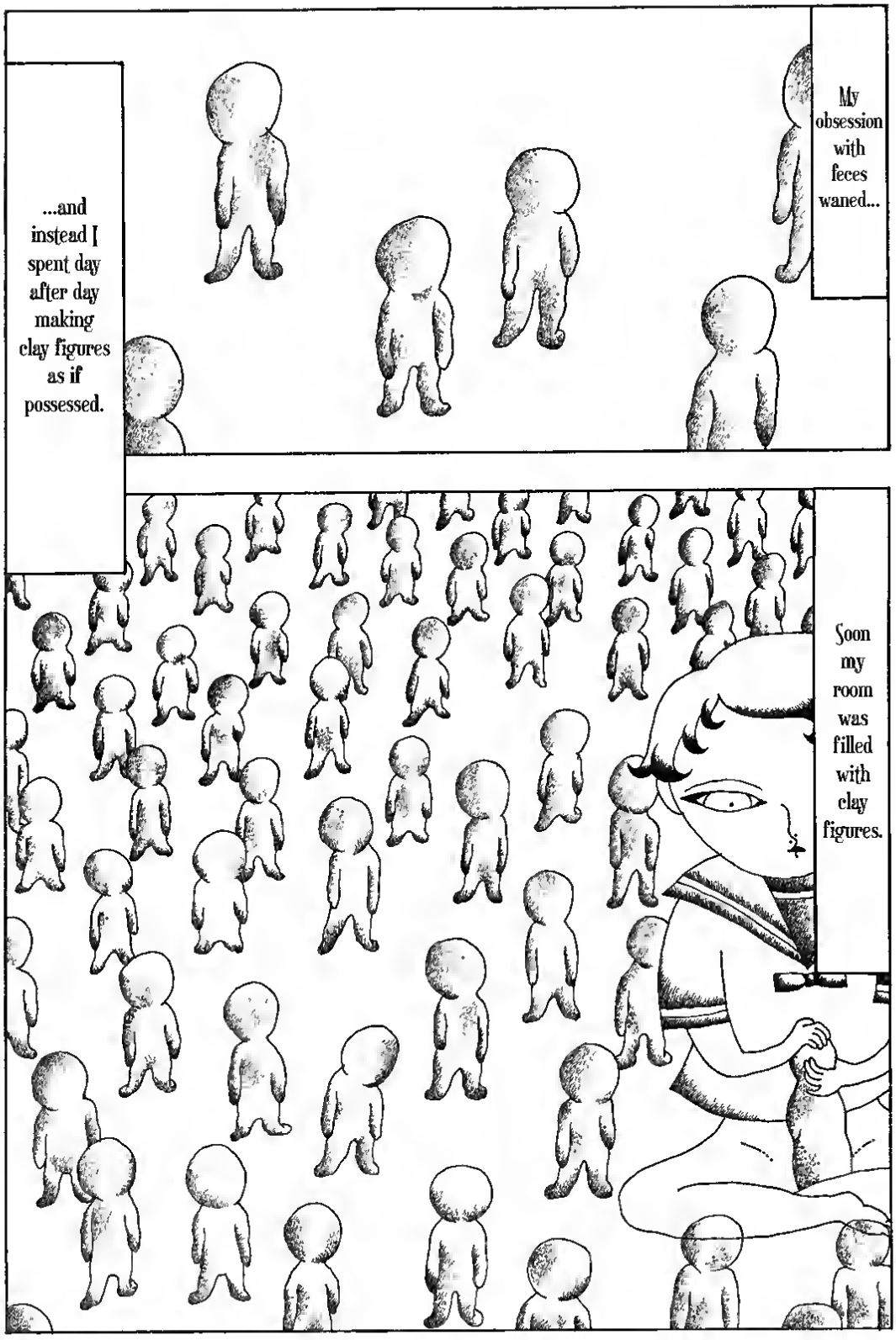

Sometimes I even ate it.


The pungent smell induced a sort of ecstasy in me.

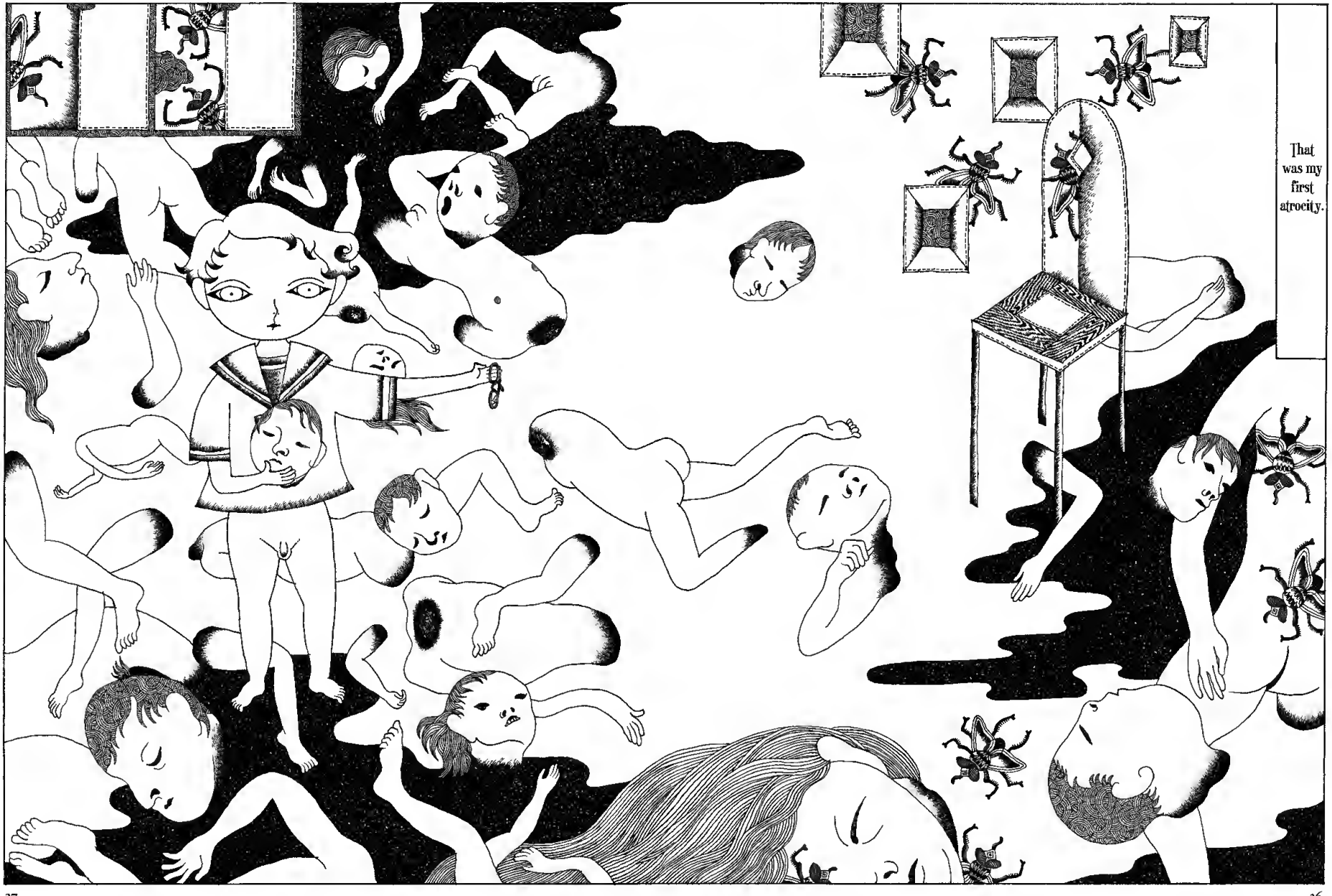

Unable to take it anymore, my parents consulted a doctor.

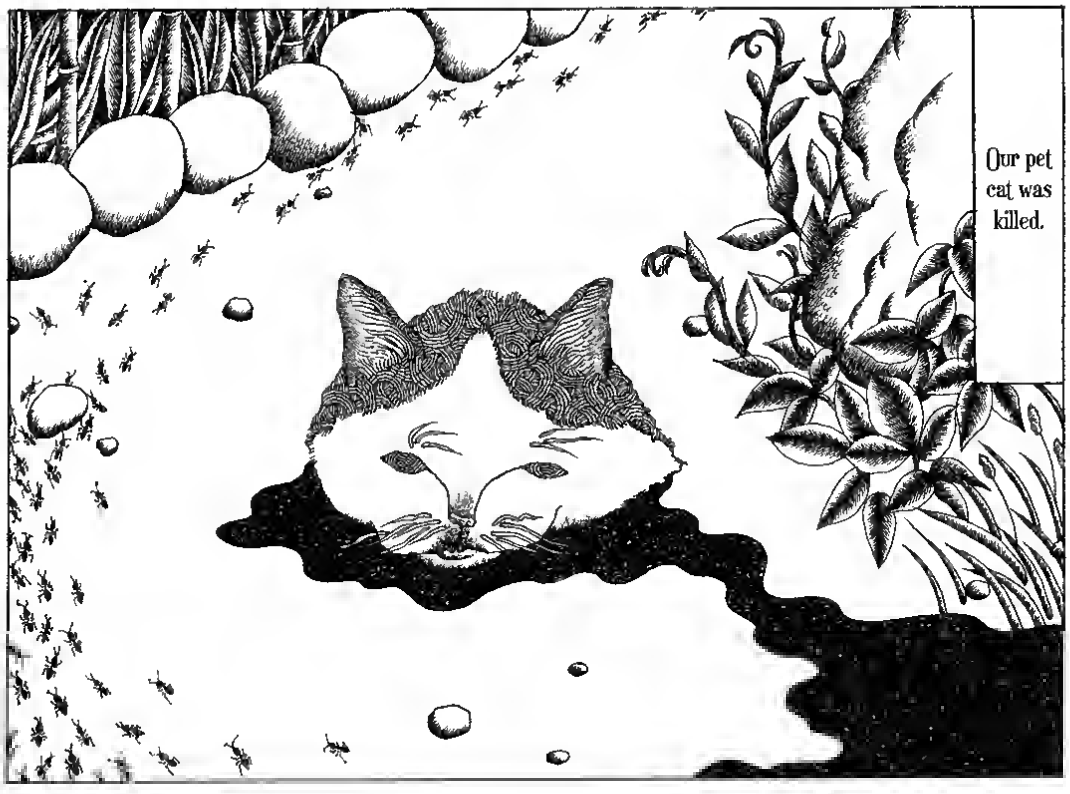

...as a substi-tute.
On his advice, they gave me clay...

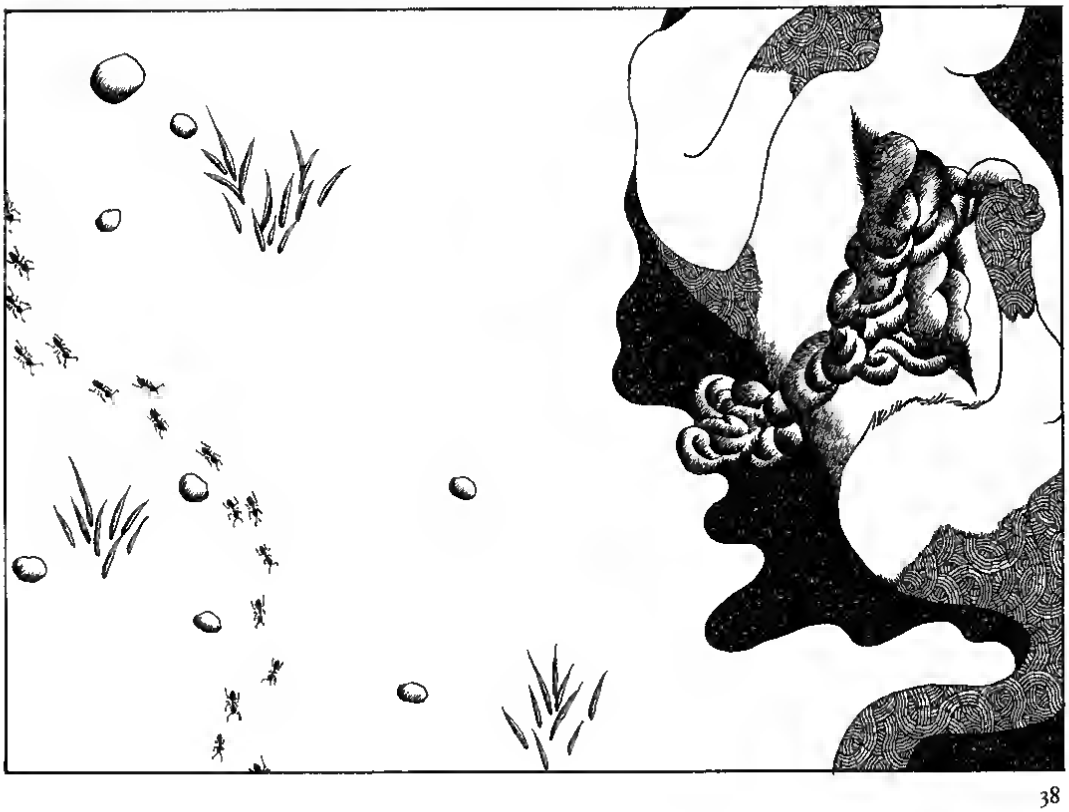

...and I eagerly played with the clay.
It worked just as he said...

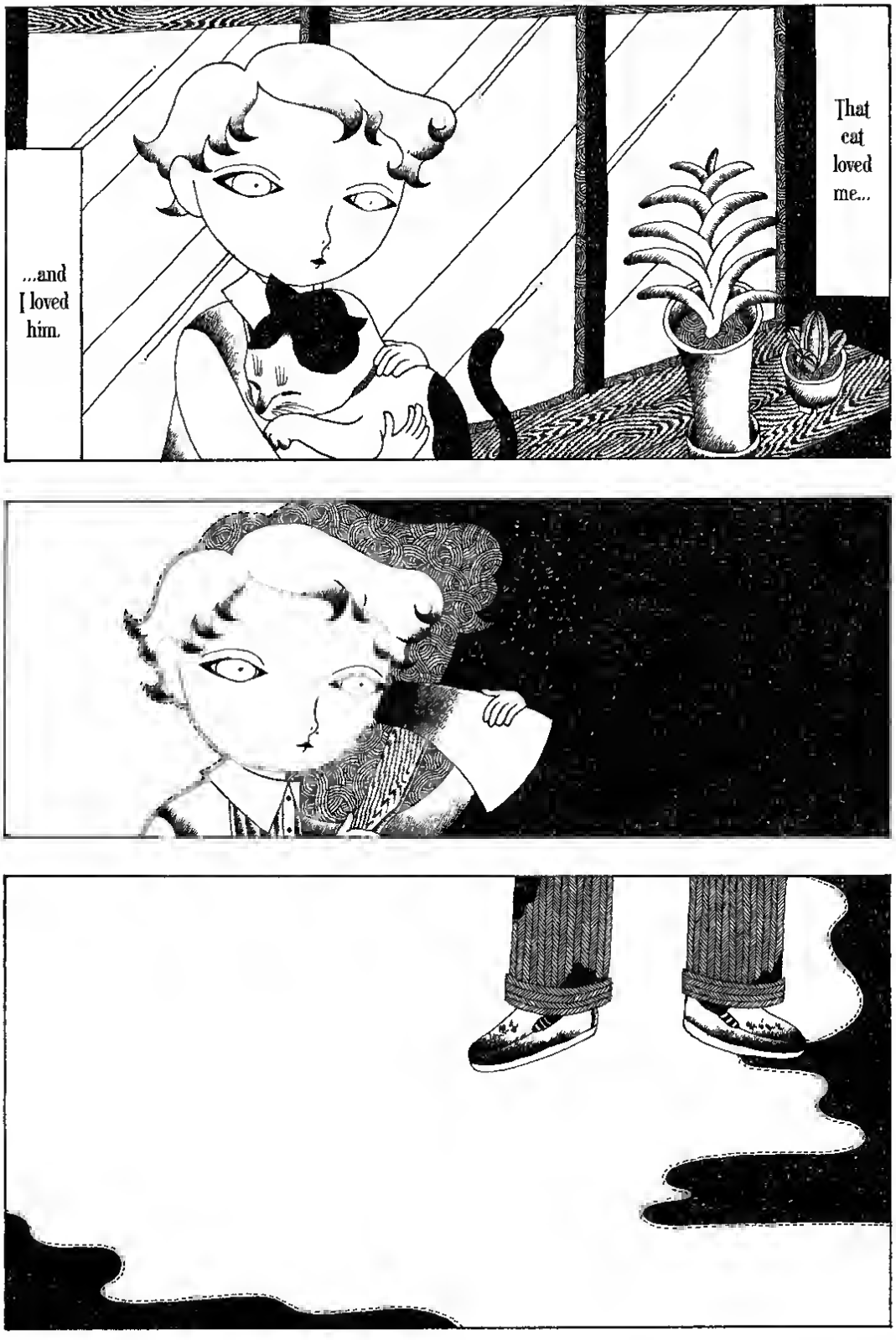

My obsession with feces waned...
...and instead I spent day after day making clay figures as if possessed.
Soon my room was filled with clay figures.

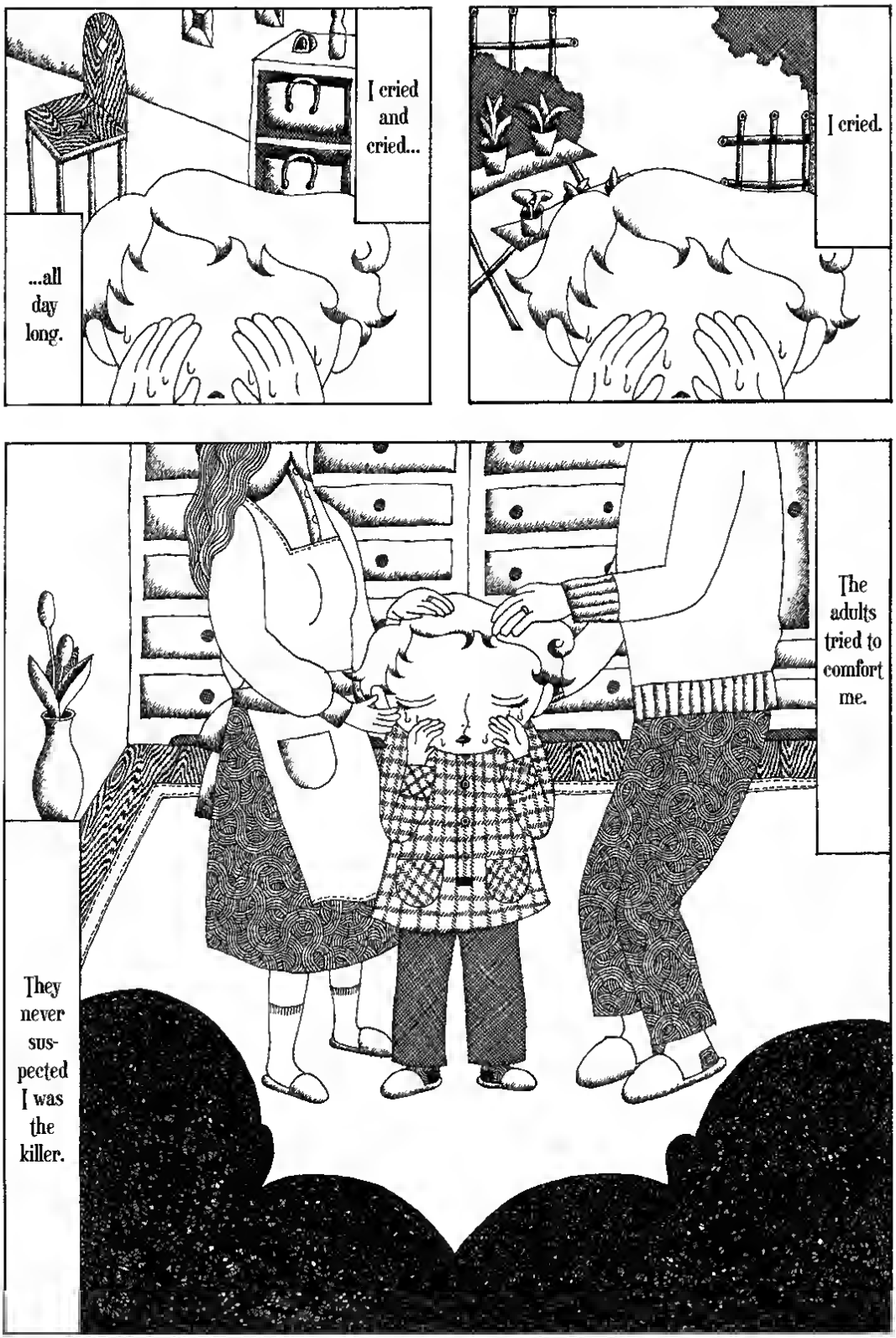
One day I took all the clay figures and smashed every last one.

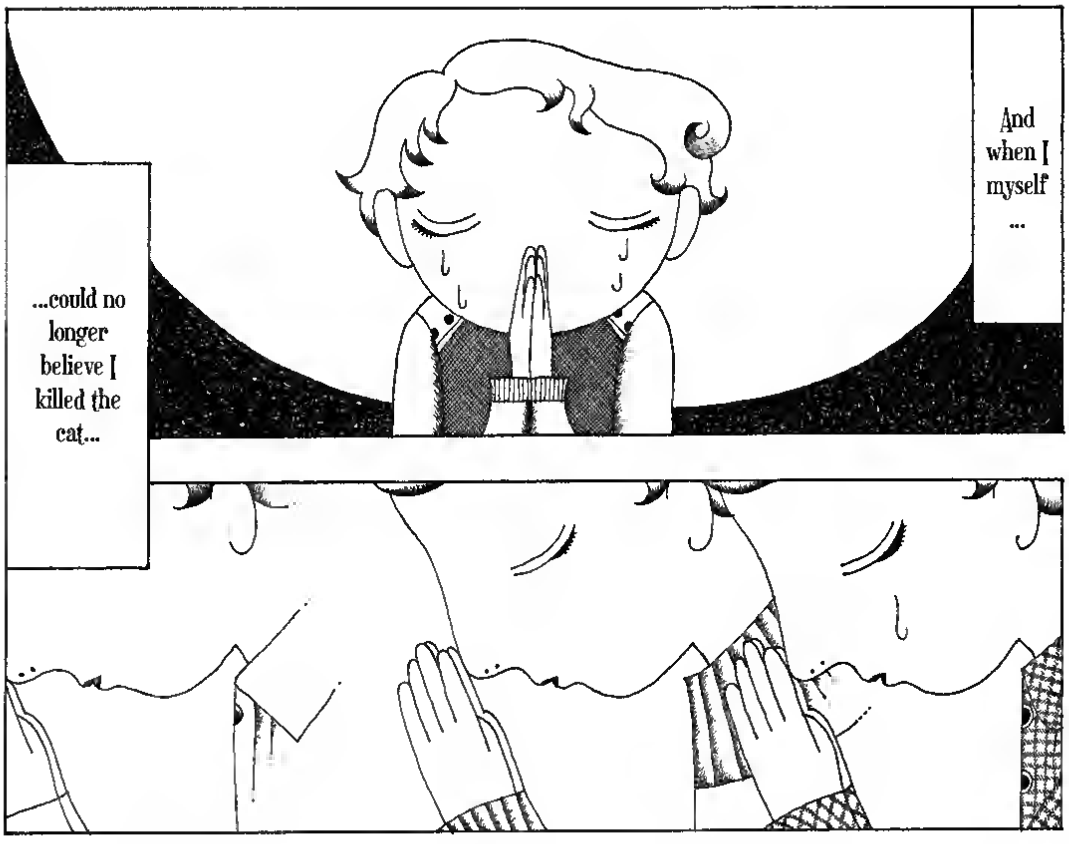

That was my first atrocity.

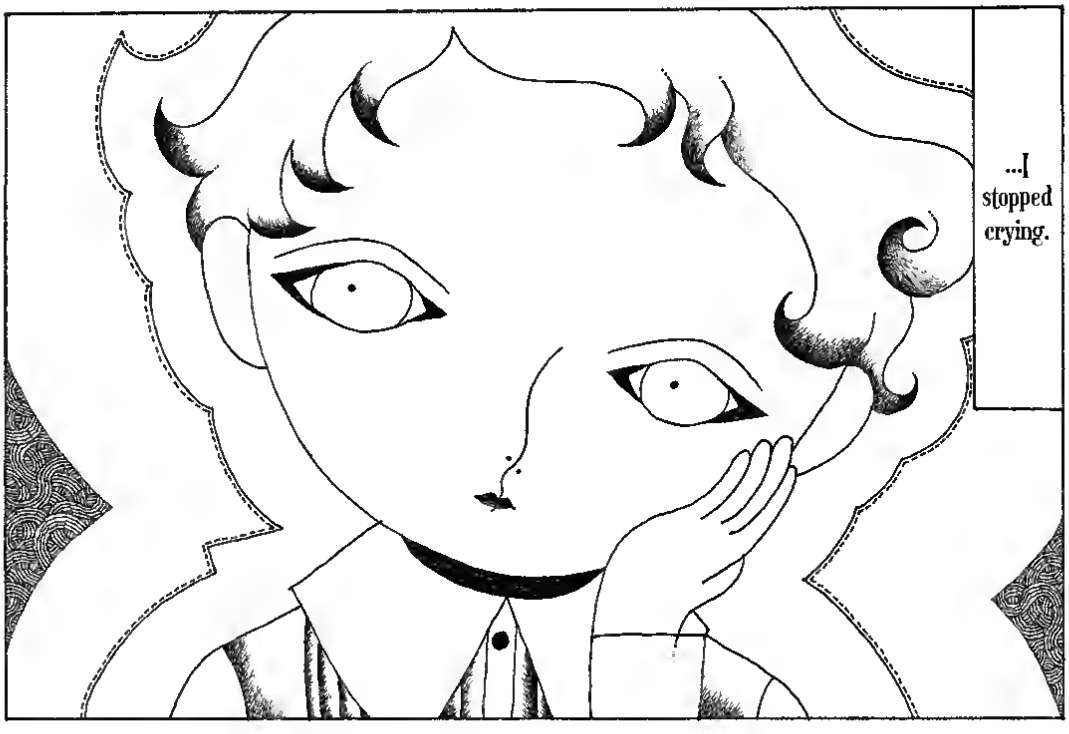

Our pet cat was killed.




That cat loved me...
...and I loved him.

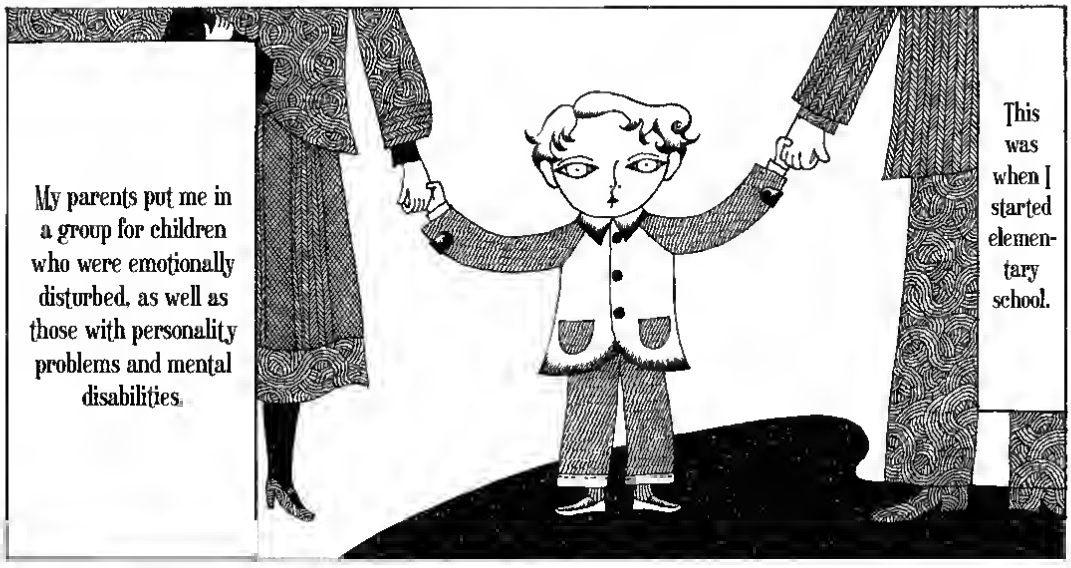

I cried and cried...
...all day long.
I cried.
The adults tried to comfort me.
They never suspected I was the killer.

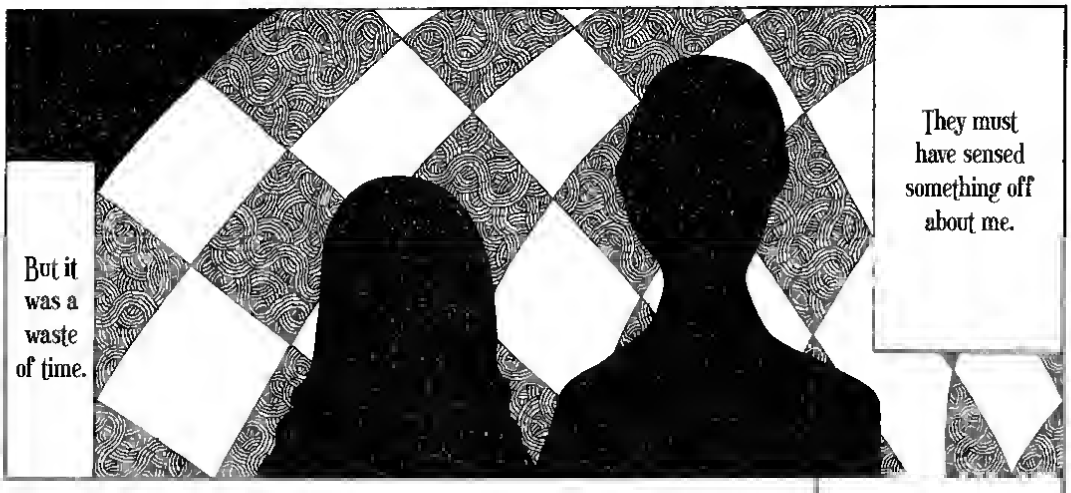

And when I myself ...
...could no longer believe I killed the cat...


...I stopped crying.

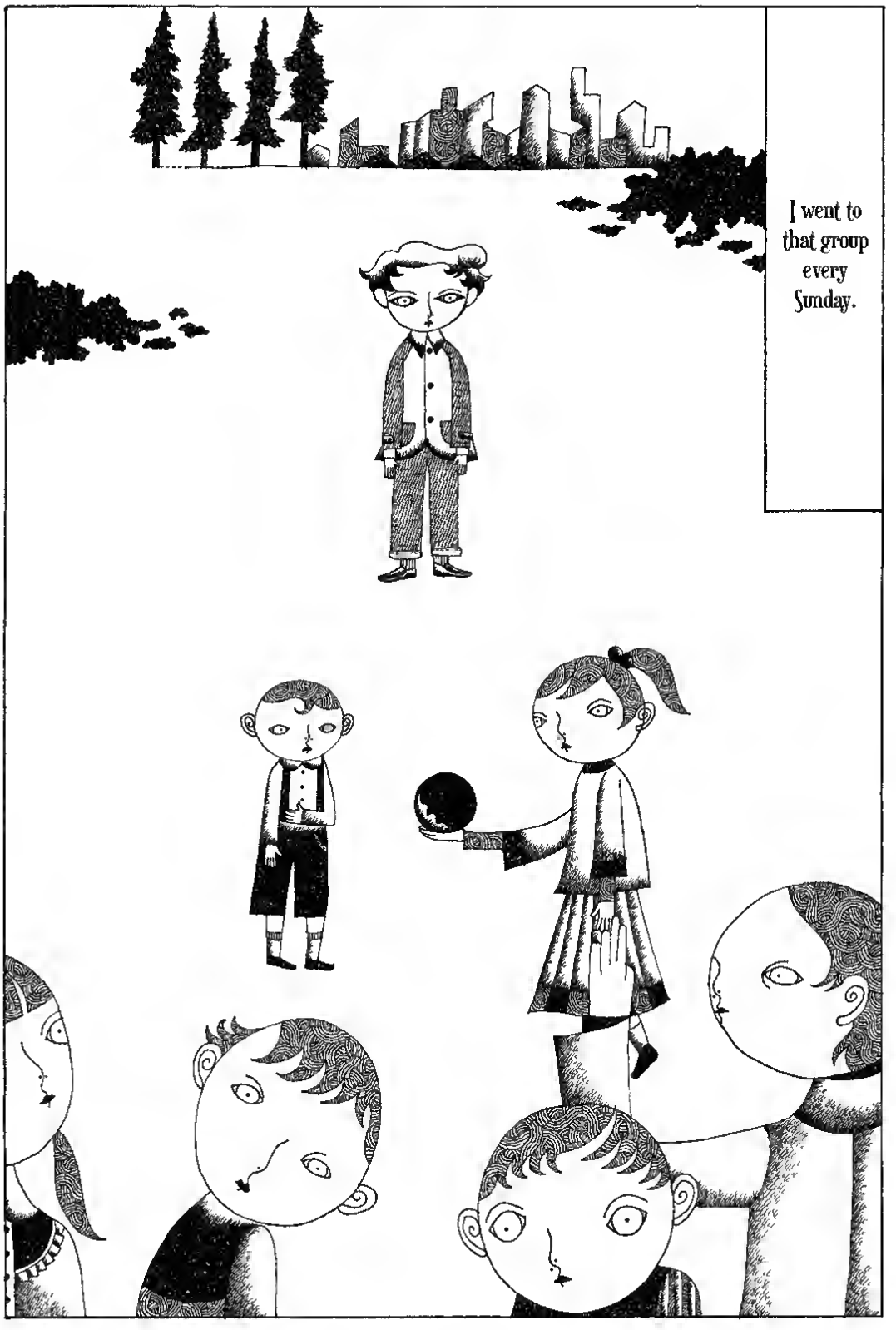
That was the year before I started elementary school.

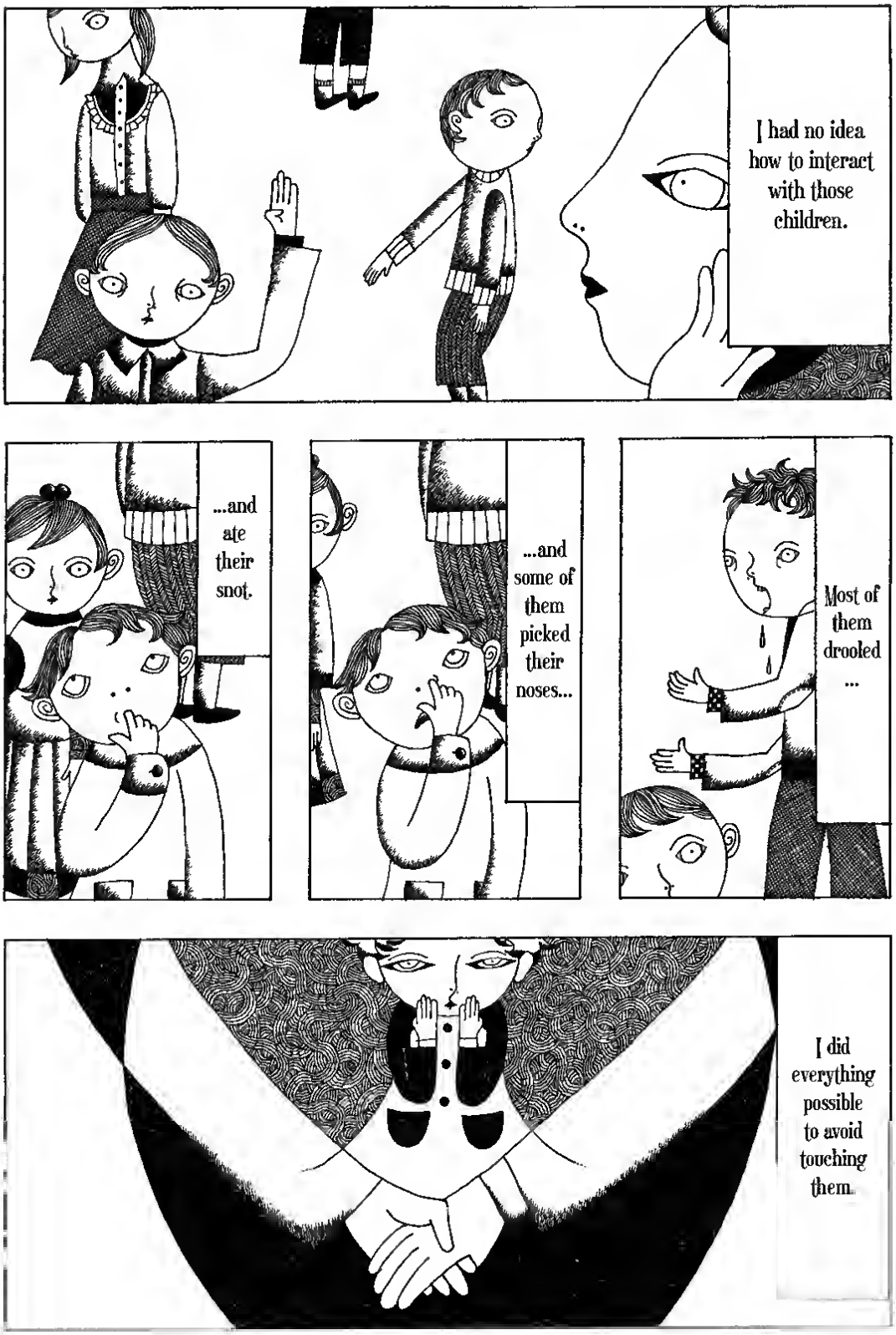
Chapter 3
First
Love

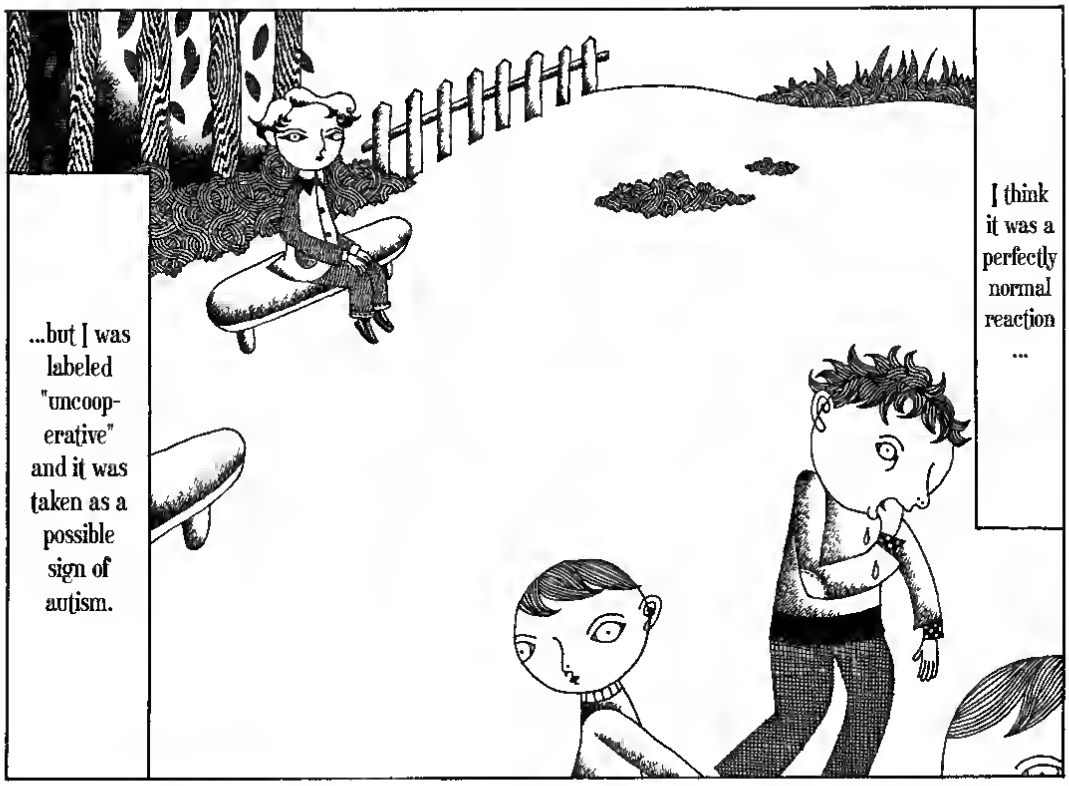

My parents put me in a group for children who were emotionally disturbed, as well as those with personality problems and mental disabilities.
This was when I started elementary school.


But it was a waste of time.
They must have sensed something off about me.

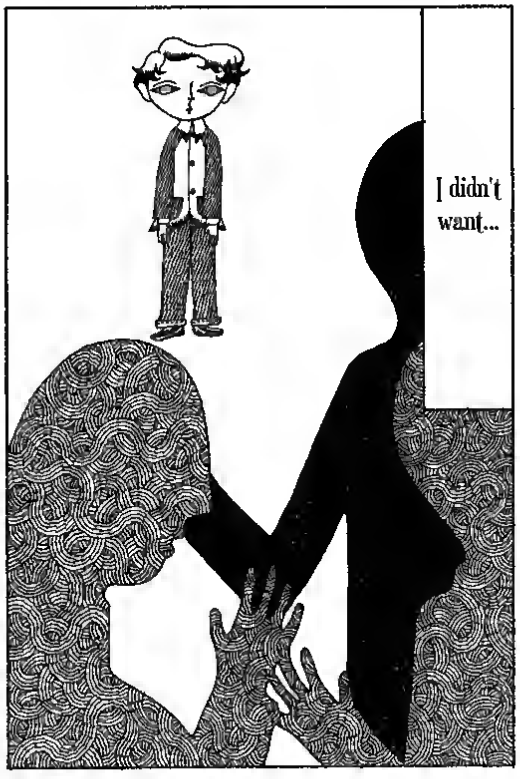
And of course I was not mentally disabled.
By that time I had already rejected things such as "emotions" and "personality" as unnecessary to my life.


I went to that group every Sunday.

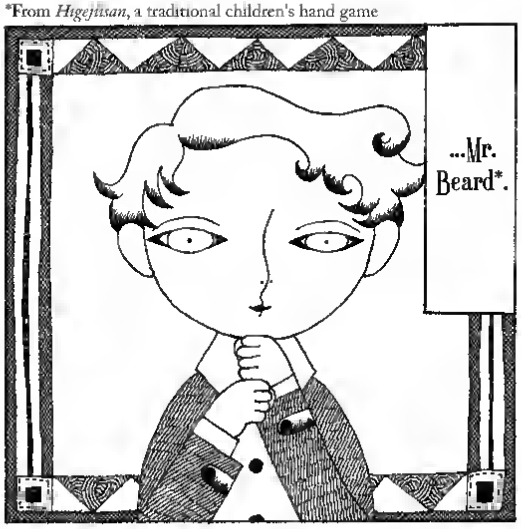

I had no idea how to interact with those children.
...and ate their snot.
...and some of them picked their noses...
Most of them drooled ...
I did everything possible to avoid touching them.

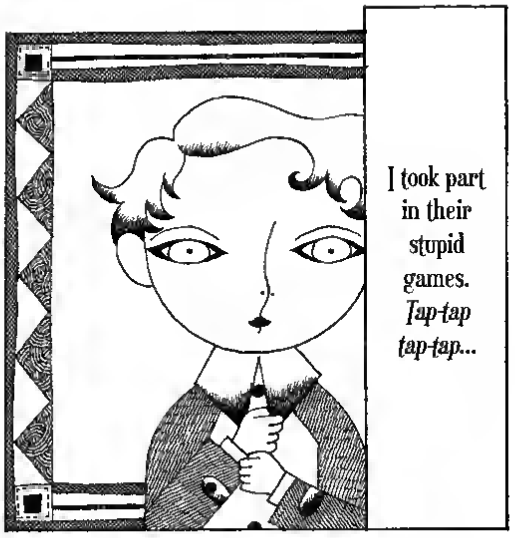

...but I was labeled "uncooperative" and it was taken as a possible sign of autism.
I think it was a perfectly normal reaction ...

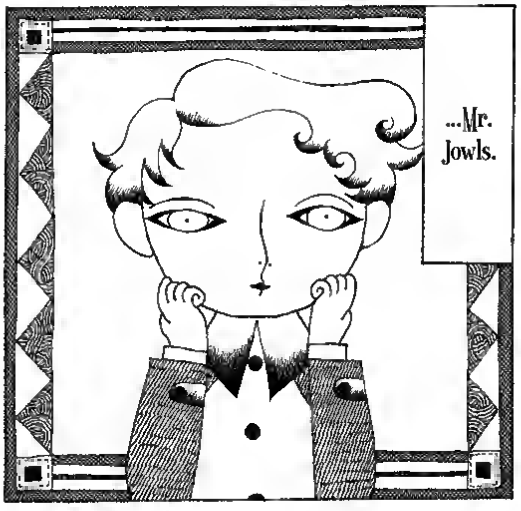
...so I tried my best to build good relationships with the adults.
...to be sent to a hospital or institution...

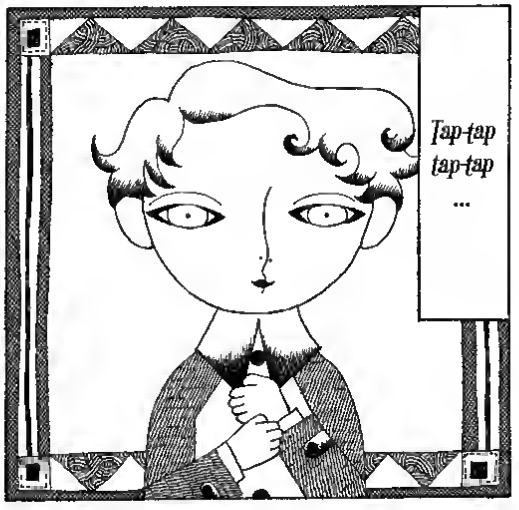

I didn't want...

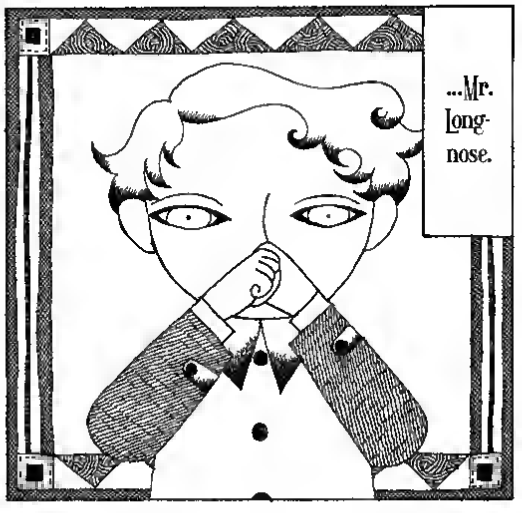
*From *Higefusan*, a traditional children's hand game

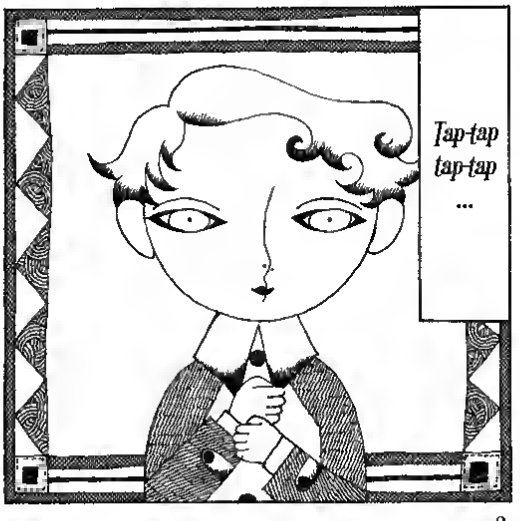


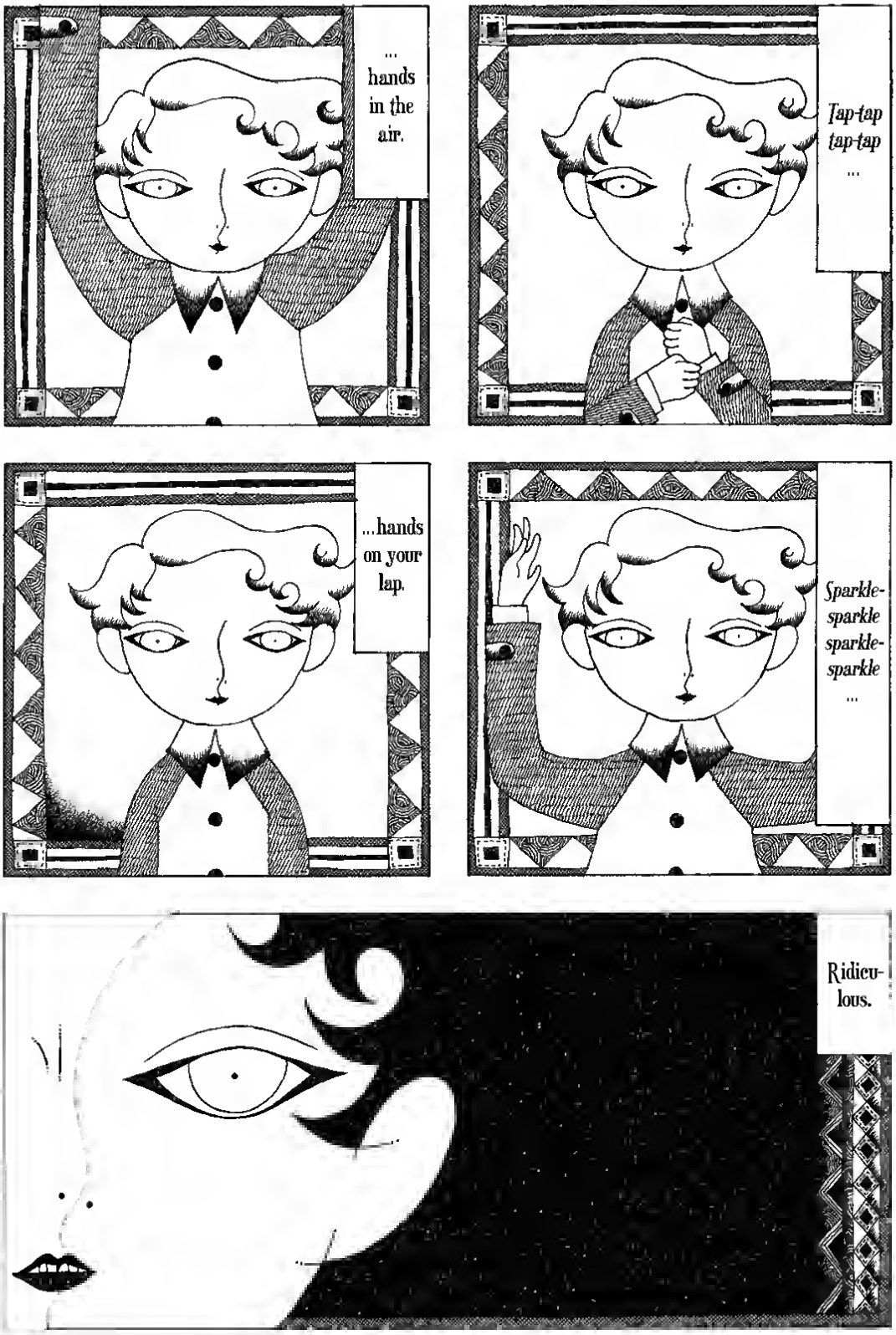




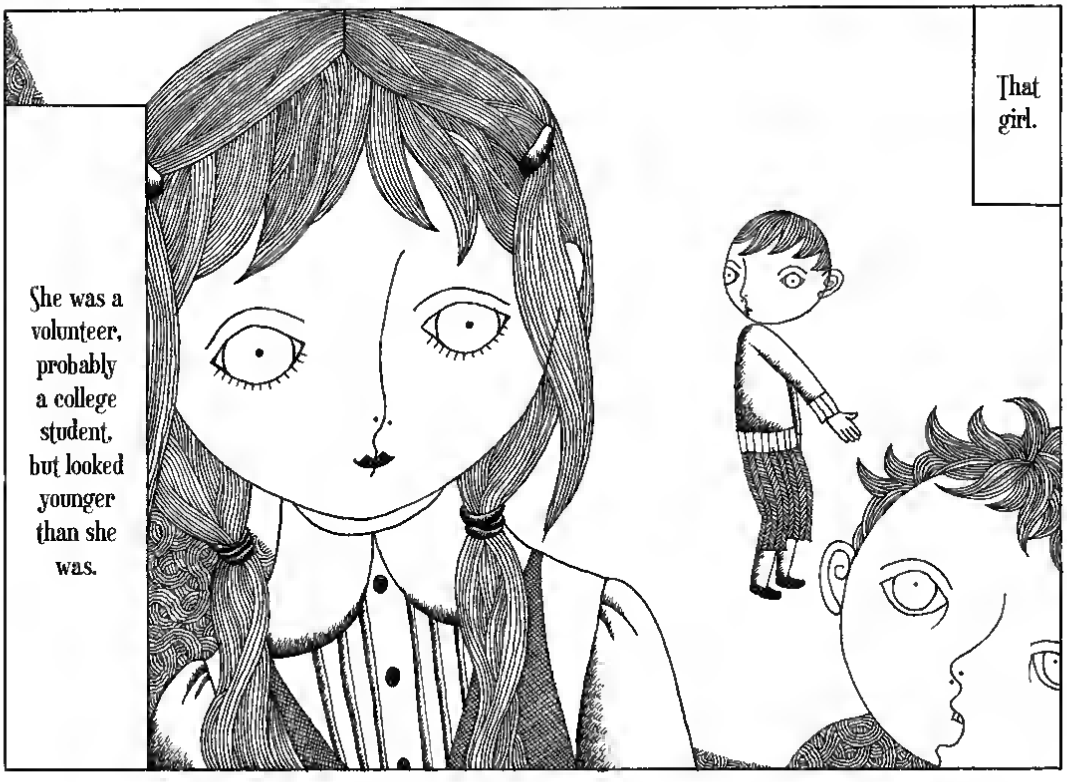


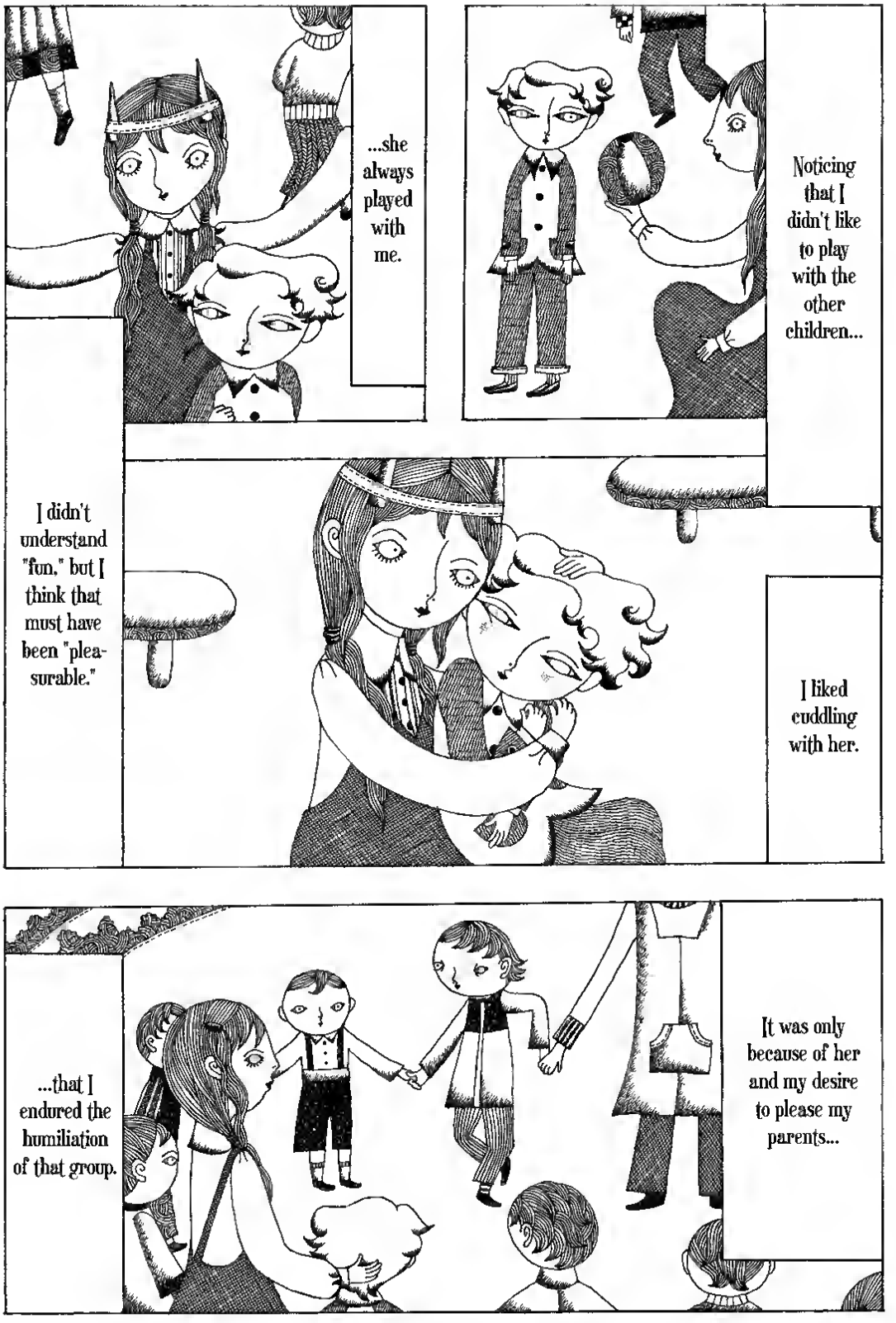





...
hands
in the
air.
Tap-tap
tap-tap
...
...hands
on your
lap.
Sparkle-
sparkle
sparkle-
sparkle
...
Ridicu-
lous.

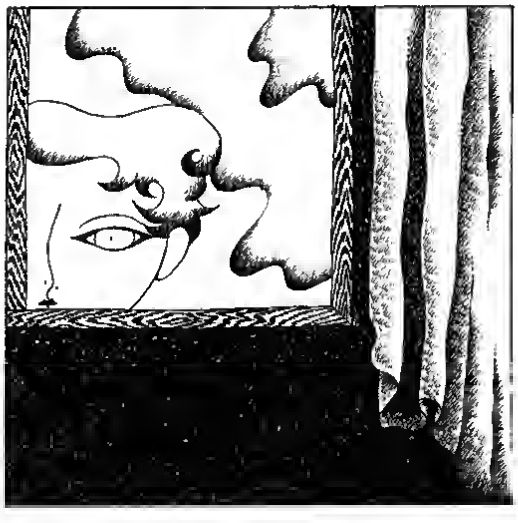
There was only one thing that made those miserable hours bearable.

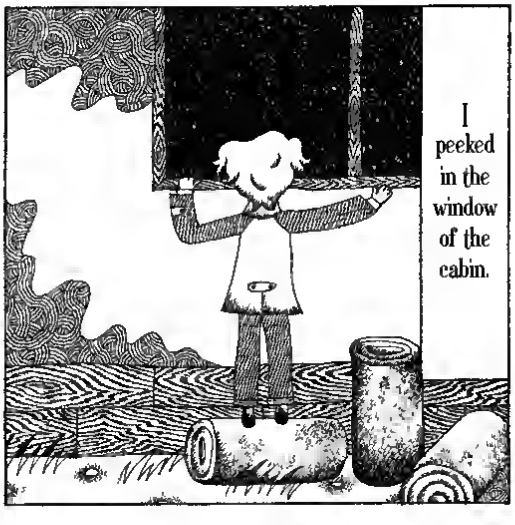

That girl.
She was a volunteer, probably a college student, but looked younger than she was.

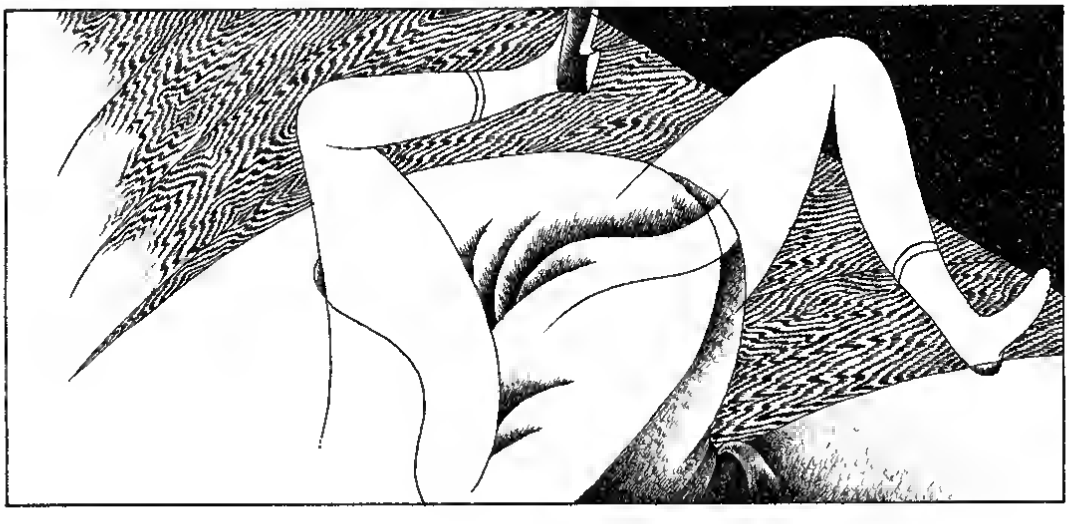

...she always played with me.
Noticing that I didn't like to play with the other children...
I didn't understand "fun," but I think that must have been "pleasurable."
I liked cuddling with her.
...that I endured the humiliation of that group.
It was only because of her and my desire to please my parents...

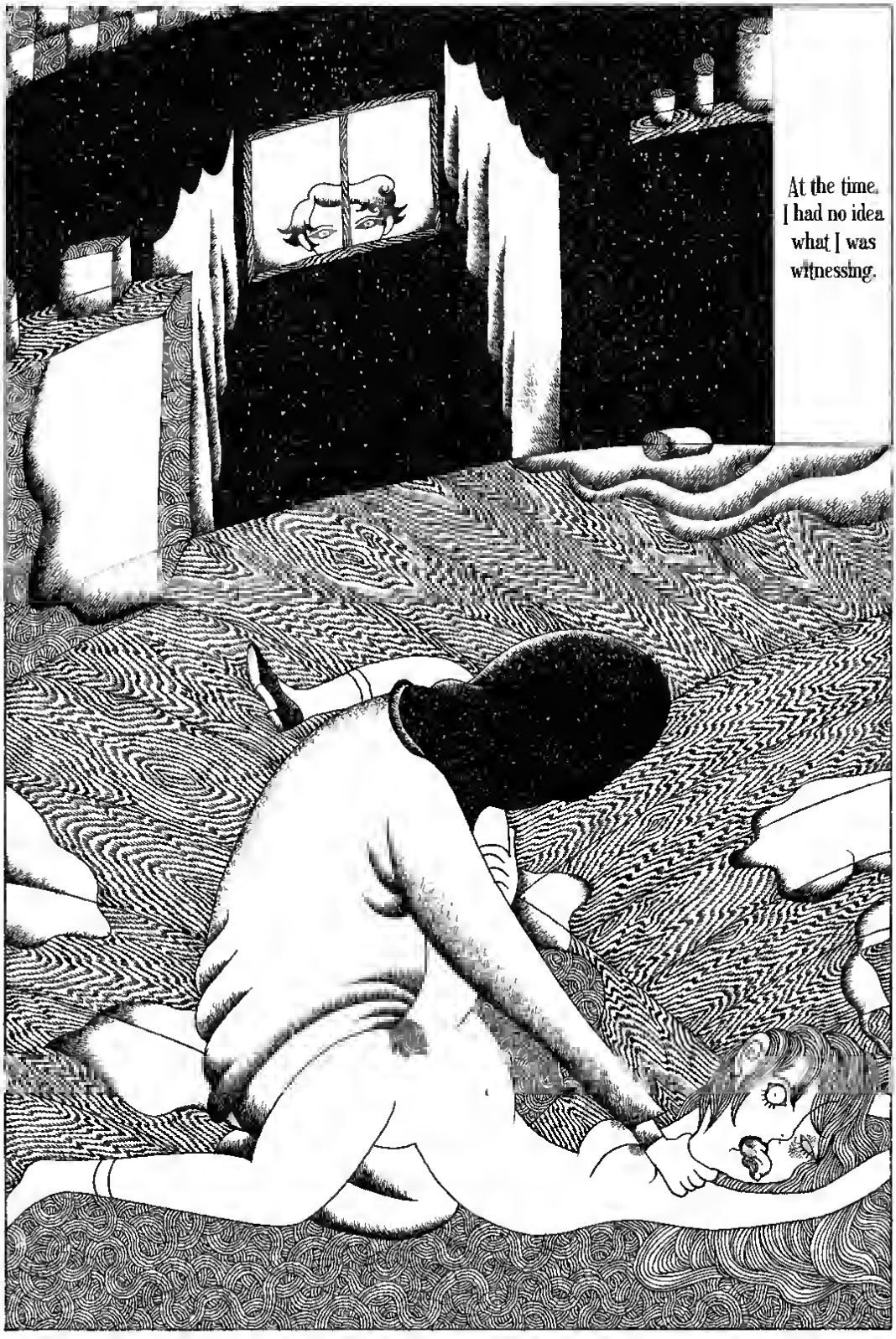
One day I was watching the other children as I usually did...
...and I suddenly noticed the girl wasn't there.
I looked all over.
I even went into the woods.
...and searched.
I searched ...

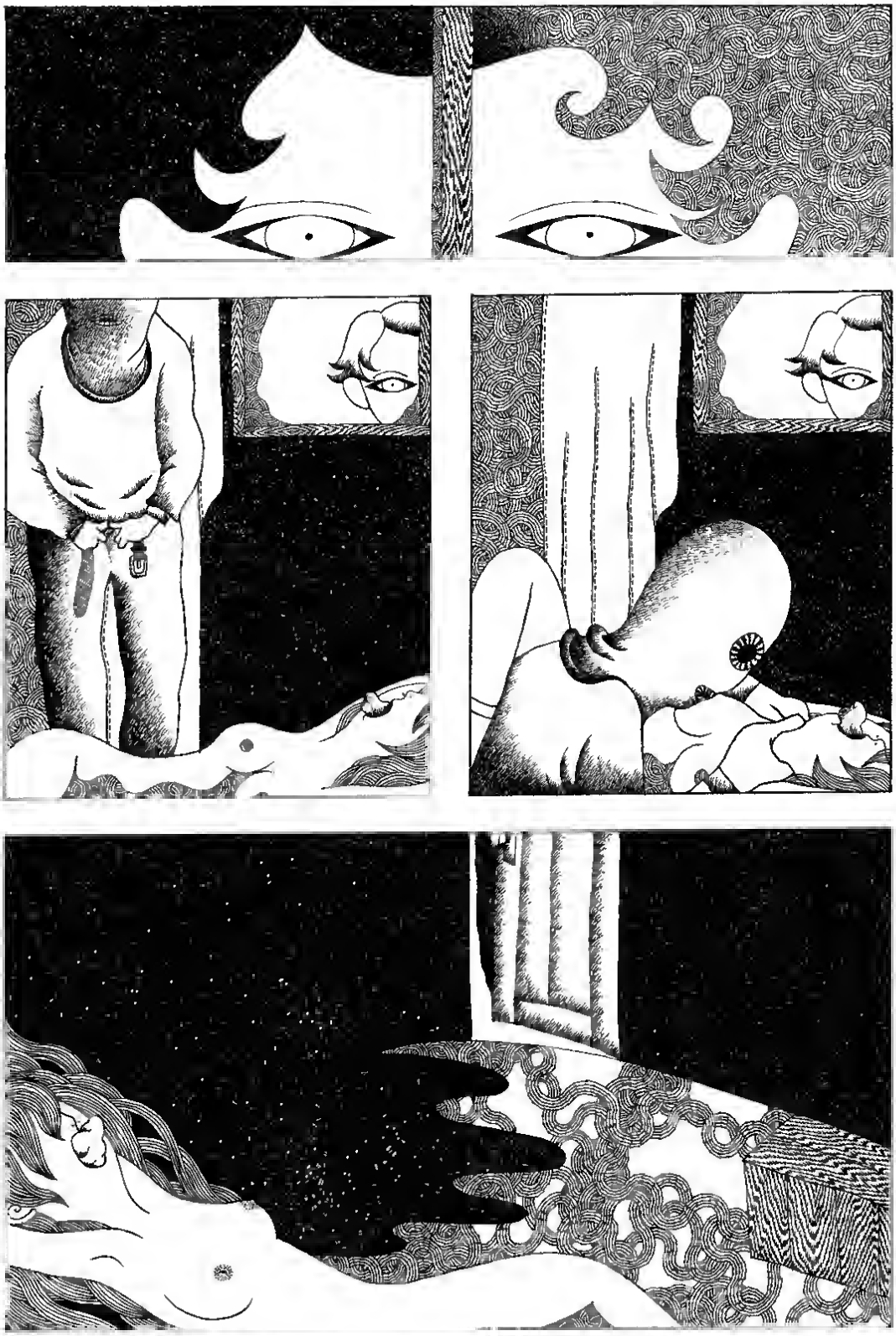
I heard her scream.
There was a small cabin deep in the woods.

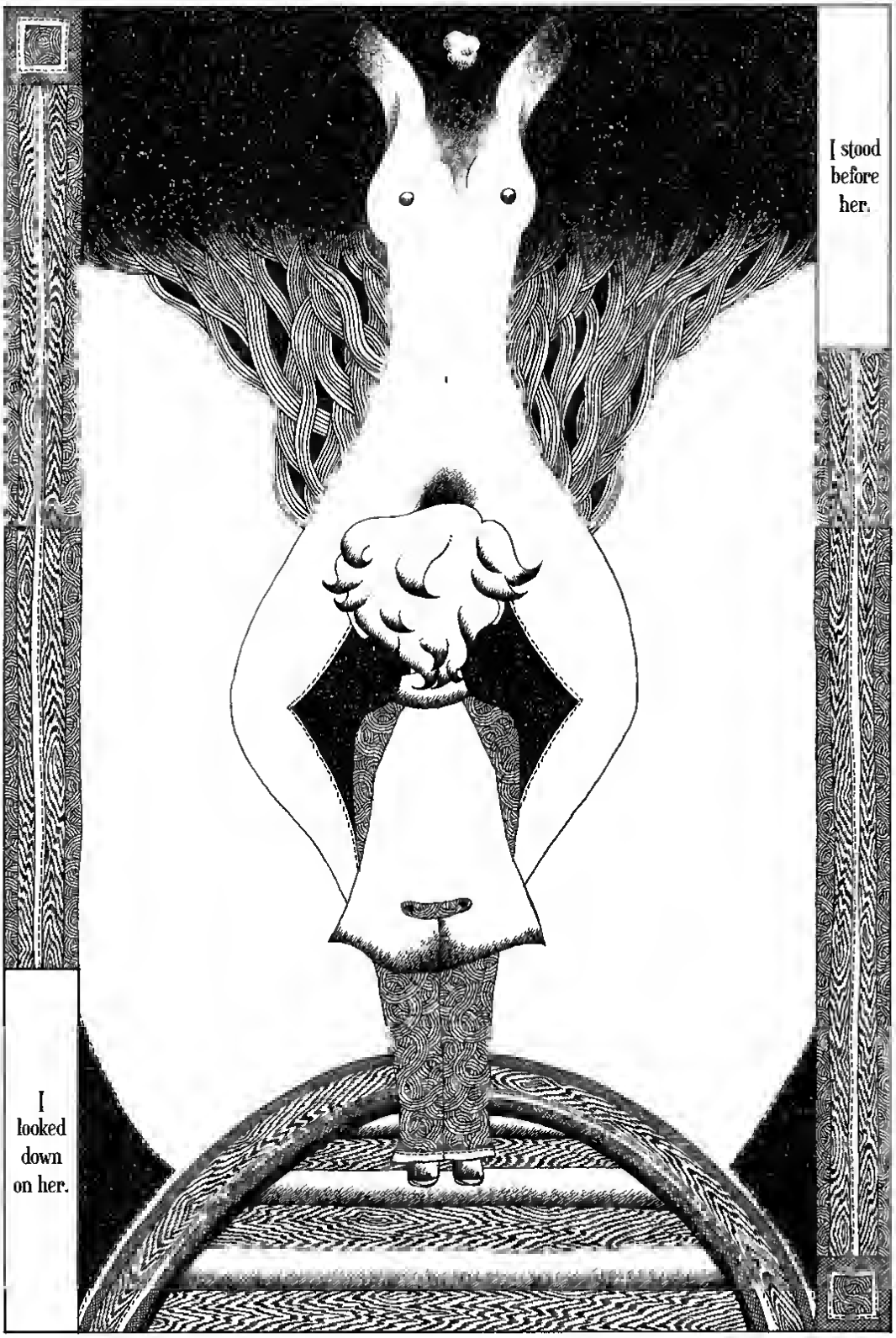


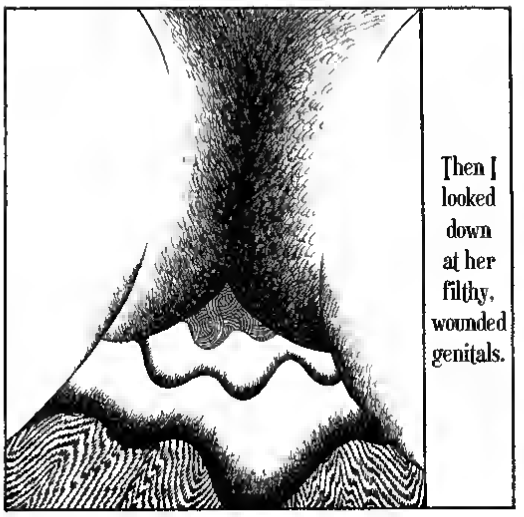

I peeked in the window of the cabin.



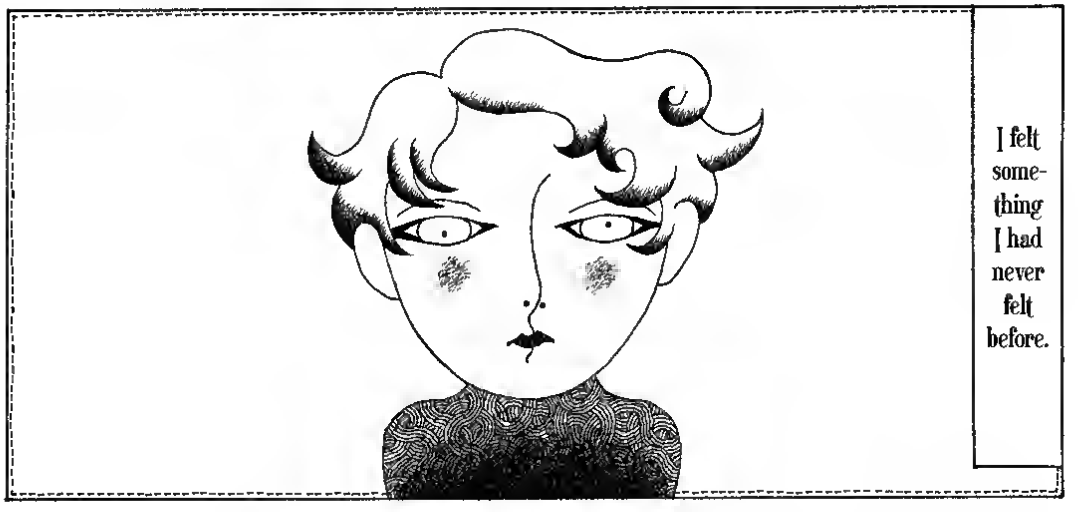

At the time, I had no idea what I was witnessing.

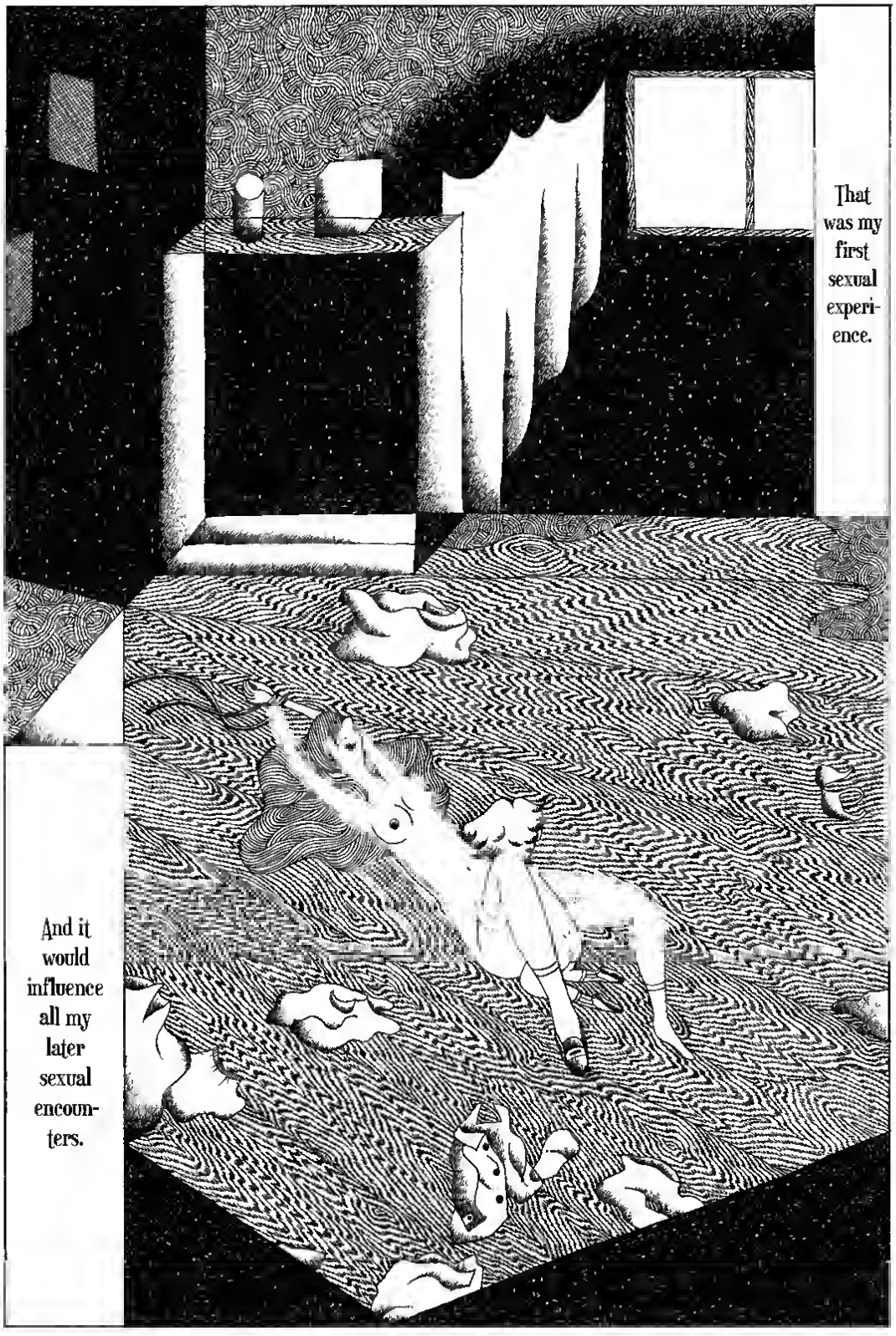



I stood before her.
I looked down on her.

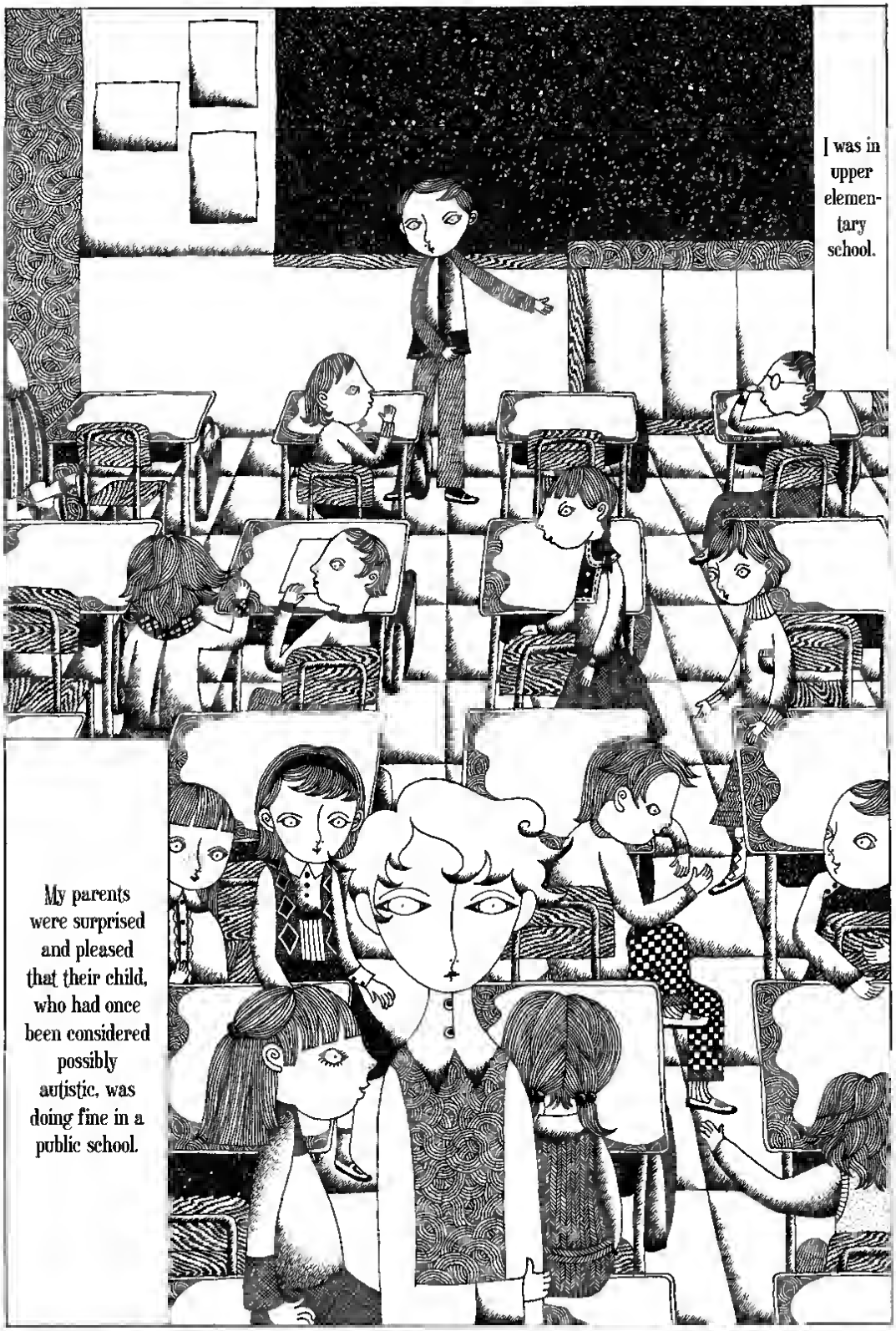

Then I looked down at her filthy, wounded genitals.

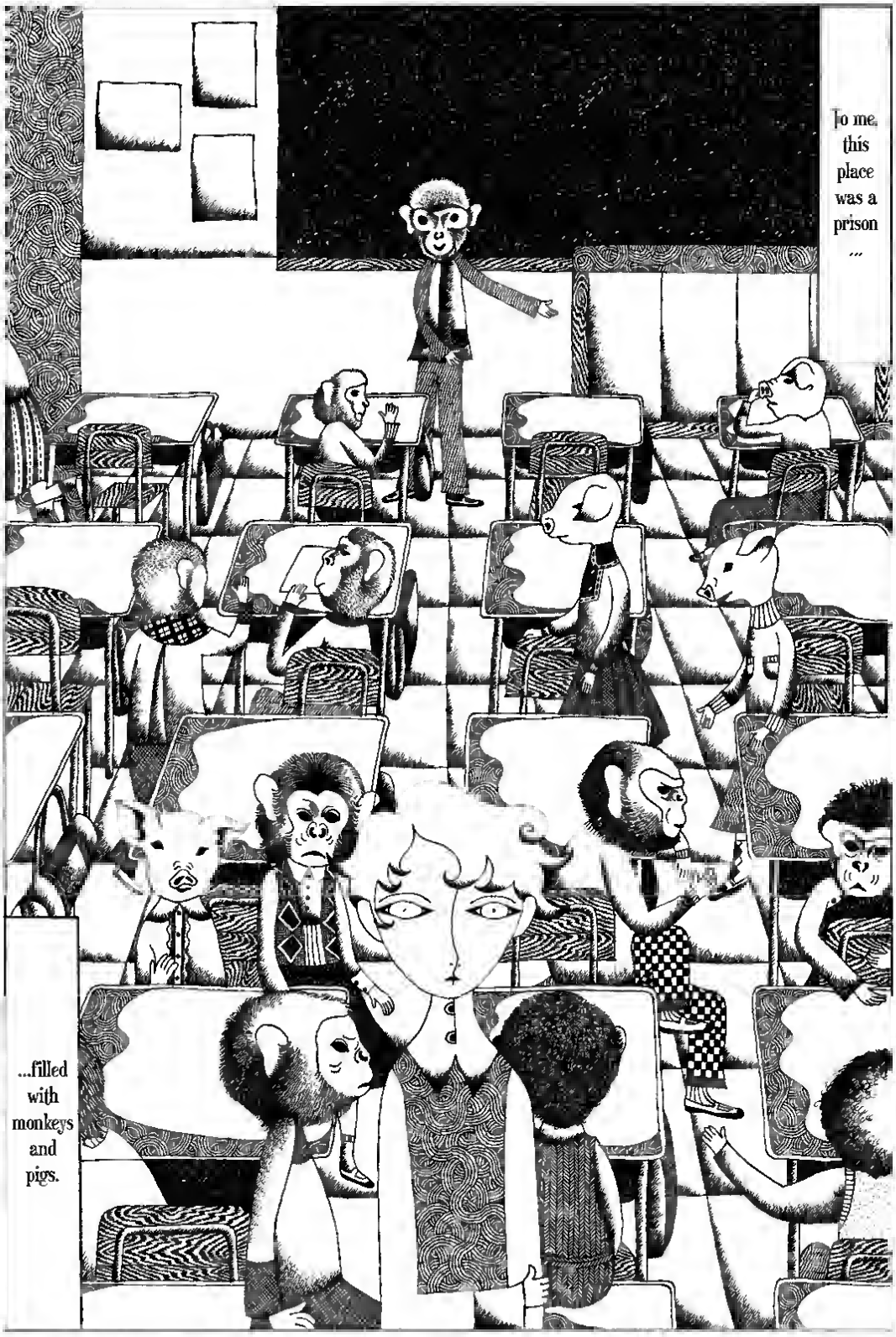
Her face was swollen and blood ran from her nose.

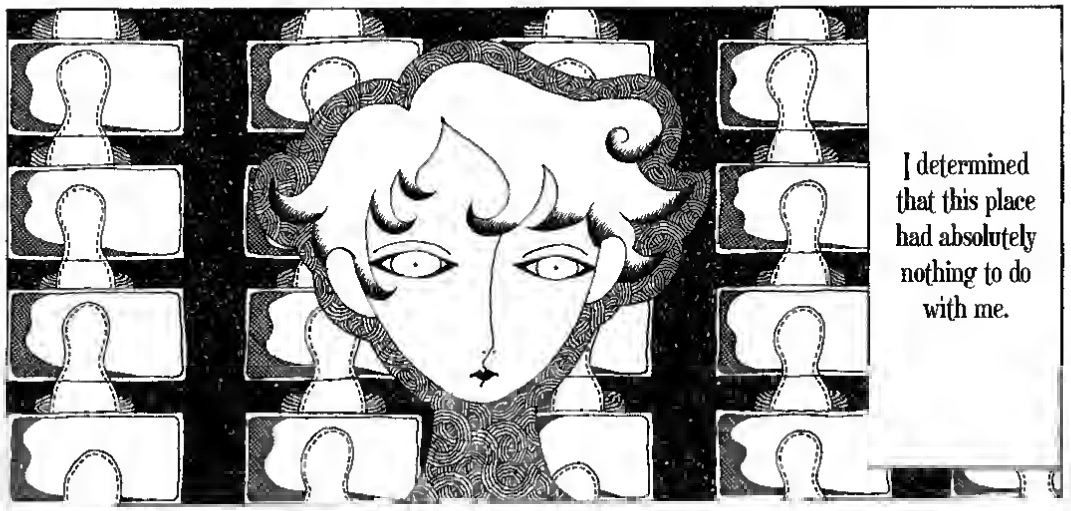

I felt something I had never felt before.

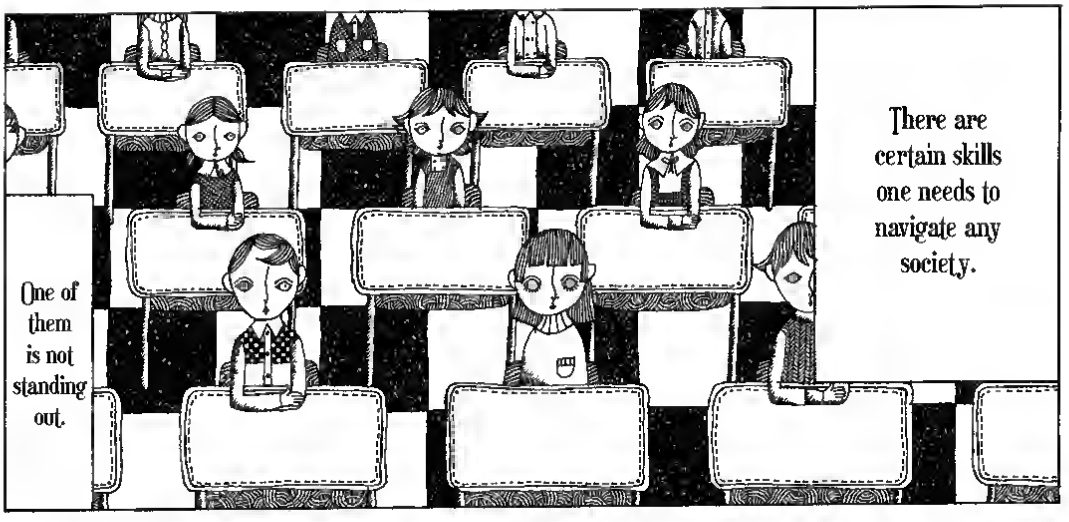

That was my first sexual experience.
And it would influence all my later sexual encounters.

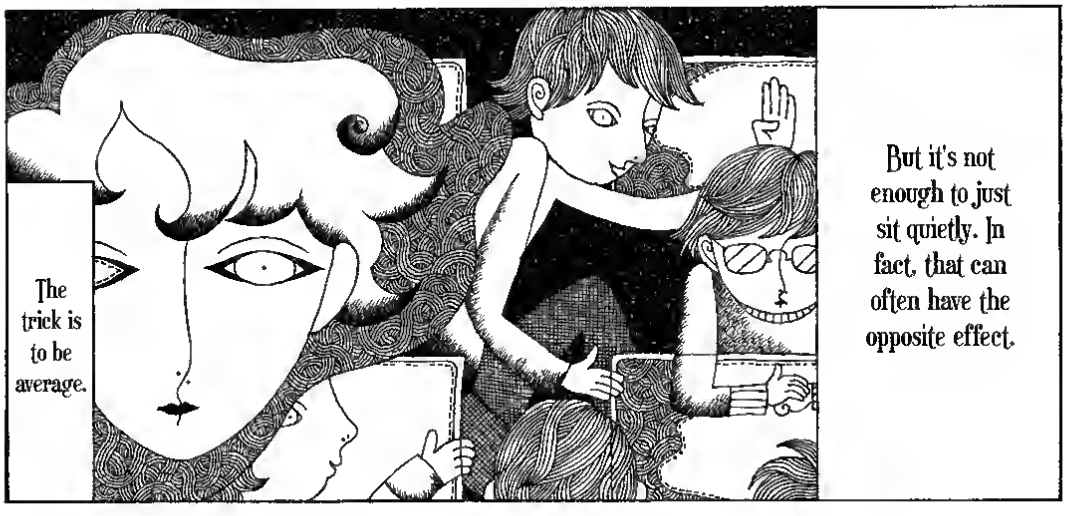
Chapter 4
Prey


I was in upper elementary school.
My parents were surprised and pleased that their child, who had once been considered possibly autistic, was doing fine in a public school.

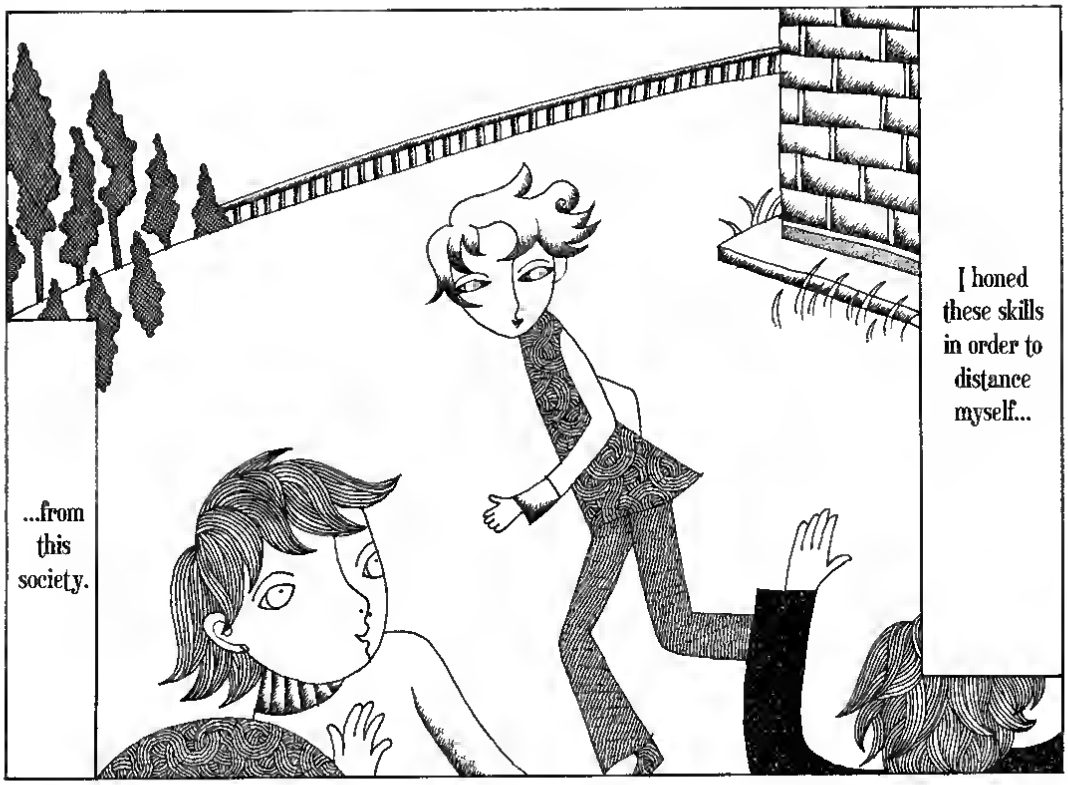

To me, this place was a prison ...
...filled with monkeys and pigs.

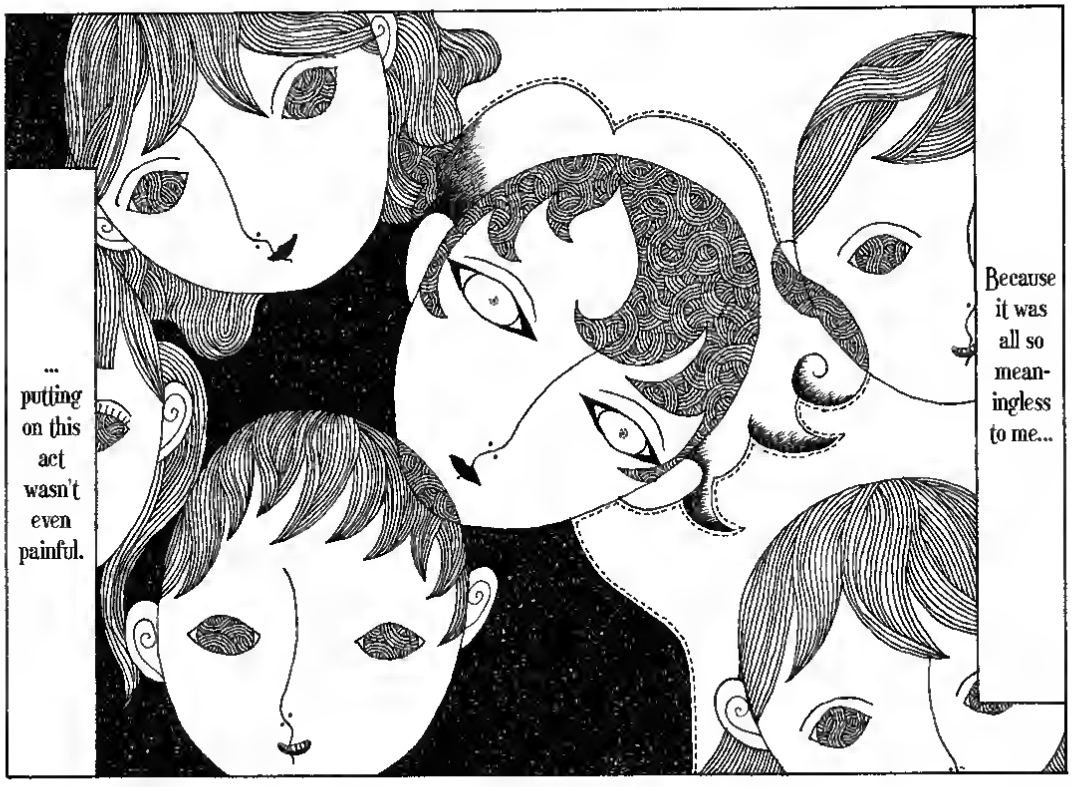

I determined that this place had absolutely nothing to do with me.

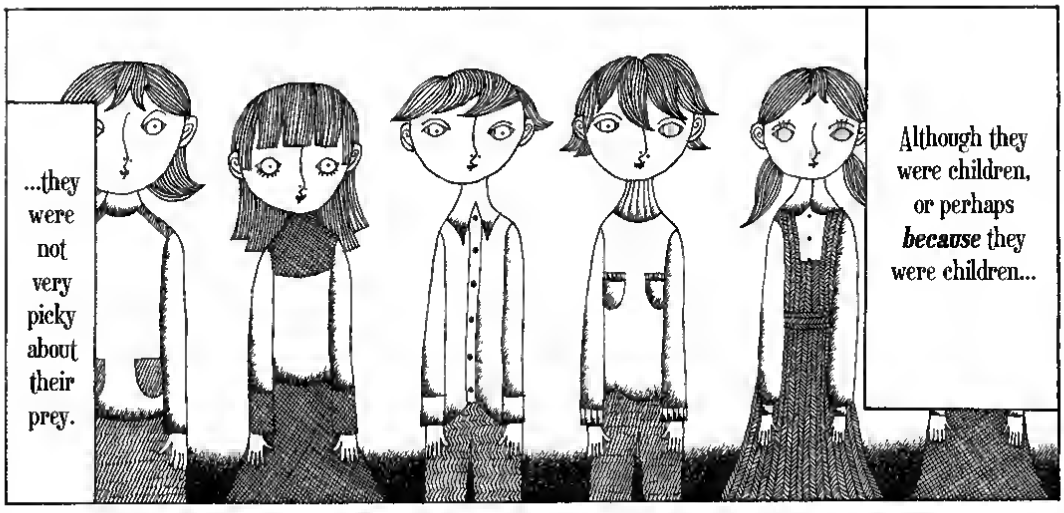

One of them is not standing out.
There are certain skills one needs to navigate any society.

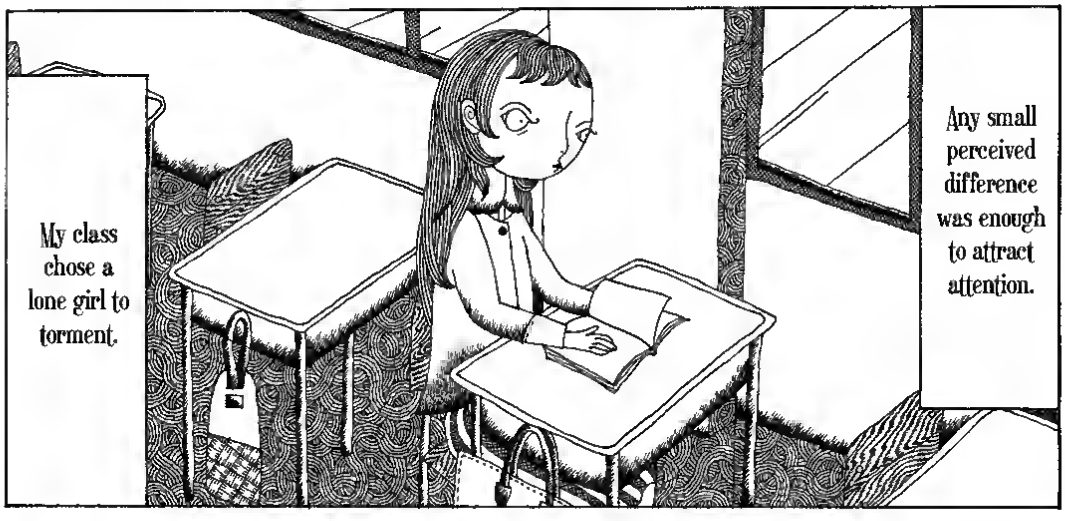

The trick is to be average.
But it's not enough to just sit quietly. In fact, that can often have the opposite effect.

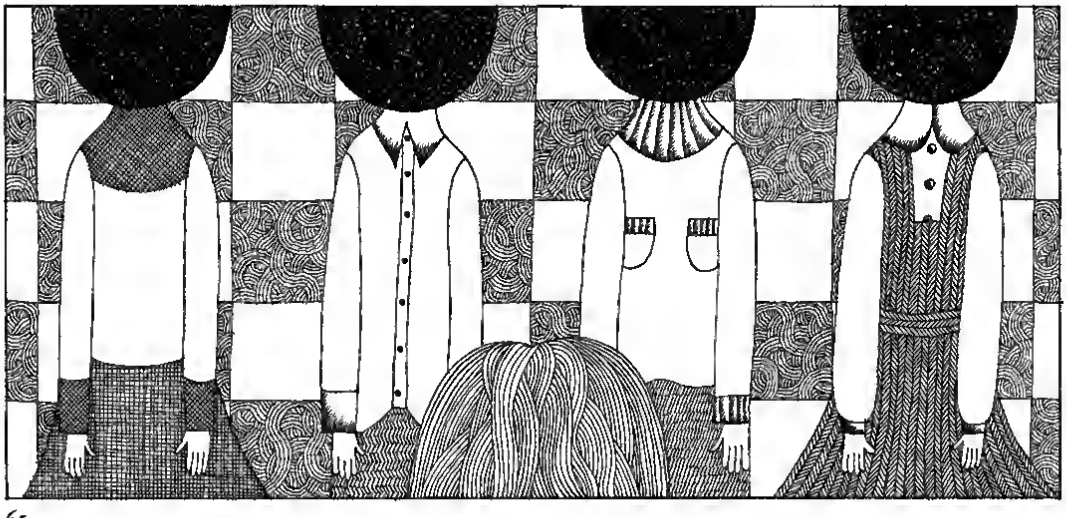
...aver-agely smart...
Be aver-agely cheerful ...
...aver-agely obedient.
...aver-agely stupid...
...on my face.
I spent my days with a faint cowardly smile...

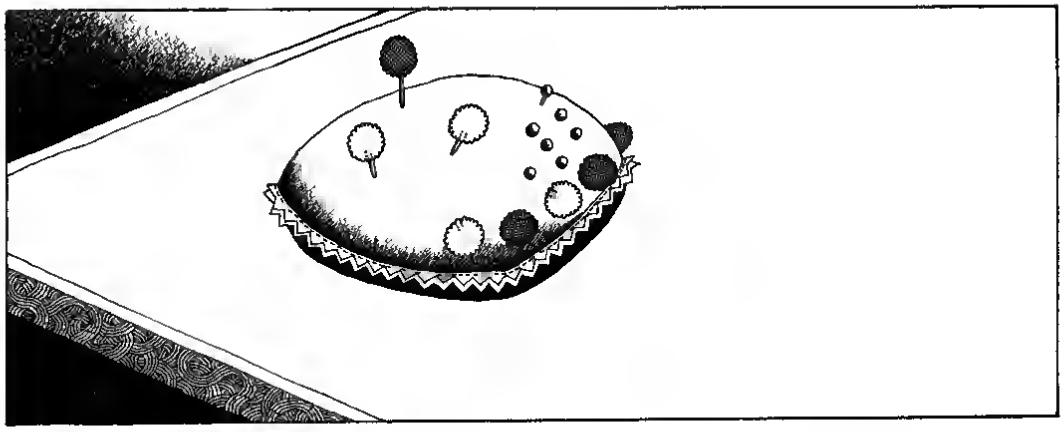

I honed these skills in order to distance myself...
...from this society.

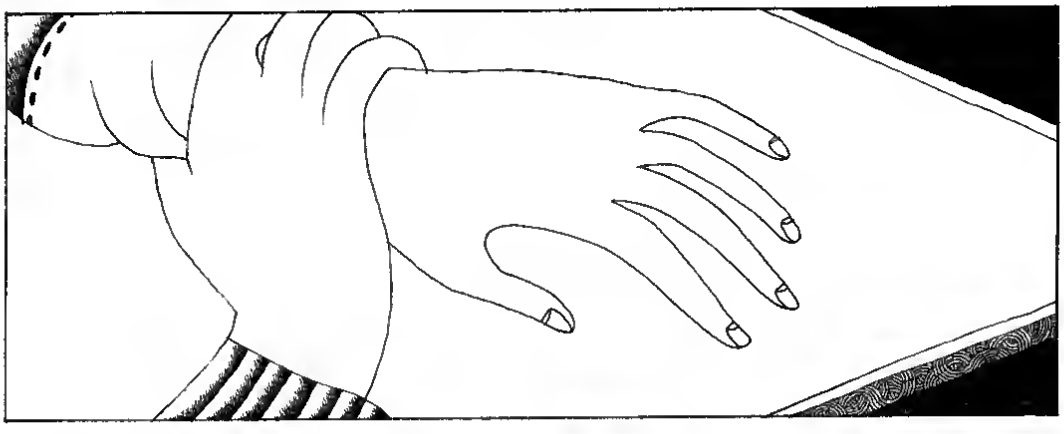

Because it was all so meaningless to me...
... putting on this act wasn't even painful.


...they were not very picky about their prey.
Although they were children, or perhaps *because* they were children...

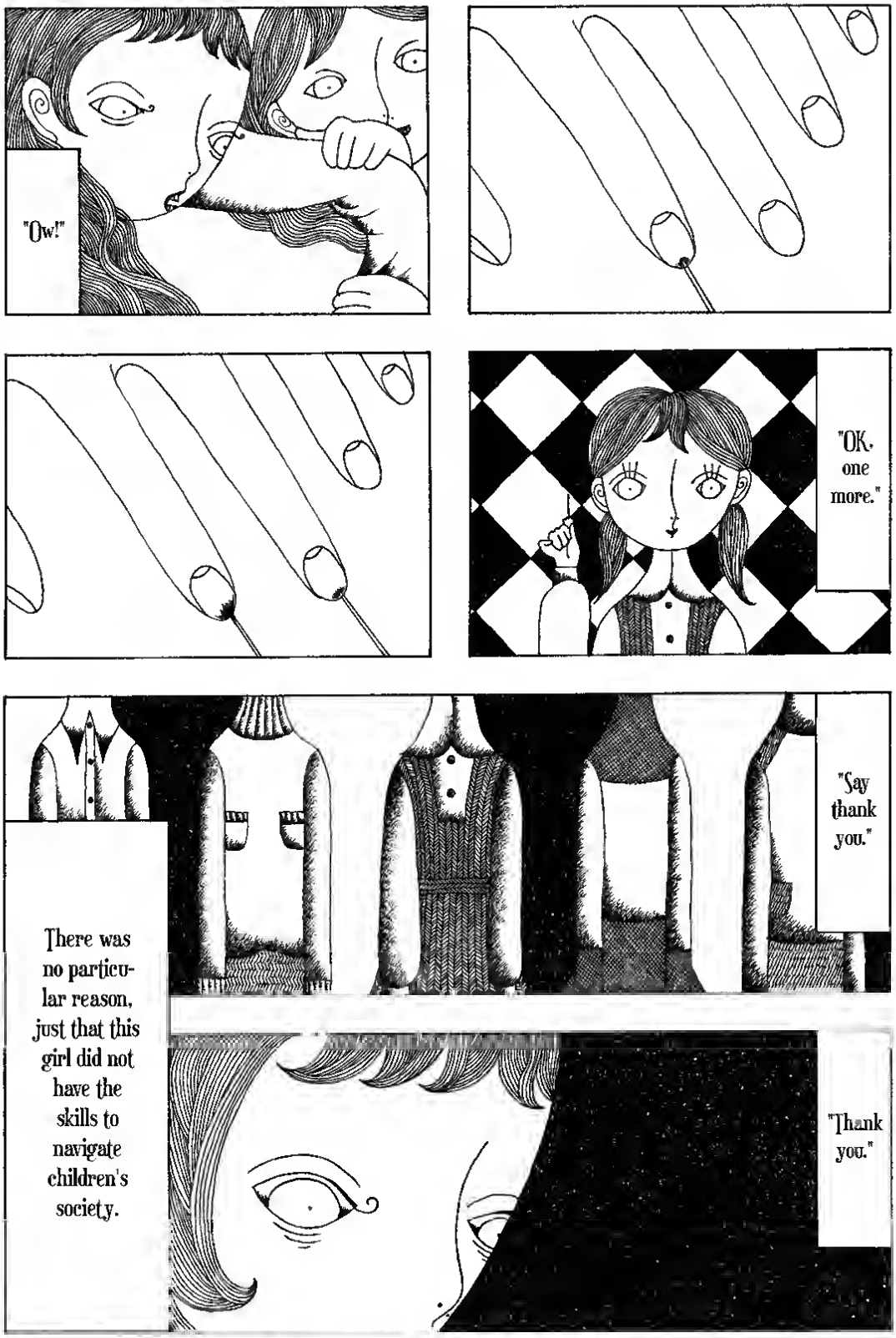

My class chose a lone girl to torment.
Any small perceived difference was enough to attract attention.

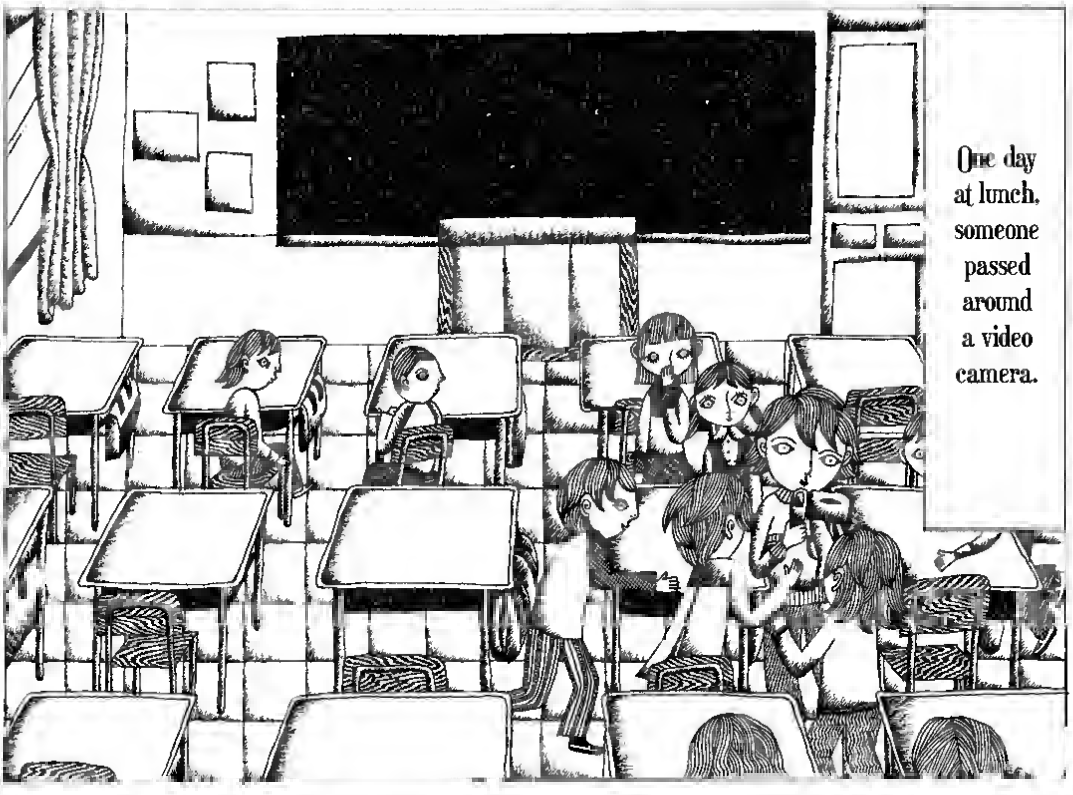


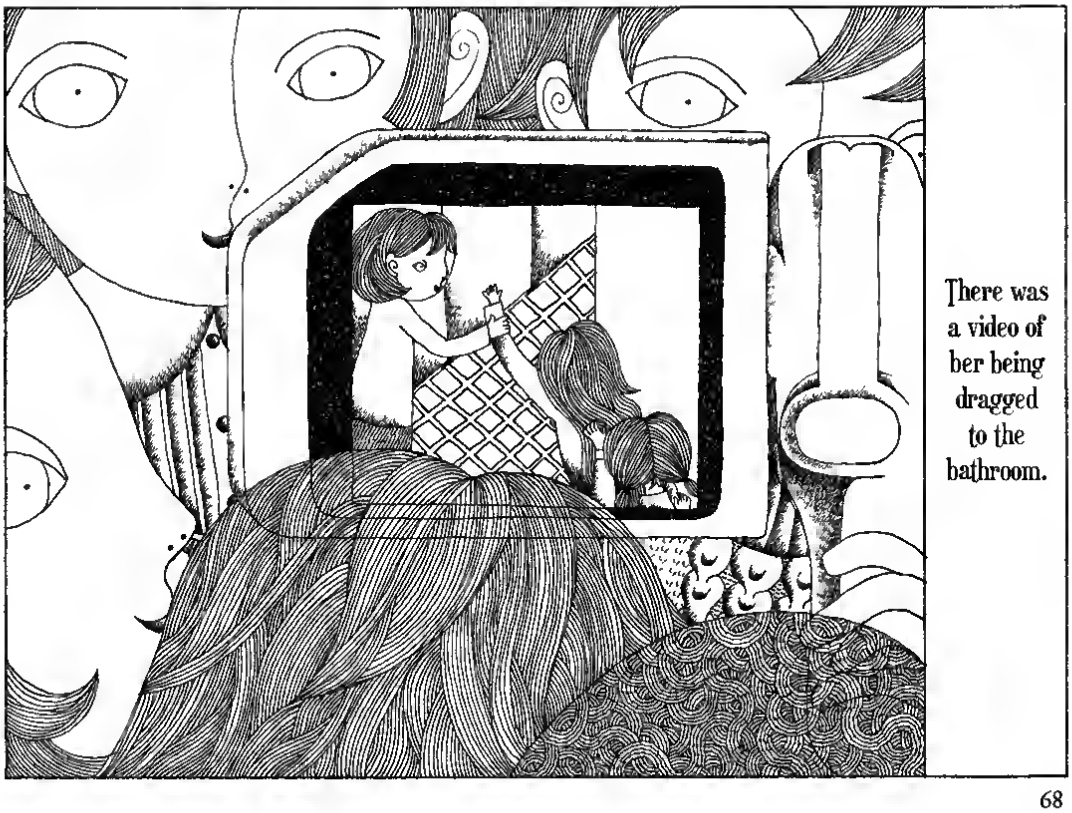


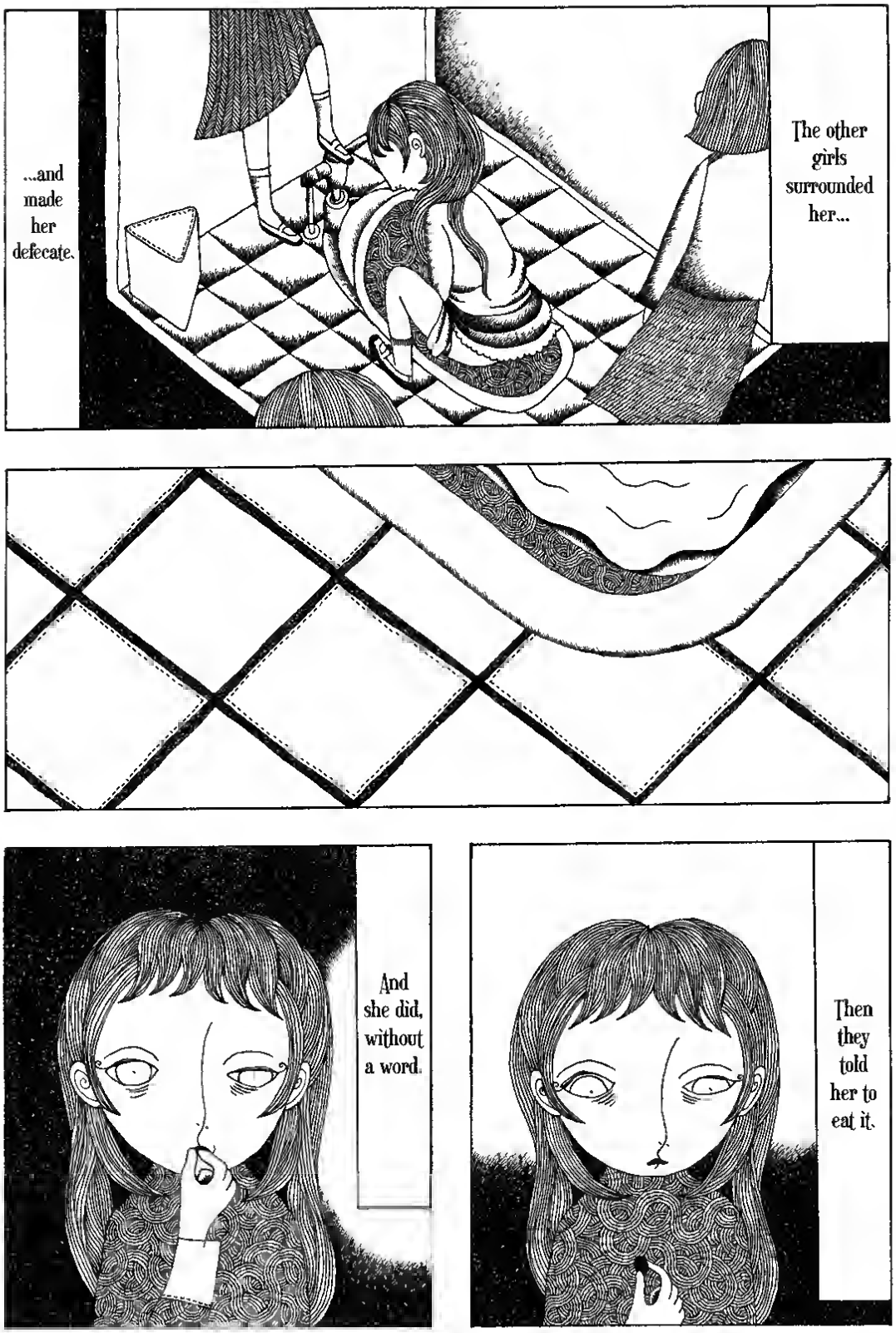


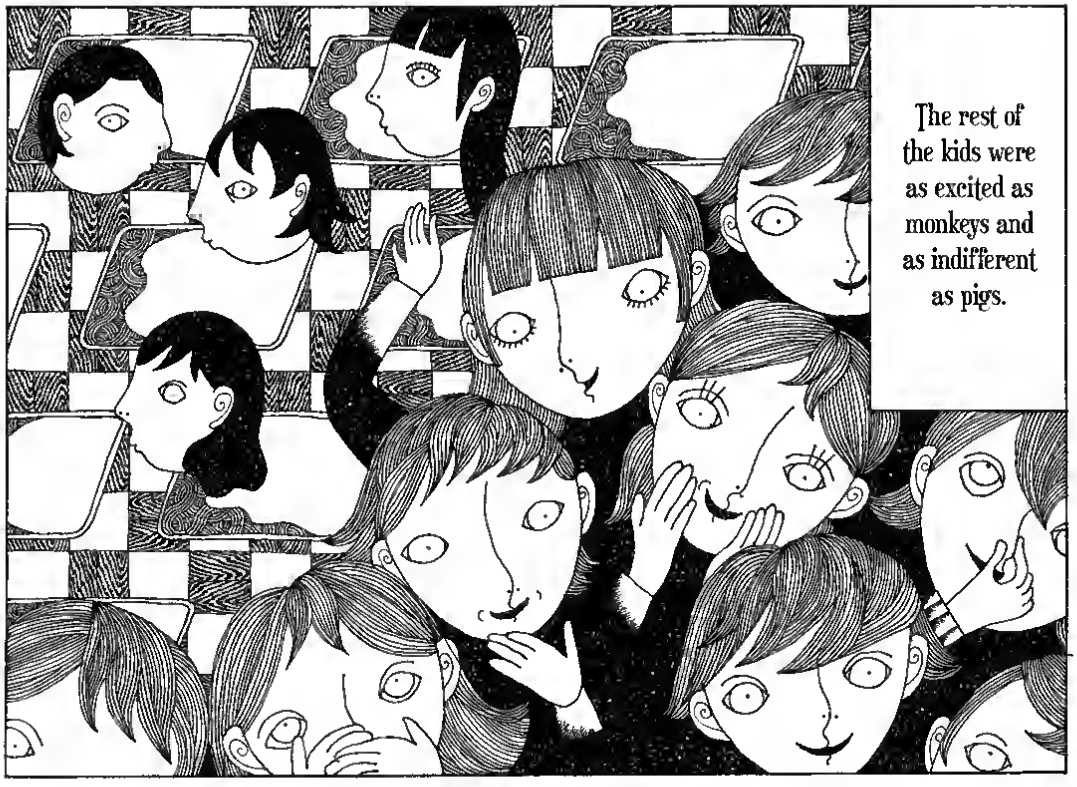
"If you make a sound, you'll get another one."
"If you cry, that's another one on top of that."

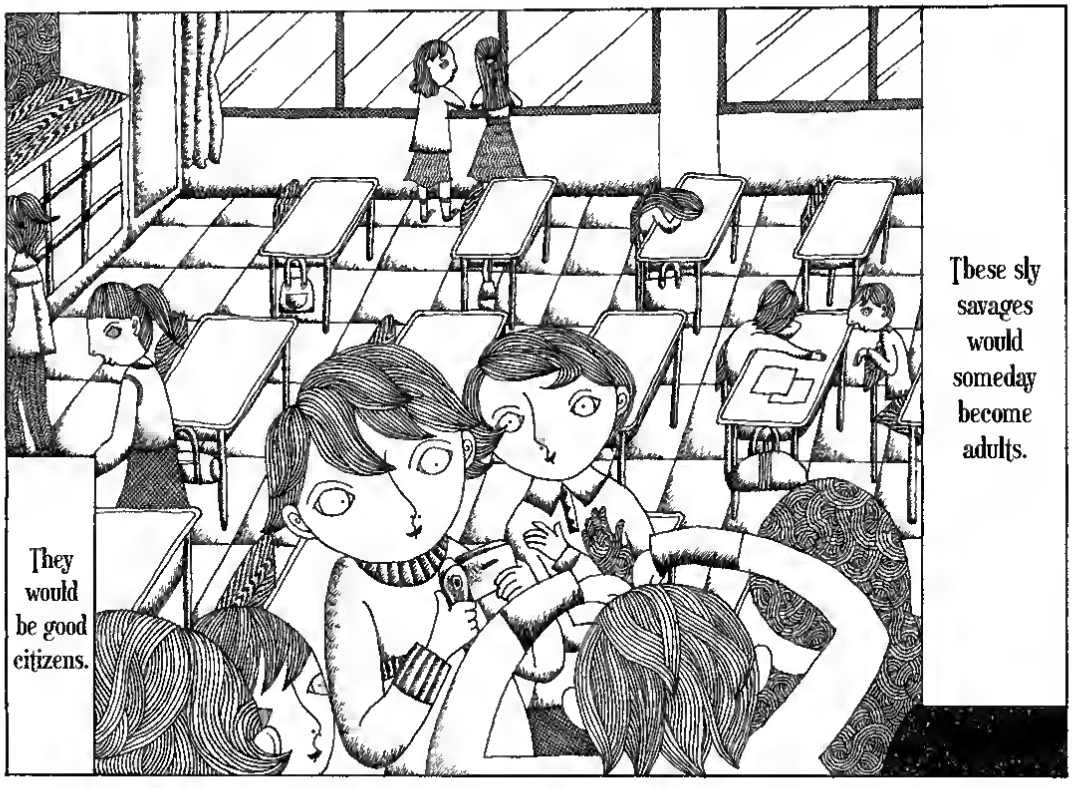

"Ow!"
"OK, one more."
"Say thank you."
There was no particular reason, just that this girl did not have the skills to navigate children's society.
"Thank you."

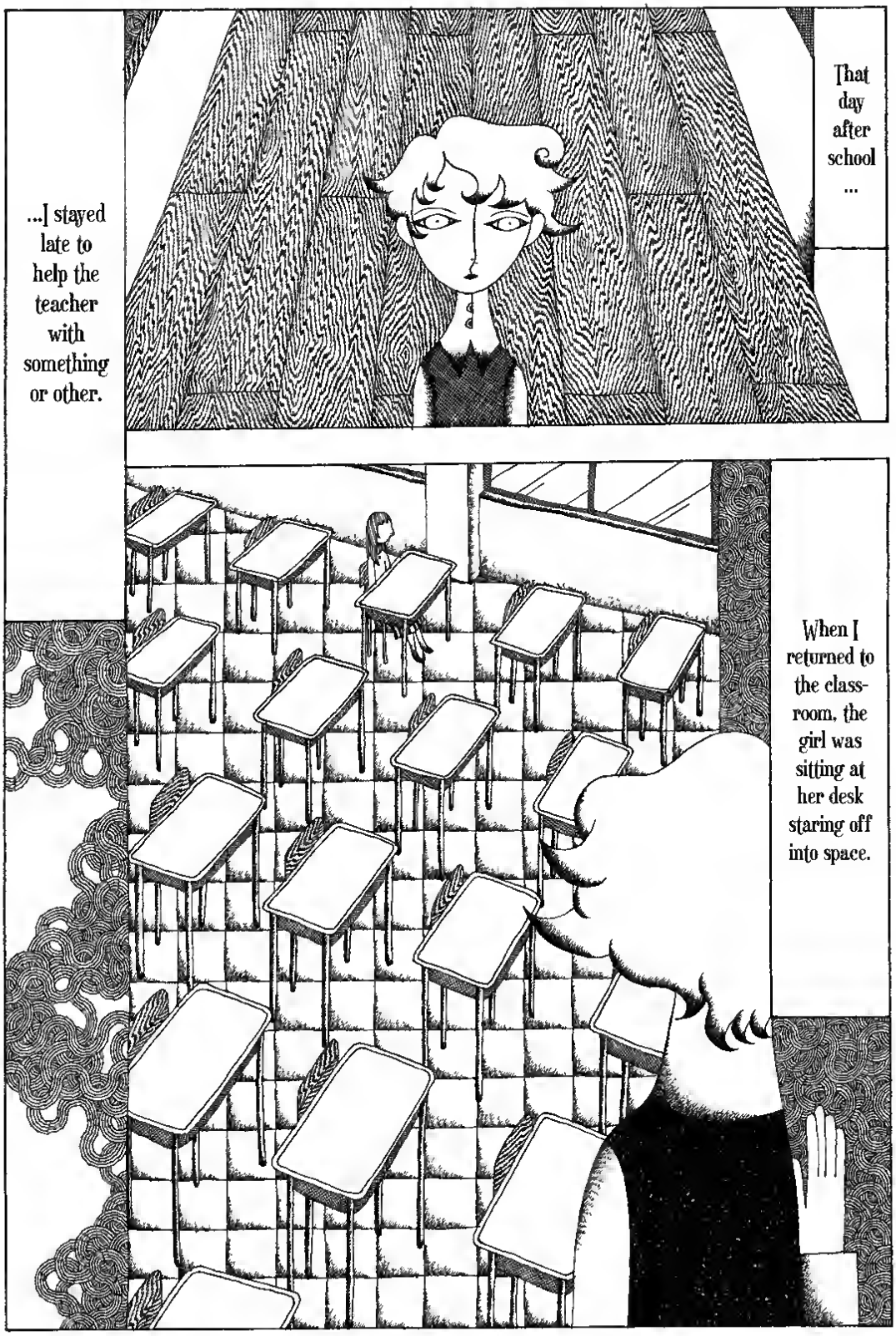

One day at lunch, someone passed around a video camera.

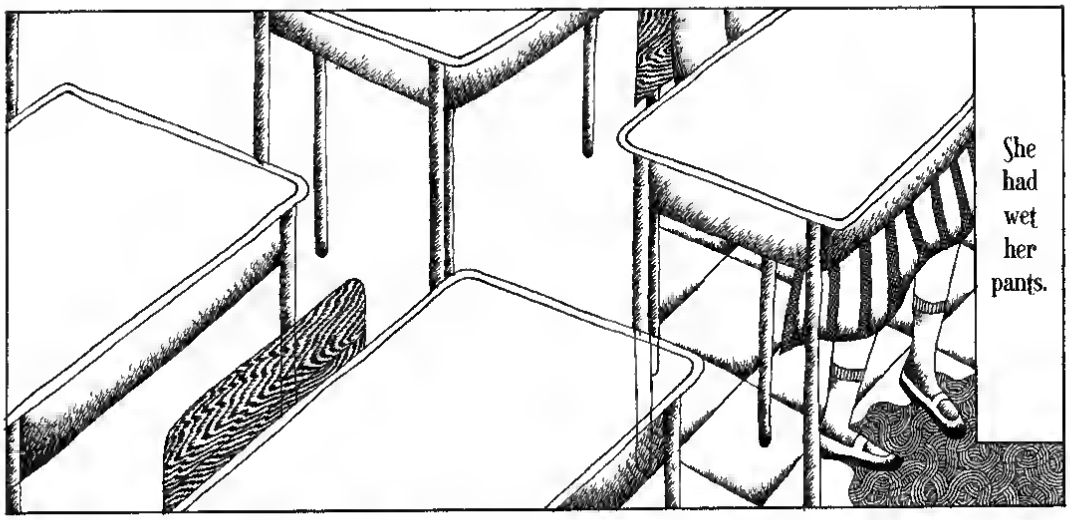

There was a video of her being dragged to the bathroom.

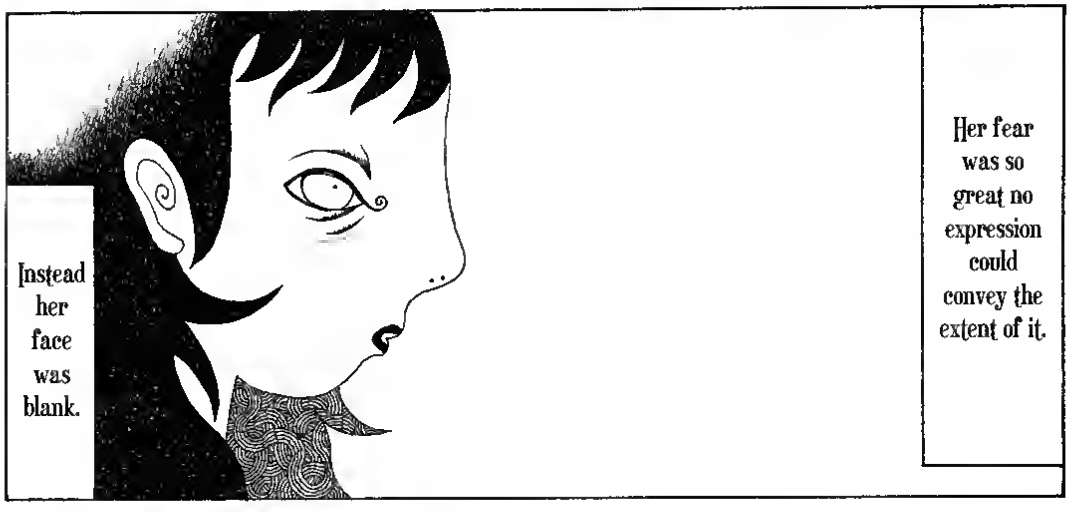

...and made her defecate.
The other girls surrounded her...
And she did, without a word.
Then they told her to eat it.

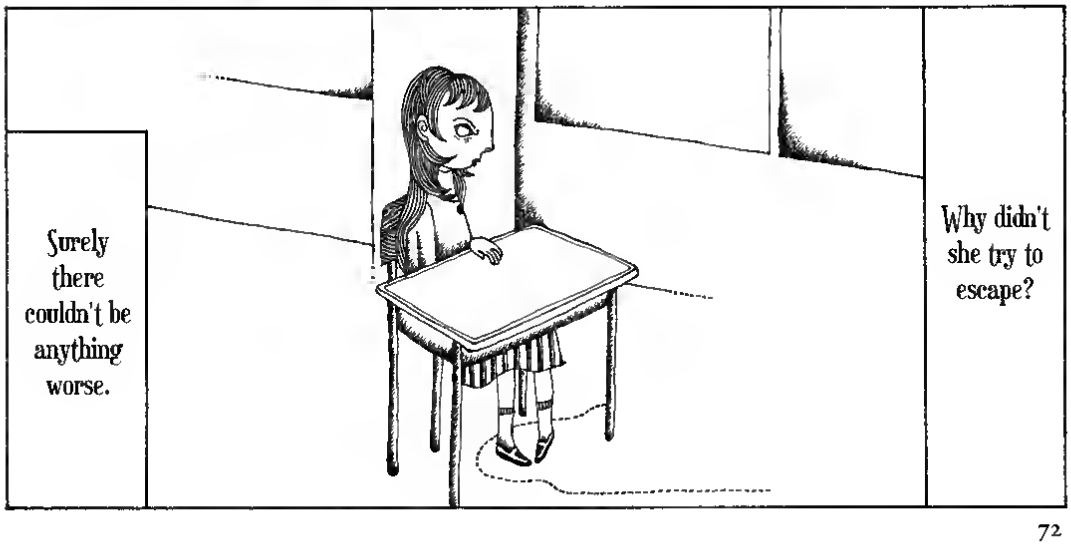

The rest of the kids were as excited as monkeys and as indifferent as pigs.

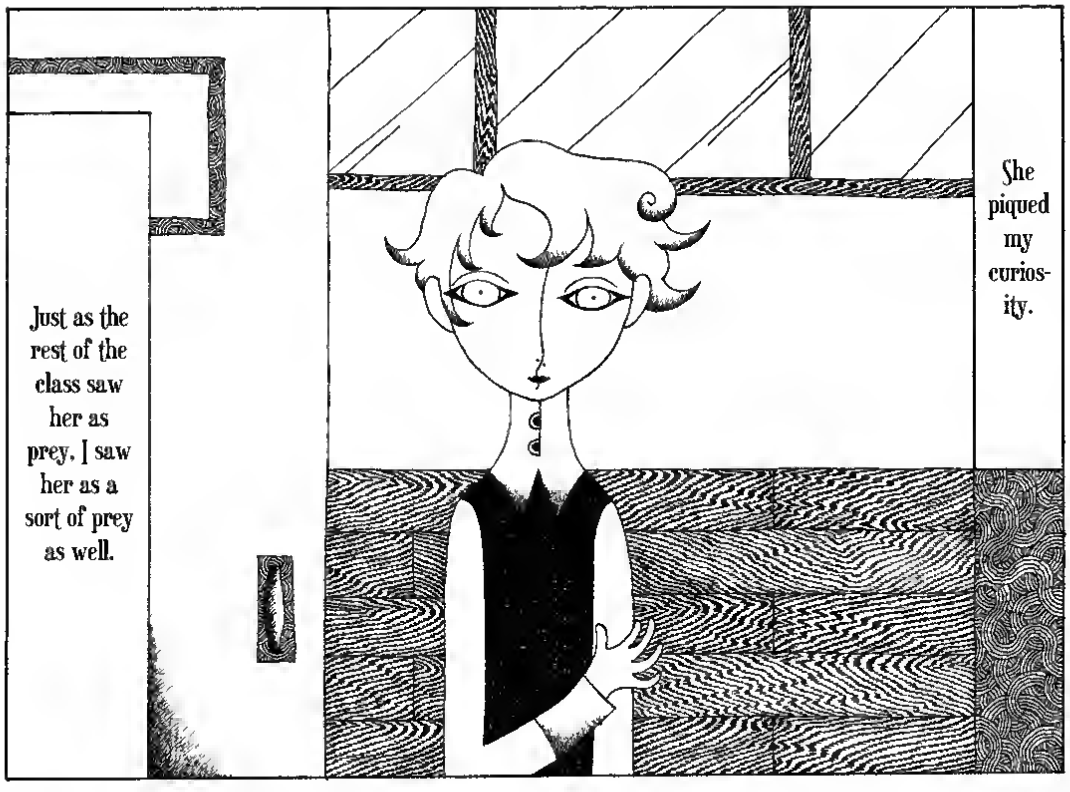

These sly savages would someday become adults.
They would be good citizens.

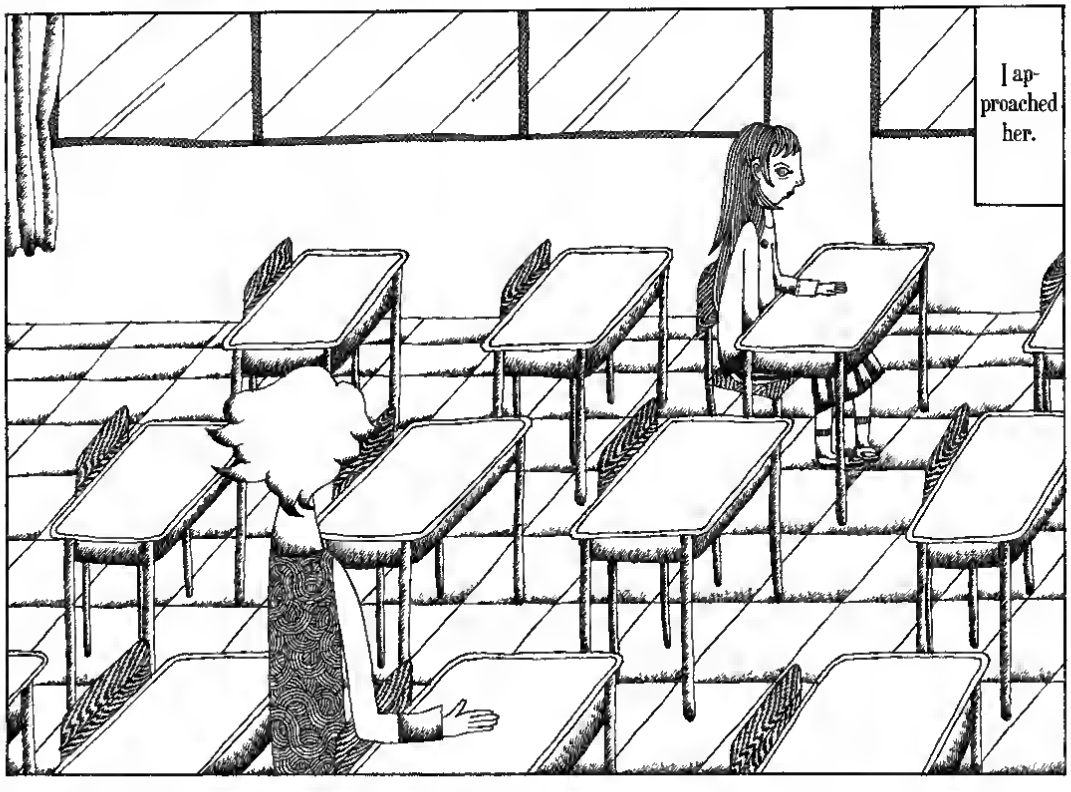

That day after school ...
...I stayed late to help the teacher with something or other.
When I returned to the classroom, the girl was sitting at her desk staring off into space.

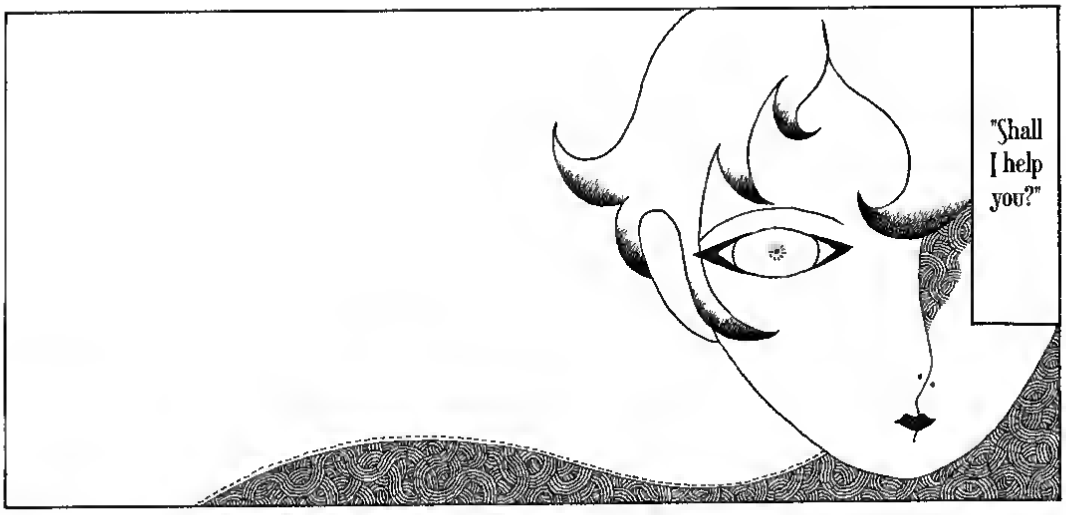

She had wet her pants.

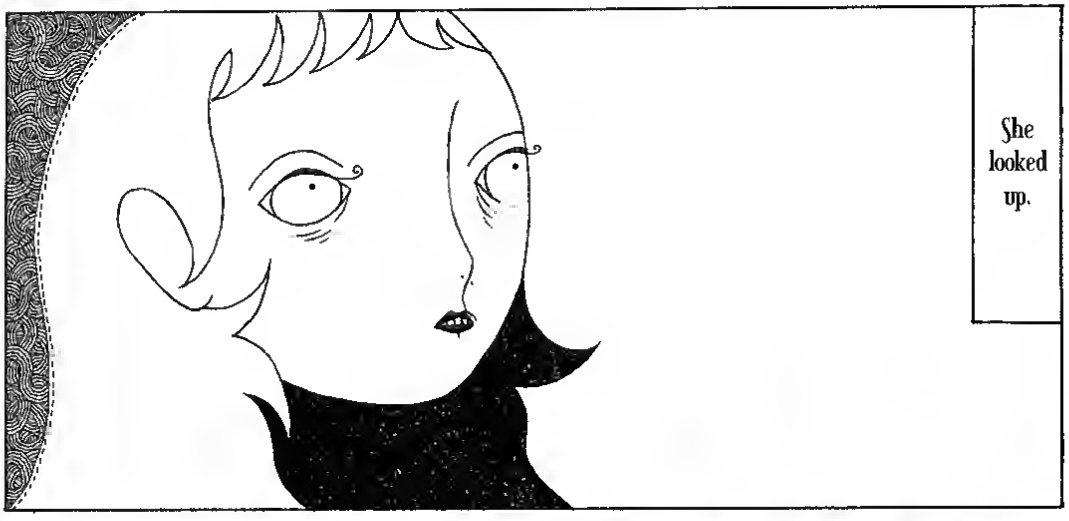

Instead her face was blank.
Her fear was so great no expression could convey the extent of it.


Surely there couldn't be anything worse.
Why didn't she try to escape?


Just as the rest of the class saw her as prey, I saw her as a sort of prey as well.
She piqued my curiosity.


I approached her.

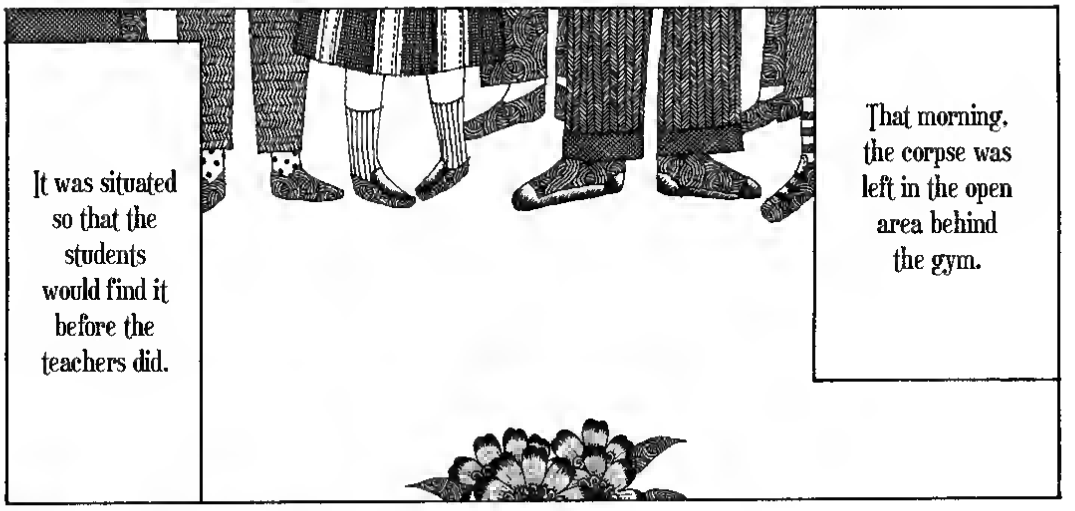

"Shall I help you?"

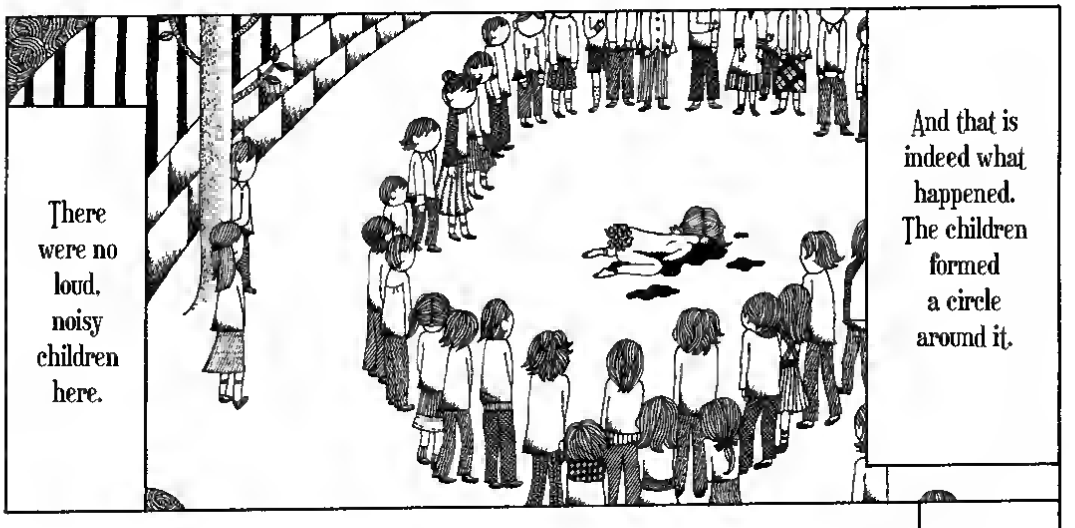

She looked up.

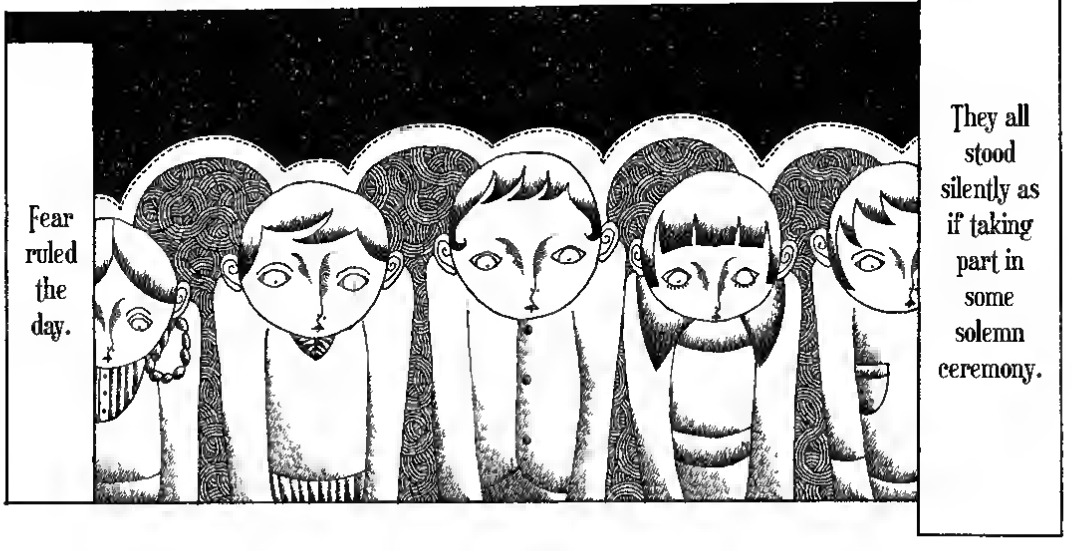
"Shall I kill them for you?"

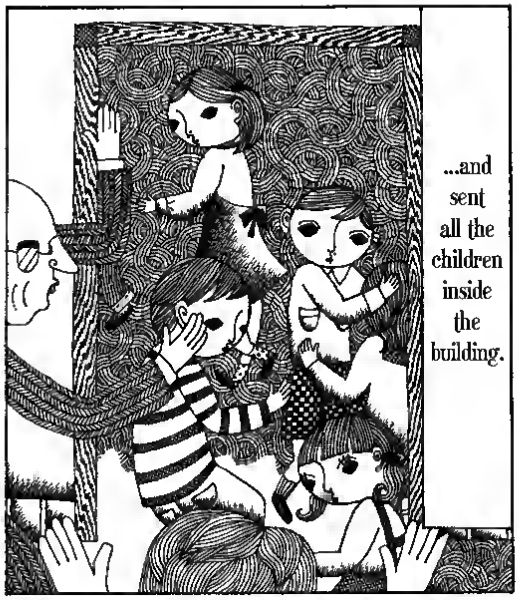
Chapter 5

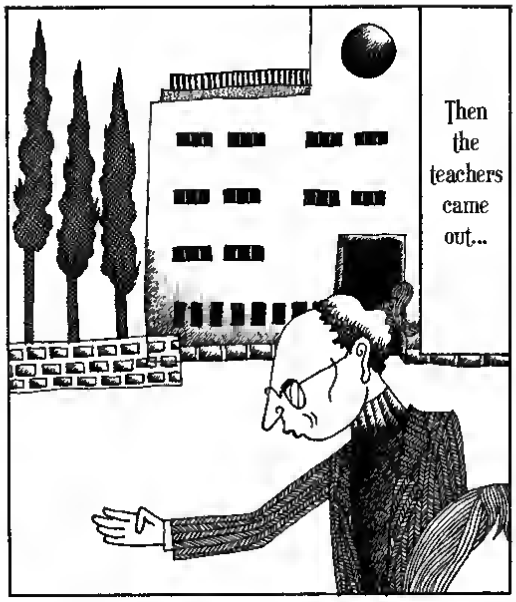
The First Murder

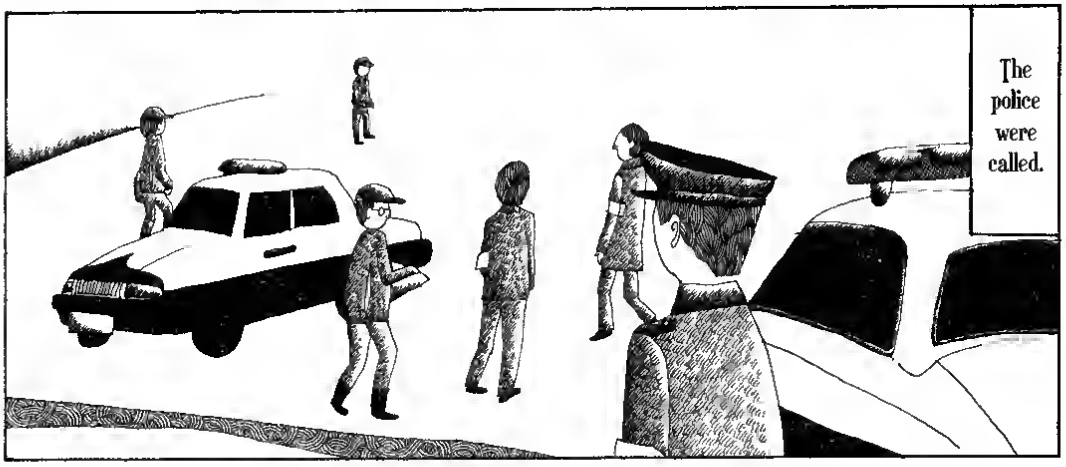

It was situated so that the students would find it before the teachers did.
That morning, the corpse was left in the open area behind the gym.

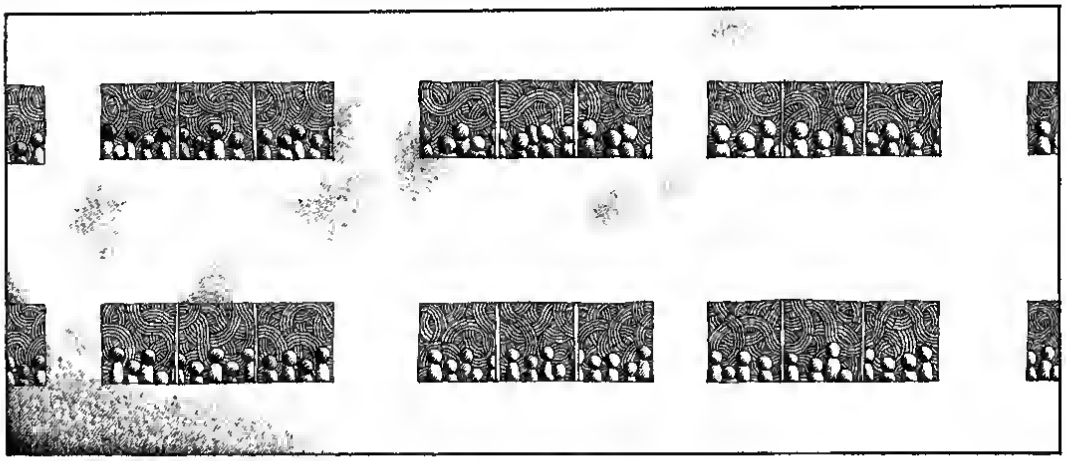

There were no loud, noisy children here.
And that is indeed what happened. The children formed a circle around it.


Fear ruled the day.
They all stood silently as if taking part in some solemn ceremony.

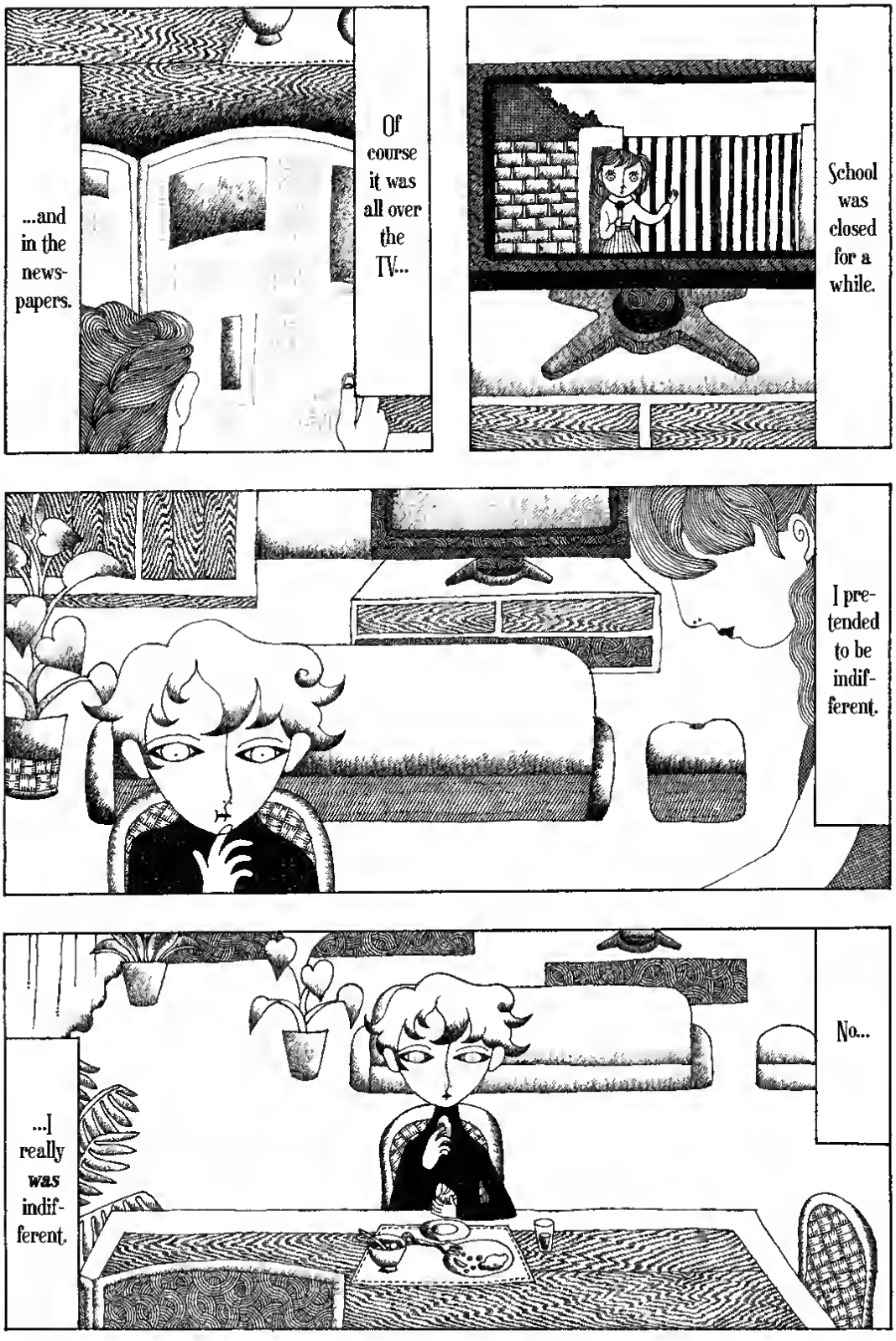

...and sent all the children inside the building.

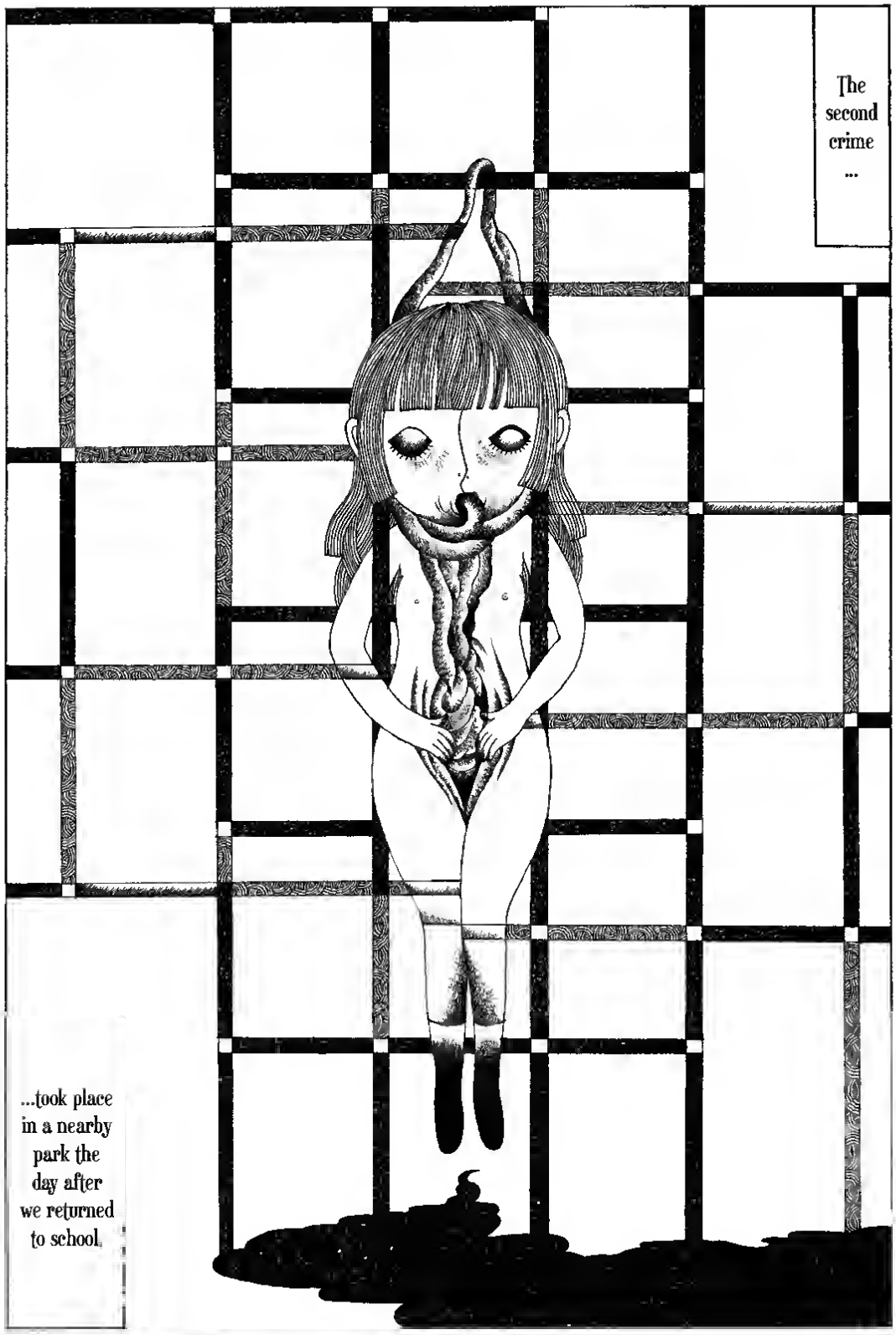

Then the teachers came out...

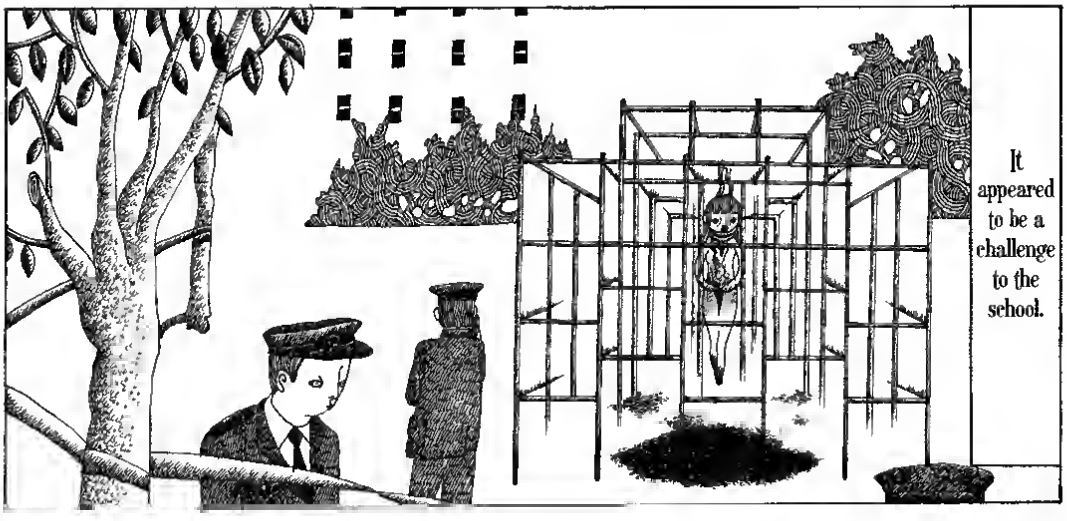

The police were called.

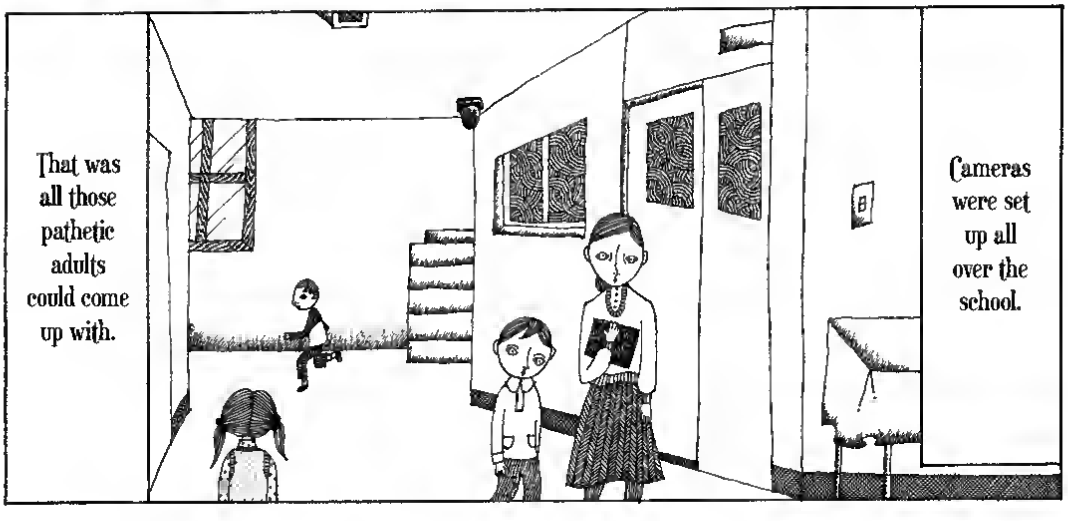


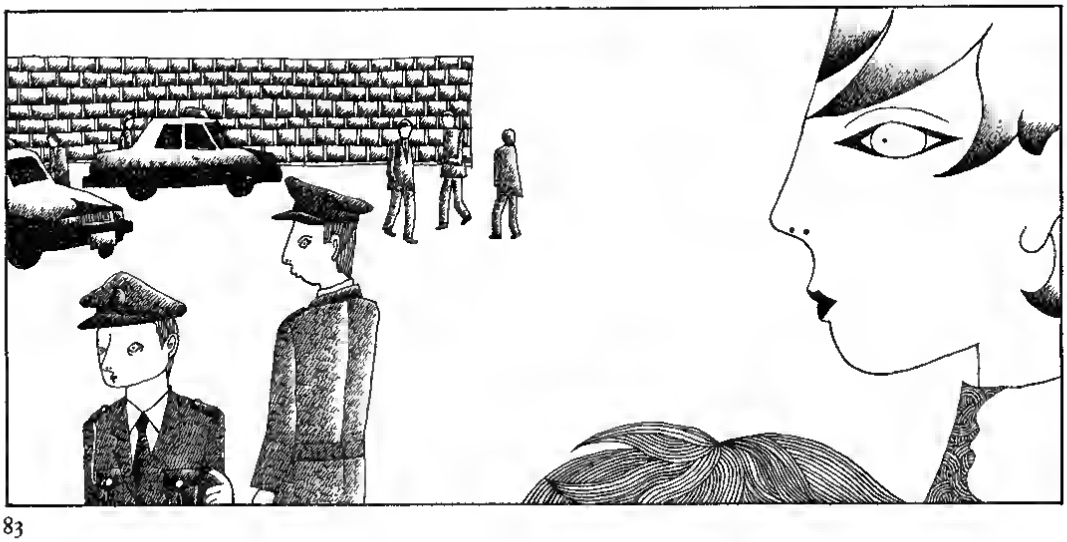
Aside from the few who first discovered the body, the rest of the students were sent home early.

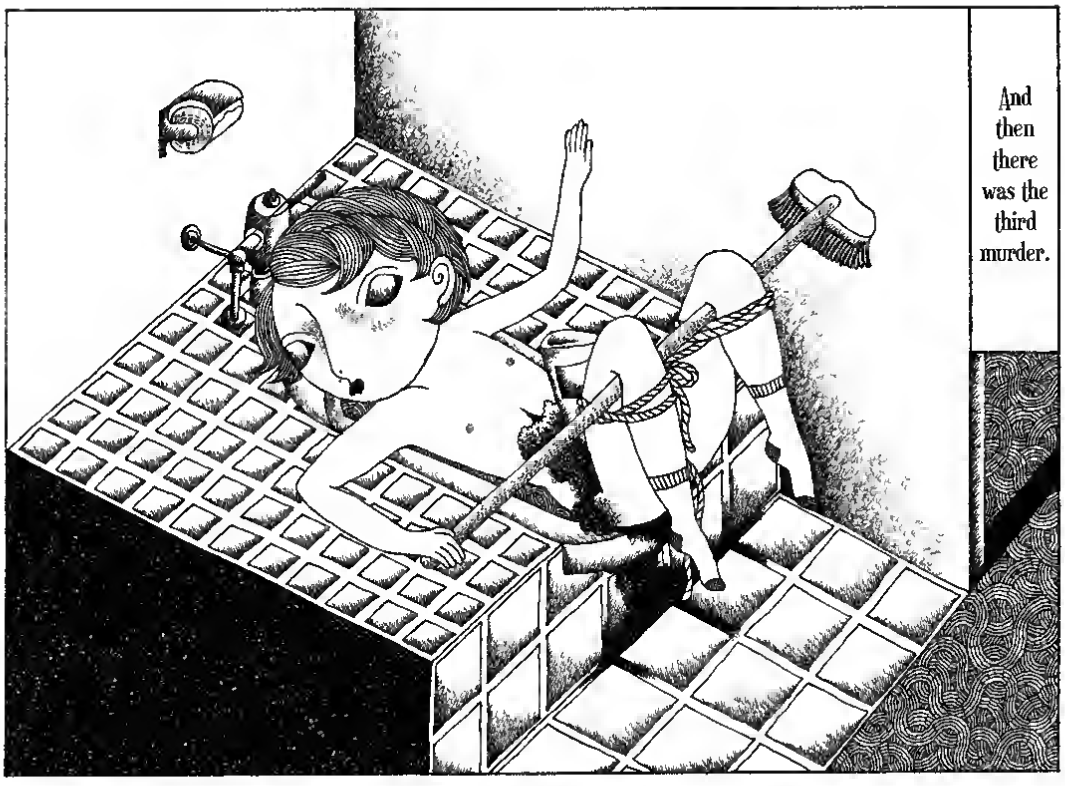

...and in the news-papers.
Of course it was all over the TV...
School was closed for a while.
I pre-tended to be indif-ferent.
No...
...I really **was** indif-ferent.

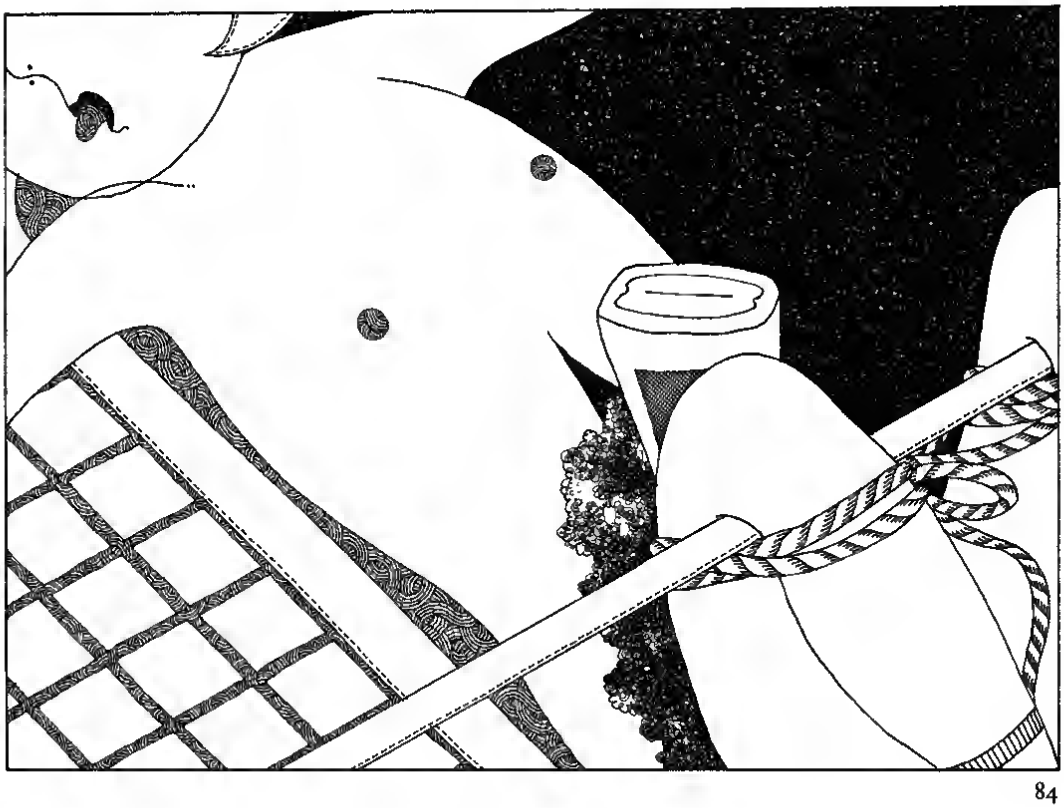

The second crime ...
...took place in a nearby park the day after we returned to school.

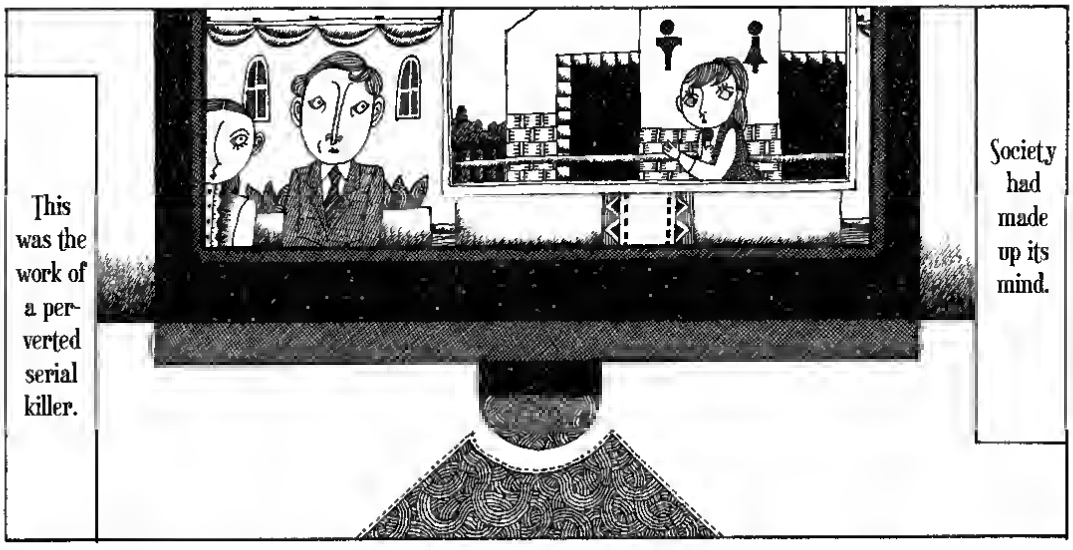

It appeared to be a challenge to the school.


That was all those pathetic adults could come up with.
Cameras were set up all over the school.

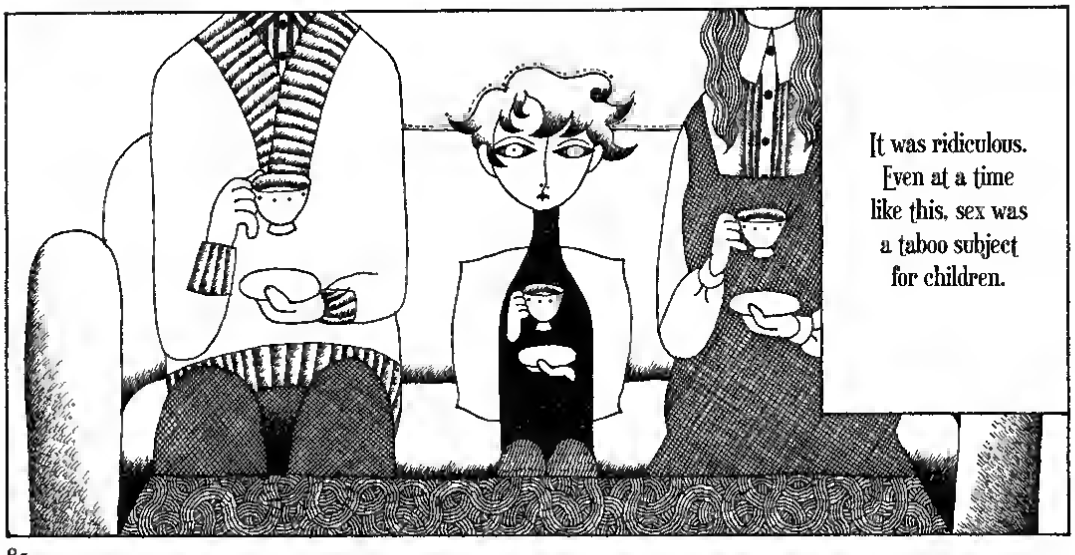


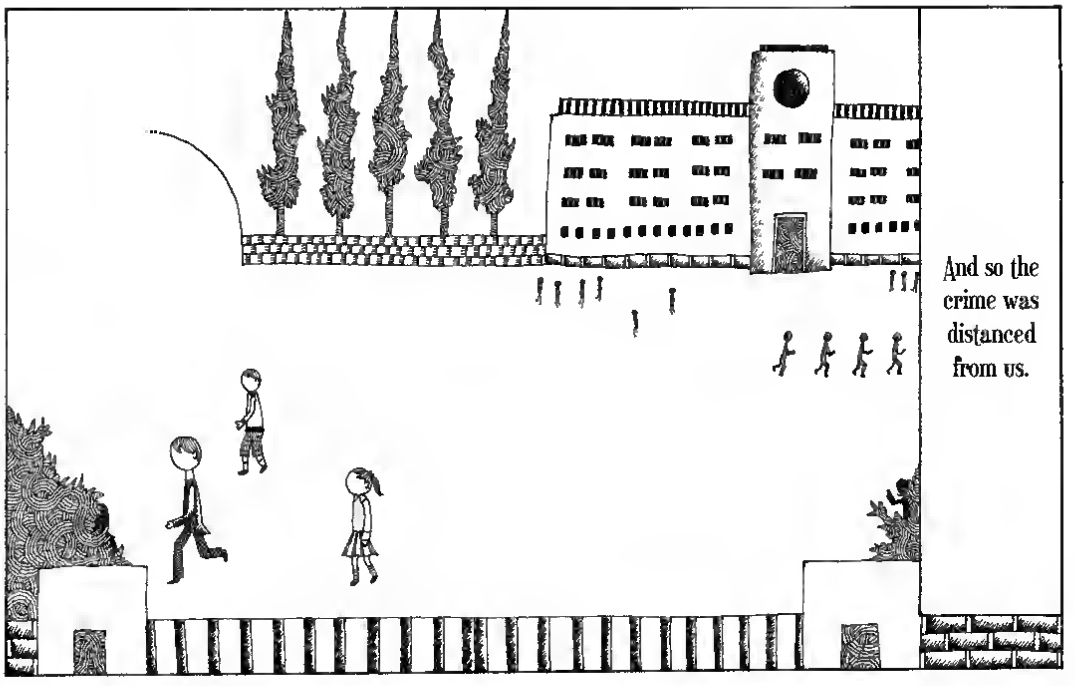

And then there was the third murder.

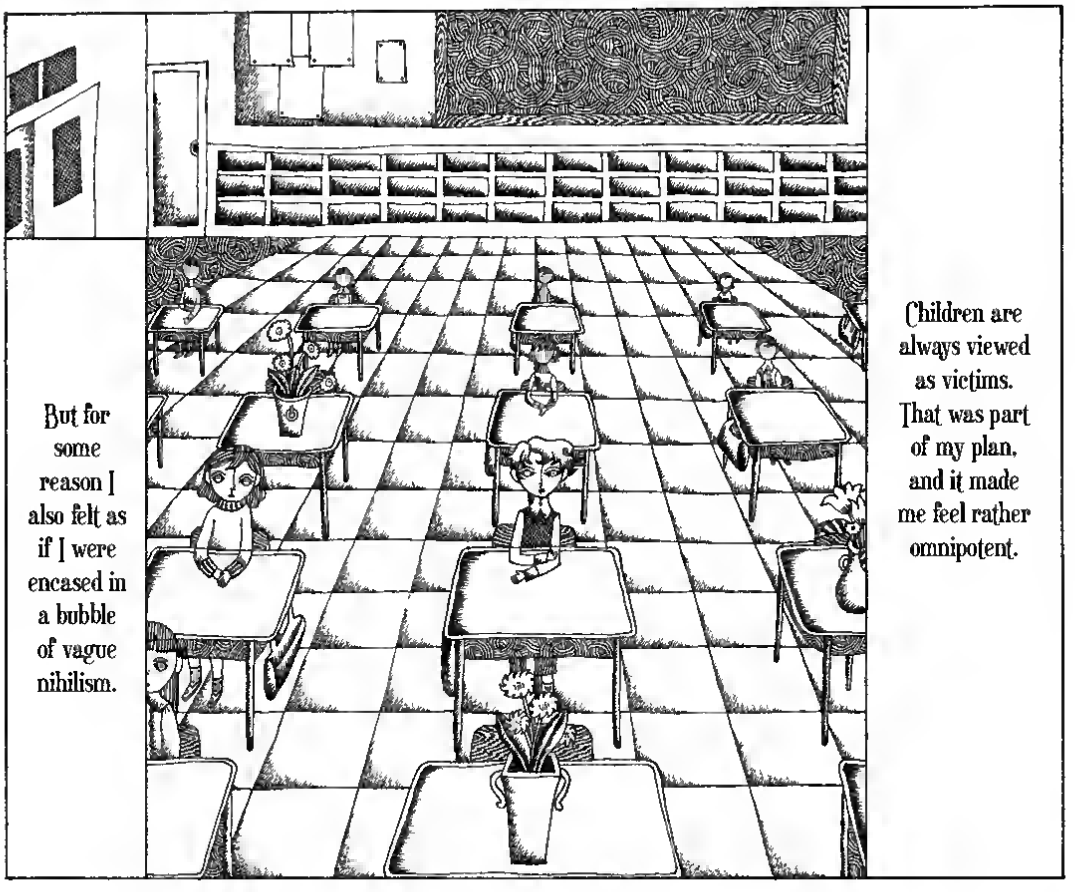


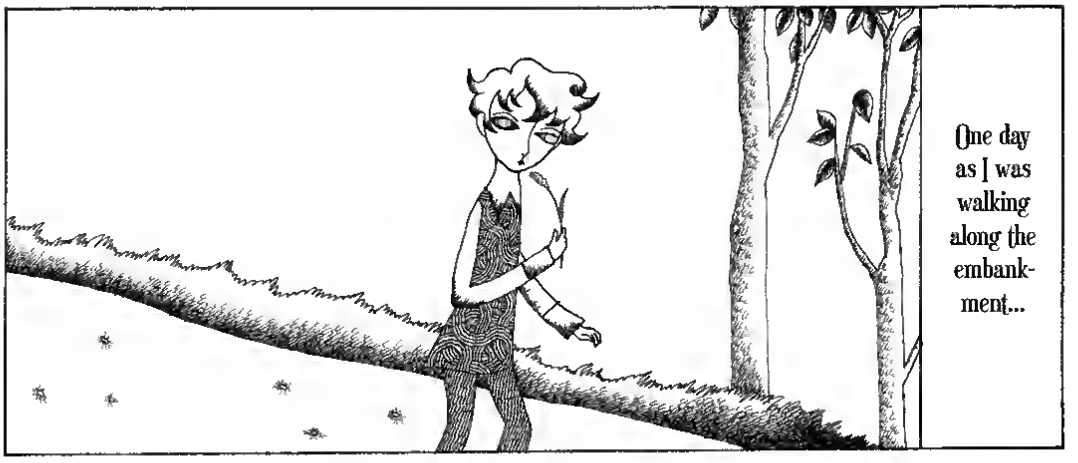

This was the work of a perverted serial killer.
Society had made up its mind.

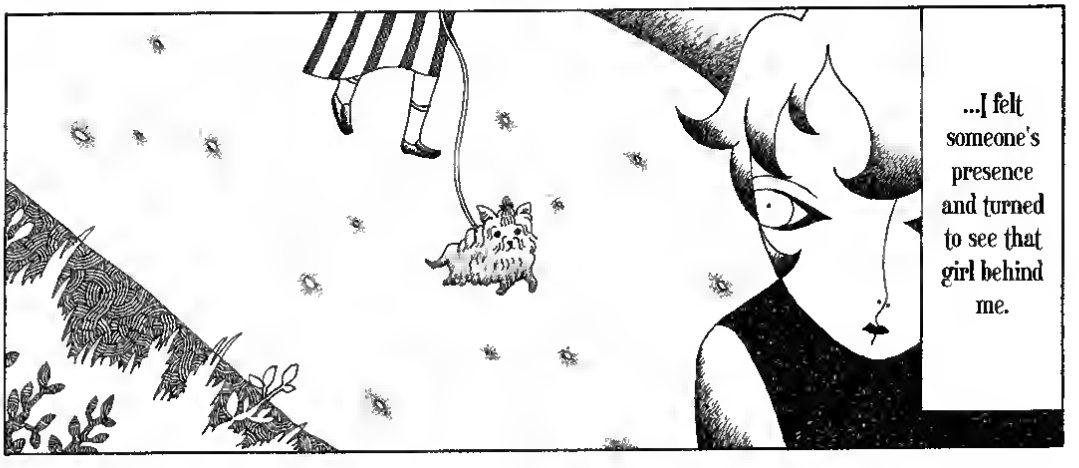
...but not a single one mentioned the fact that the victim's anus was thoroughly violated.
Reports were quite detailed...

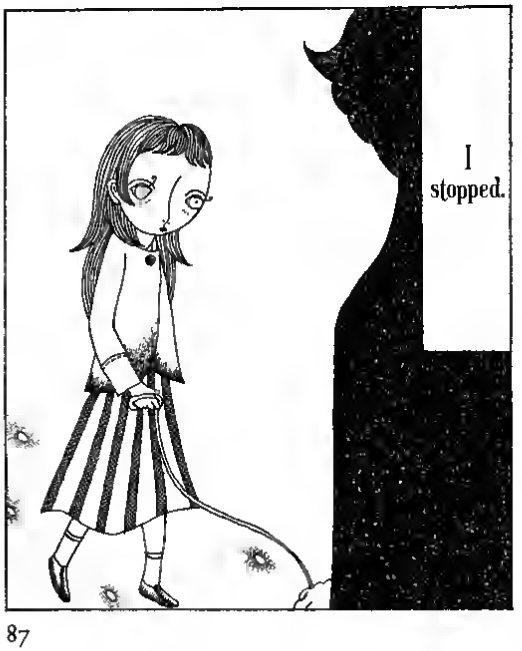

It was ridiculous. Even at a time like this, sex was a taboo subject for children.


And so the crime was distanced from us.

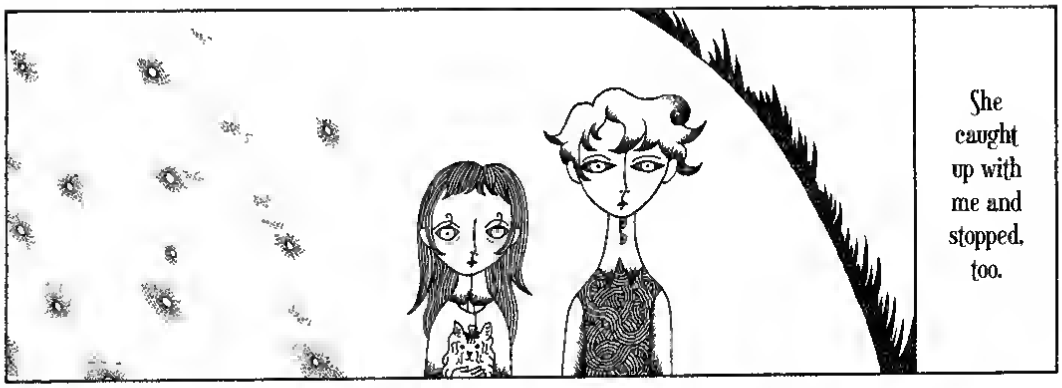

But for some reason I also felt as if I were encased in a bubble of vague nihilism.
Children are always viewed as victims. That was part of my plan, and it made me feel rather omnipotent.

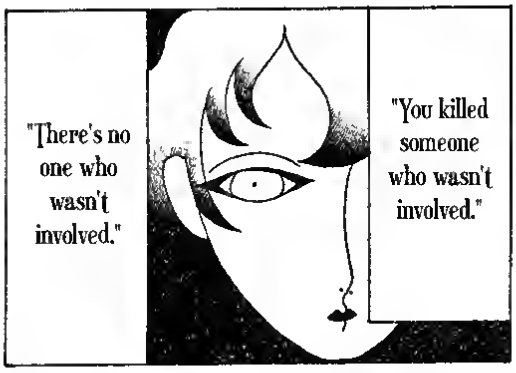

One day as I was walking along the embank-ment...

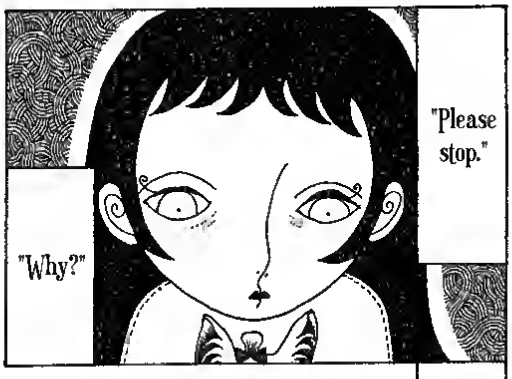

...I felt someone's presence and turned to see that girl behind me.

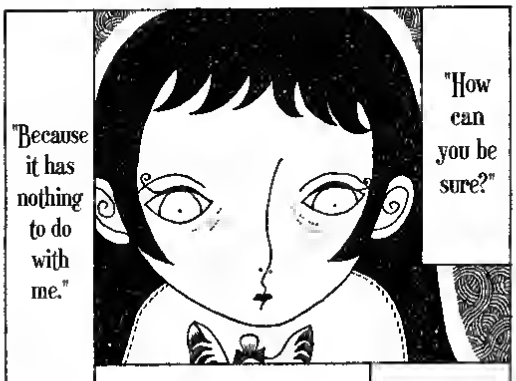

I stopped.

We hadn't spoken since that day.

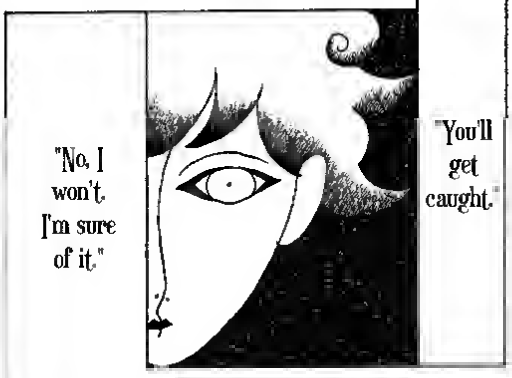

She caught up with me and stopped, too.


"There's no one who wasn't involved."
"You killed someone who wasn't involved."

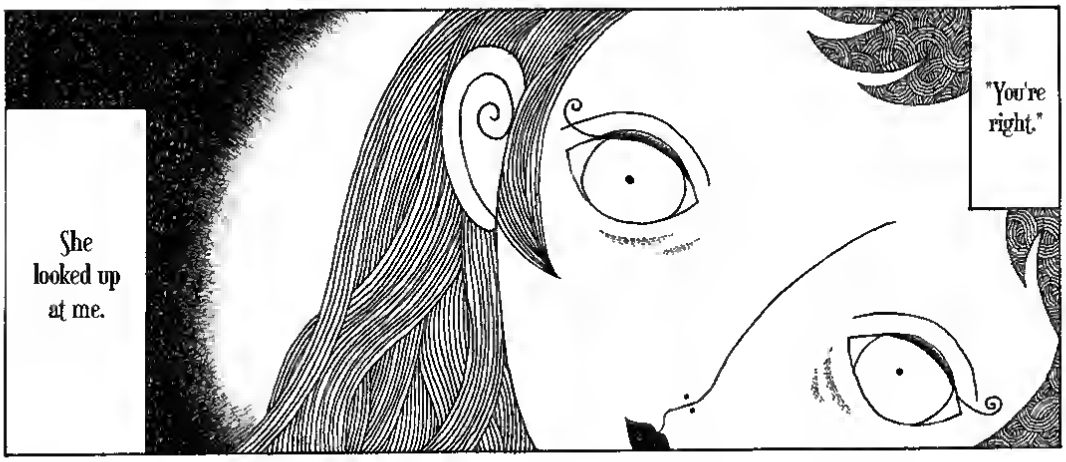

"Please stop."
"Why?"

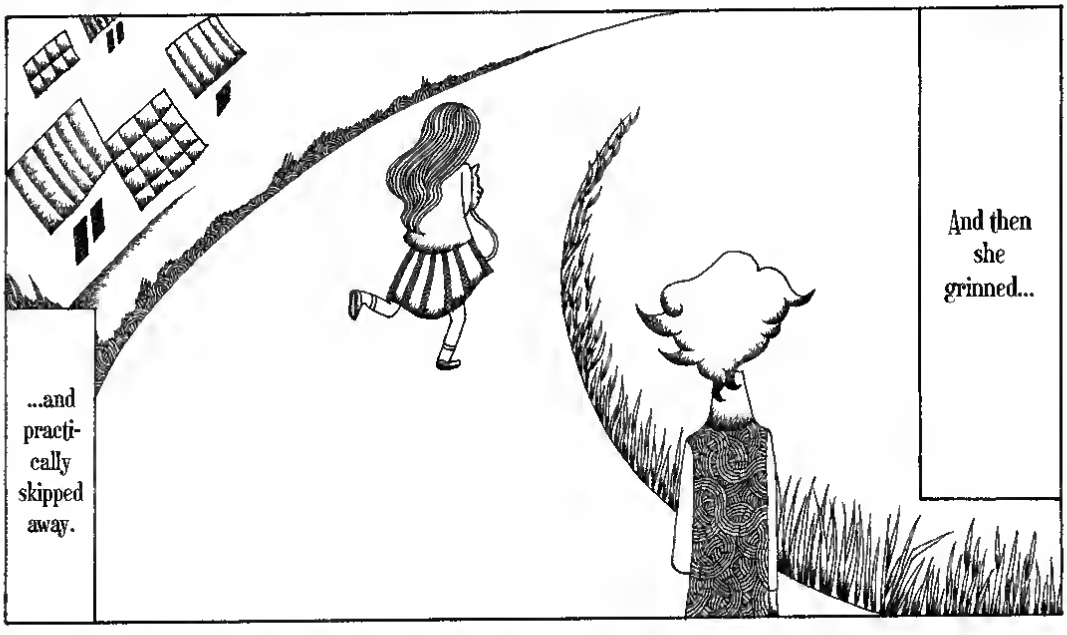

"Because it has nothing to do with me."
"How can you be sure?"

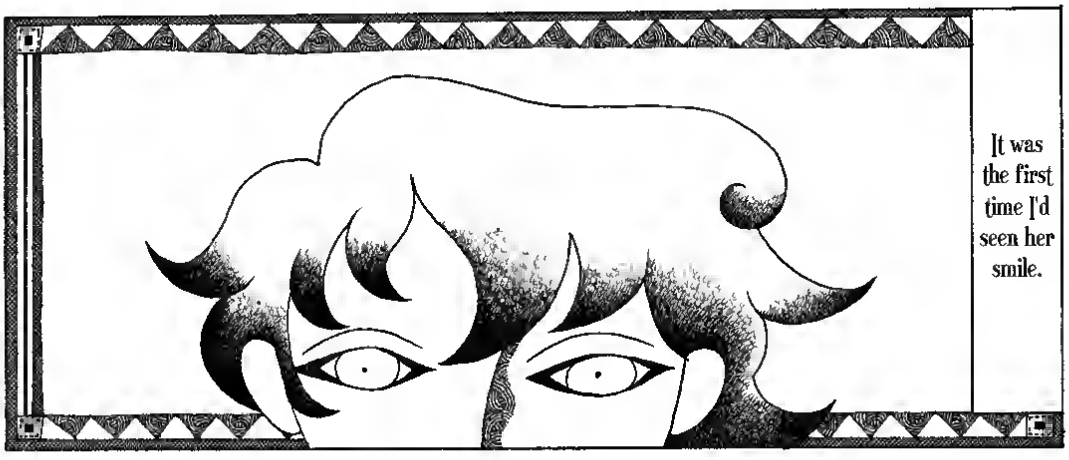
"You won't. I'm sure of it."


"No, I won't. I'm sure of it."
"You'll get caught."

"What if I tell?"

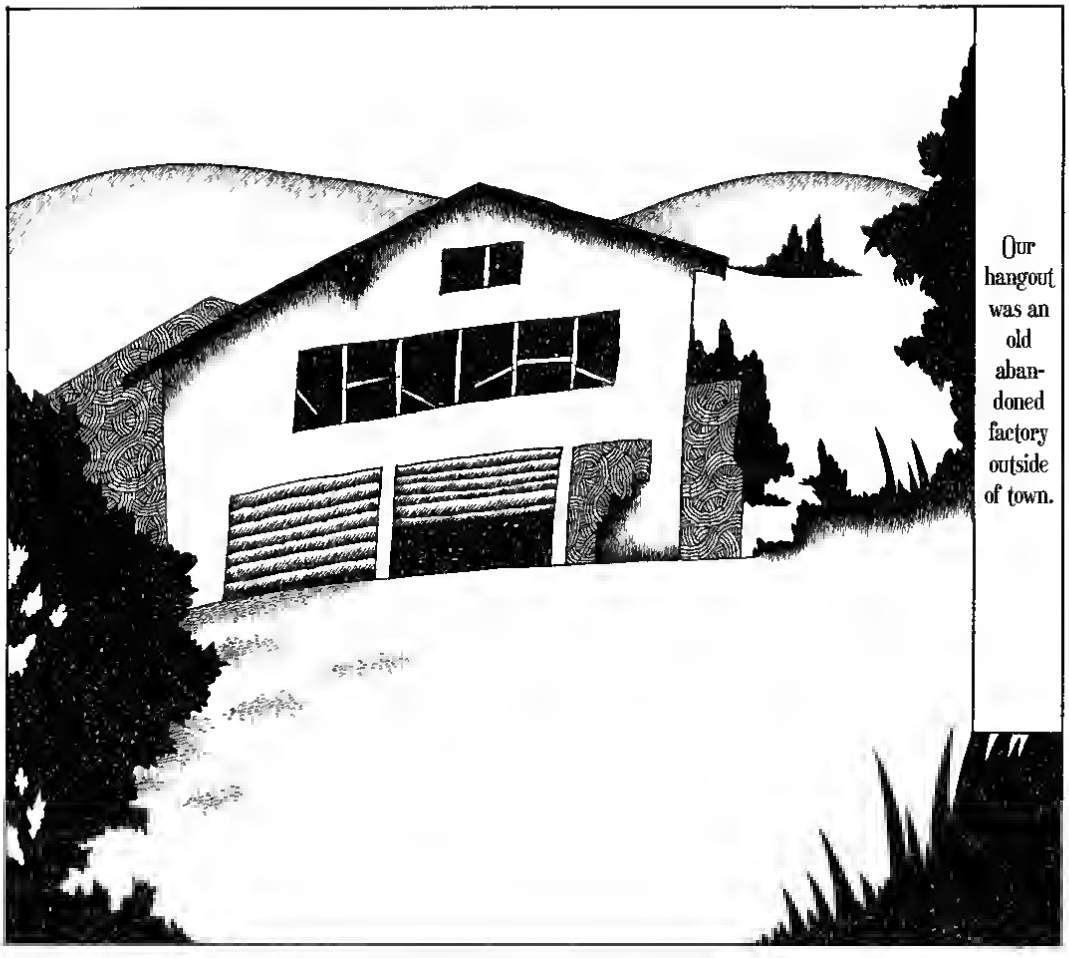

She looked up at me.
"You're right."


...and practically skipped away.
And then she grinned...


It was the first time I'd seen her smile.

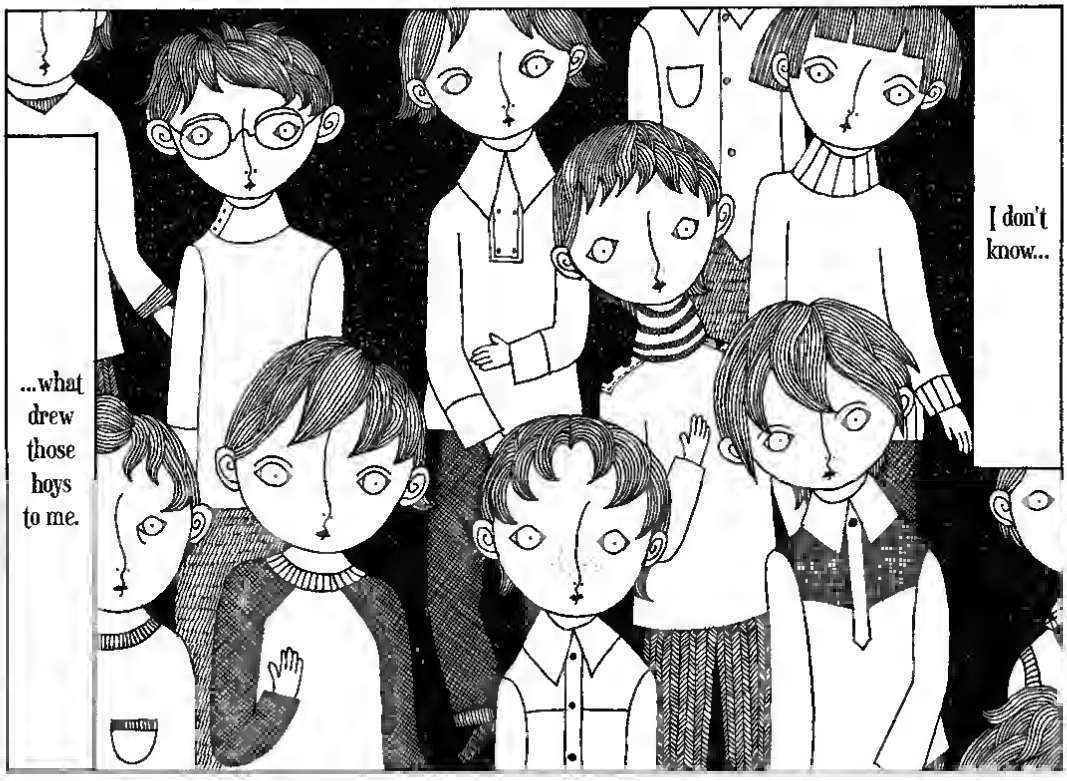
Chapter 6

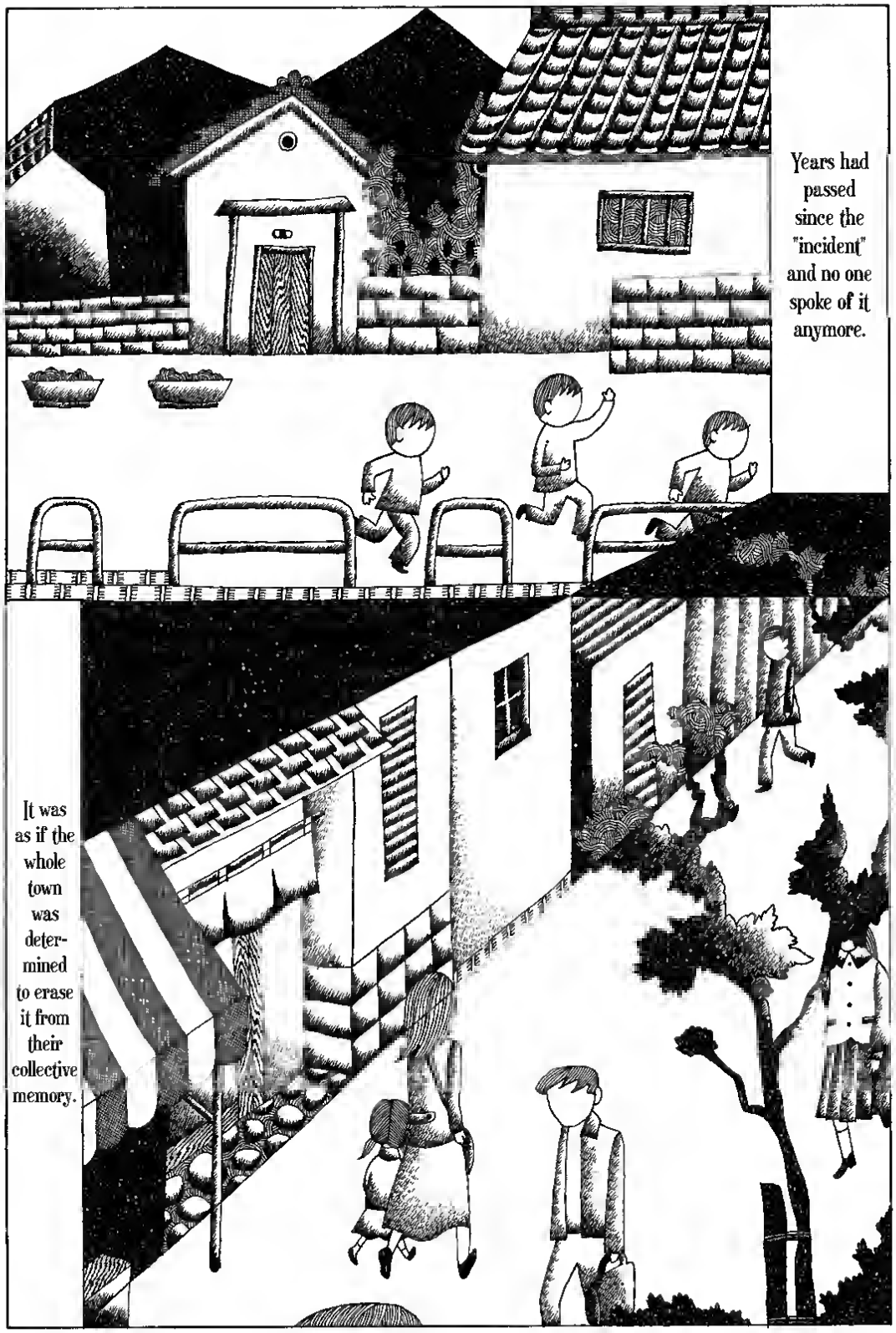
Boys


Our hangout was an old abandoned factory outside of town.

I was fourteen.

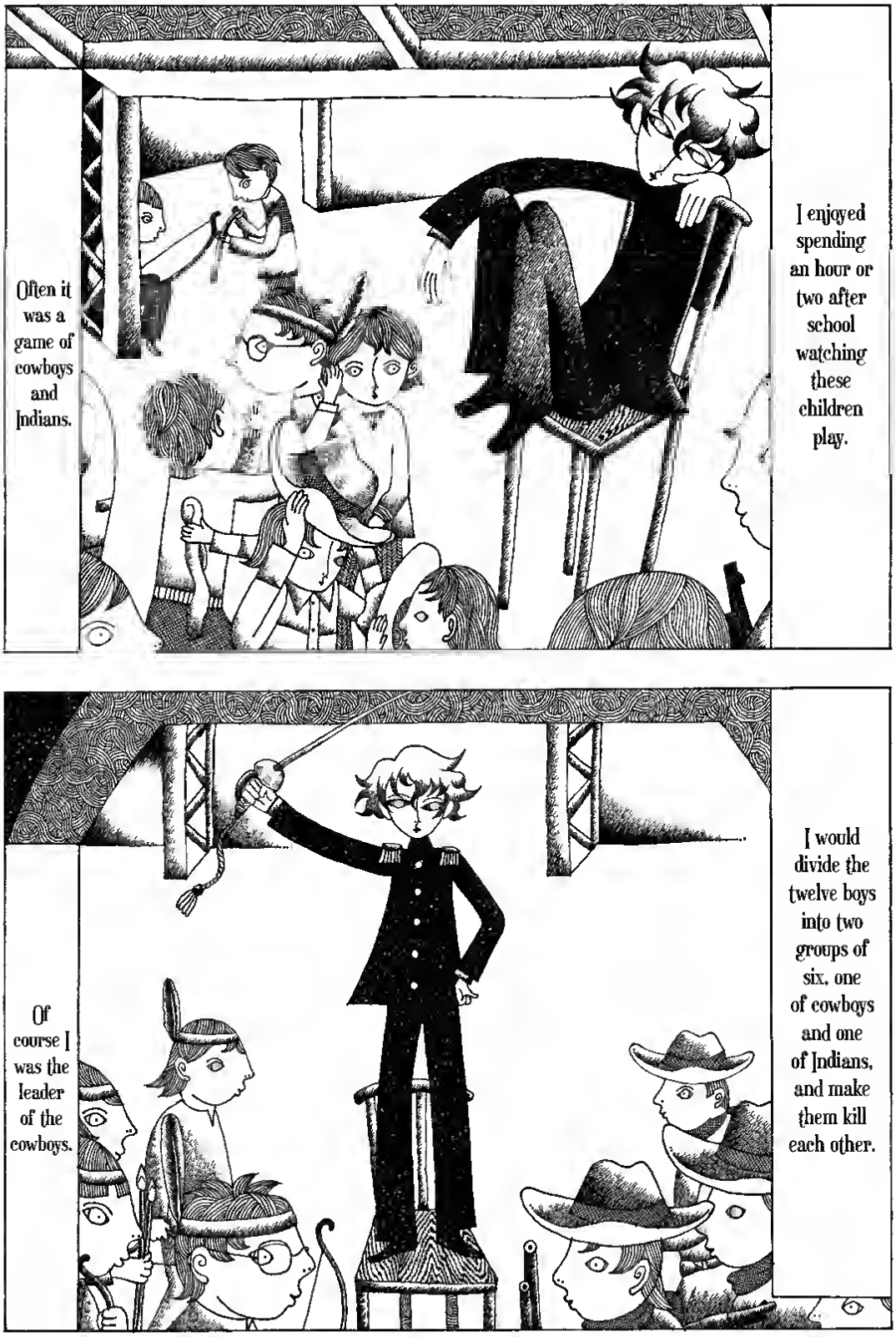
There were twelve fifth- and sixth-grade boys who hung around with me.

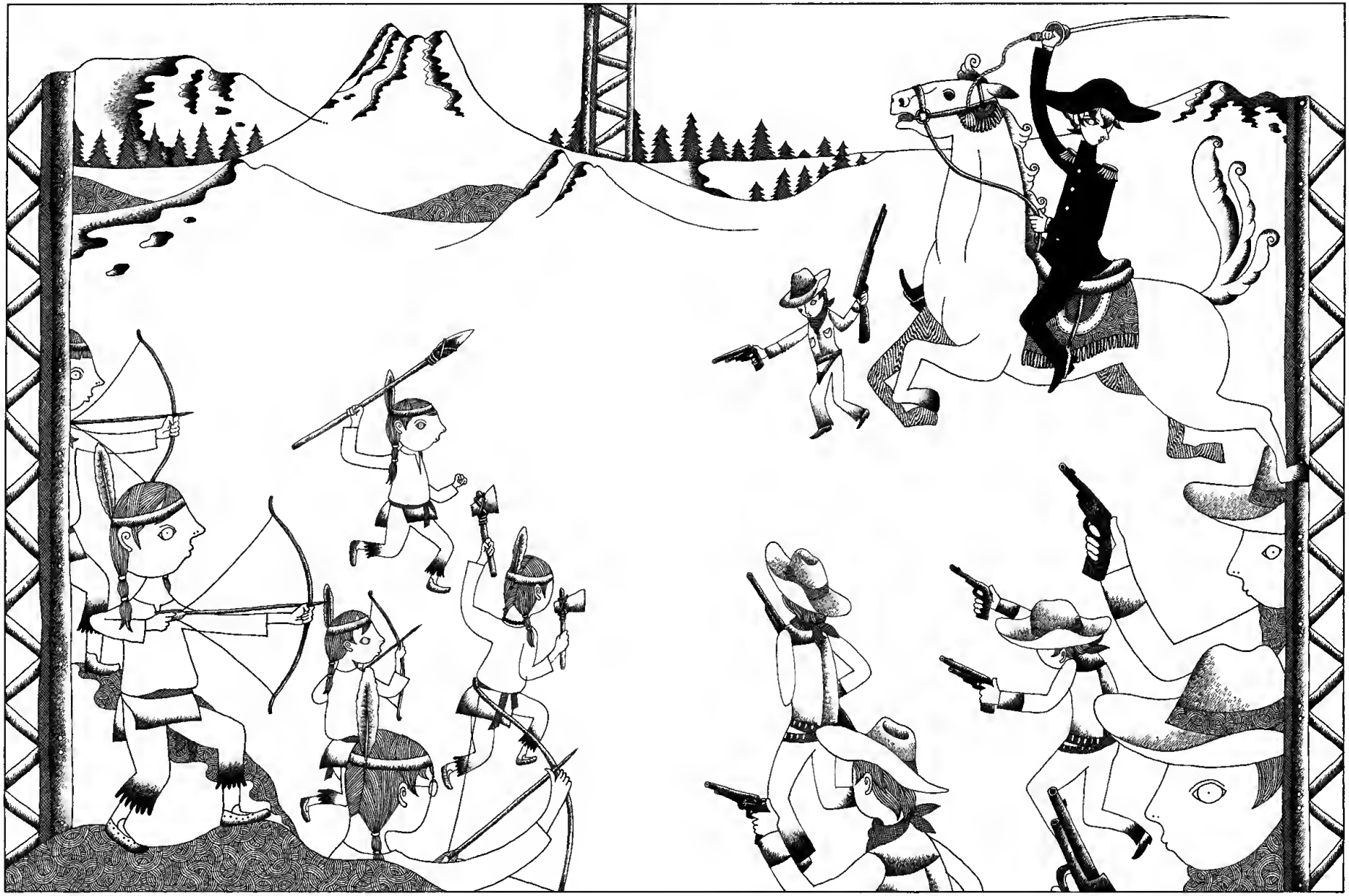

I don't know...
...what drew those boys to me.


Years had passed since the "incident" and no one spoke of it anymore.
It was as if the whole town was determined to erase it from their collective memory.

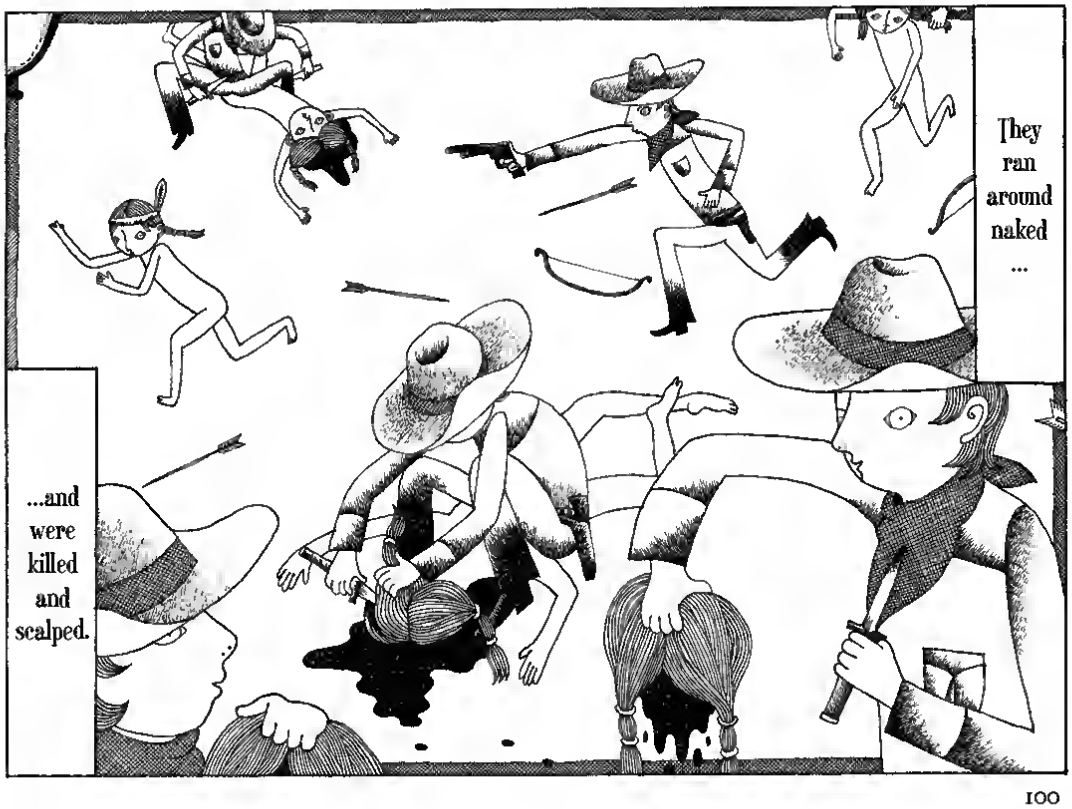
...but they definitely sensed something in me...
...had no way of knowing ...
Of course these kids...
...something children are instinctively fascinated with.
That something was death

I didn't like interacting with my peers.
Although I was going through puberty, I had no interest in girls.
...of their grossly swelling chests.
I felt only disgust at the sight...


Often it was a game of cowboys and Indians.
I enjoyed spending an hour or two after school watching these children play.
Of course I was the leader of the cowboys.
I would divide the twelve boys into two groups of six, one of cowboys and one of Indians, and make them kill each other.

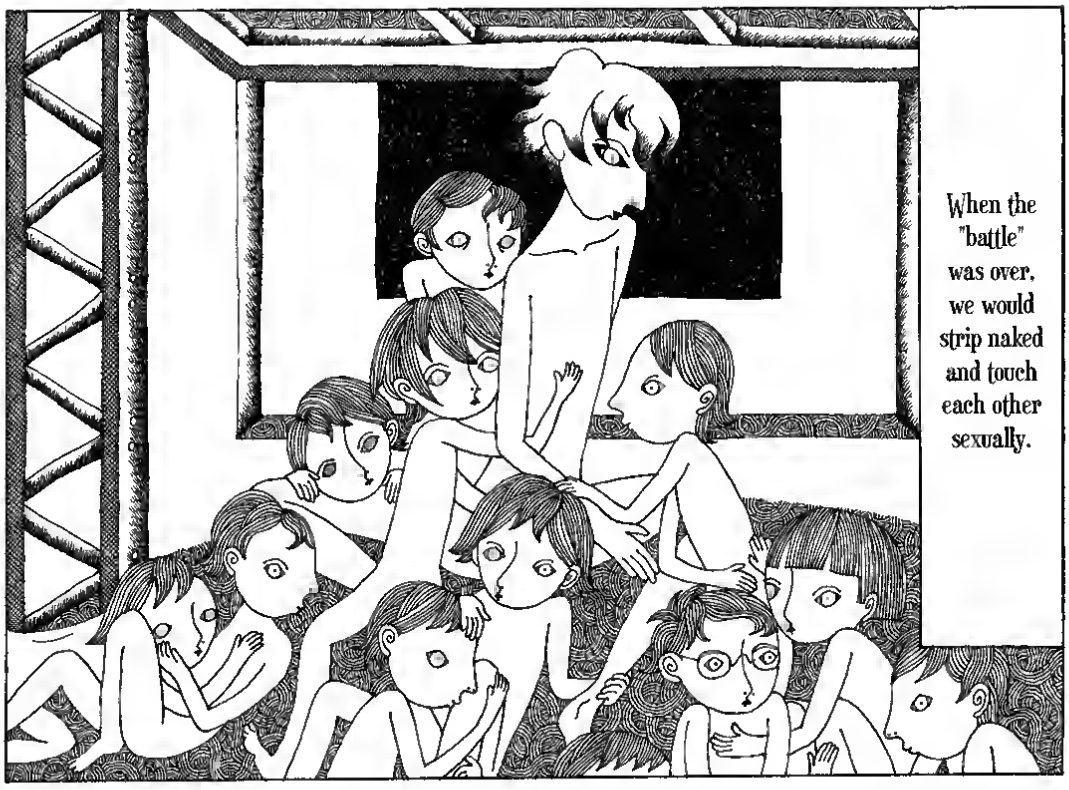


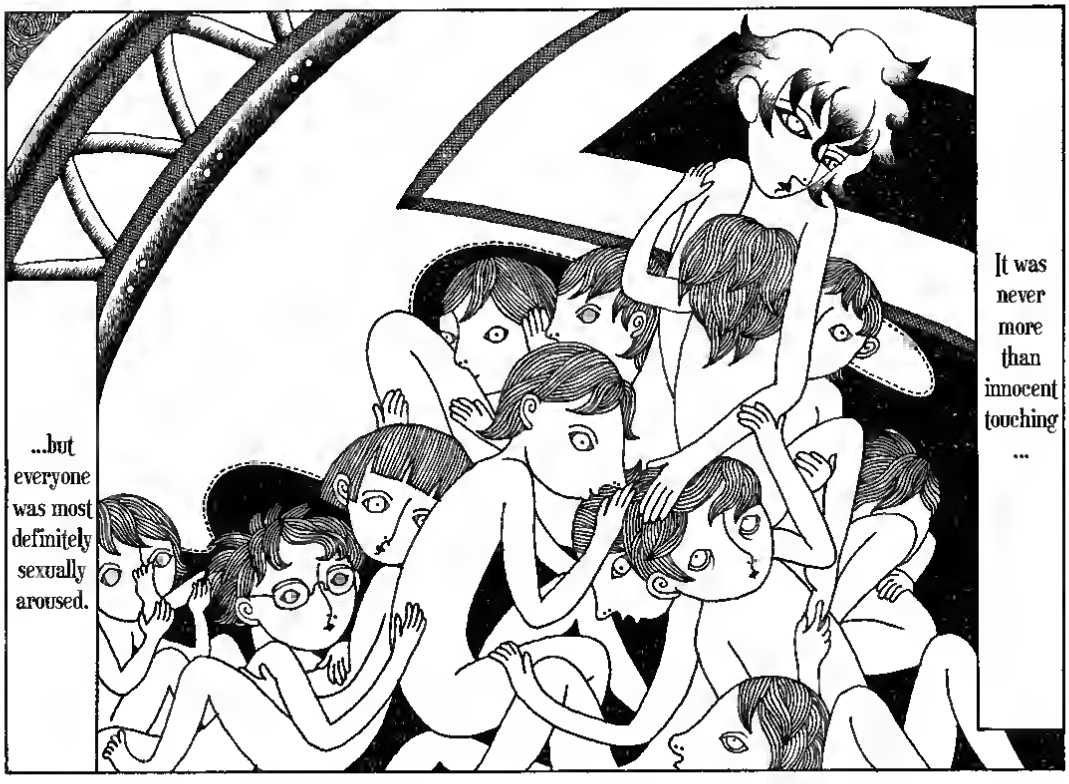
Our games were always historically accurate, with the Indians getting slaughtered.

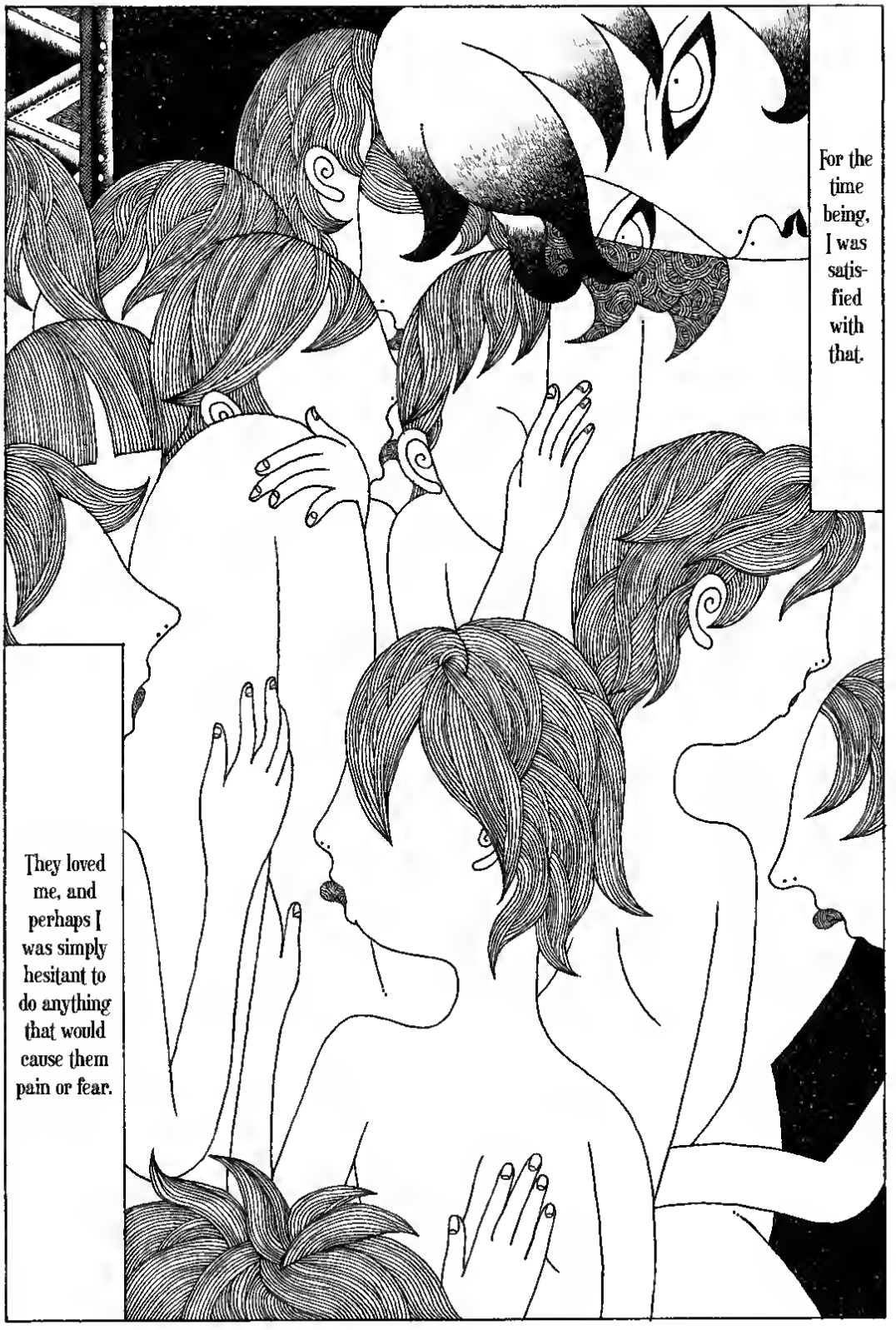

They ran around naked ...
...and were killed and scalped.

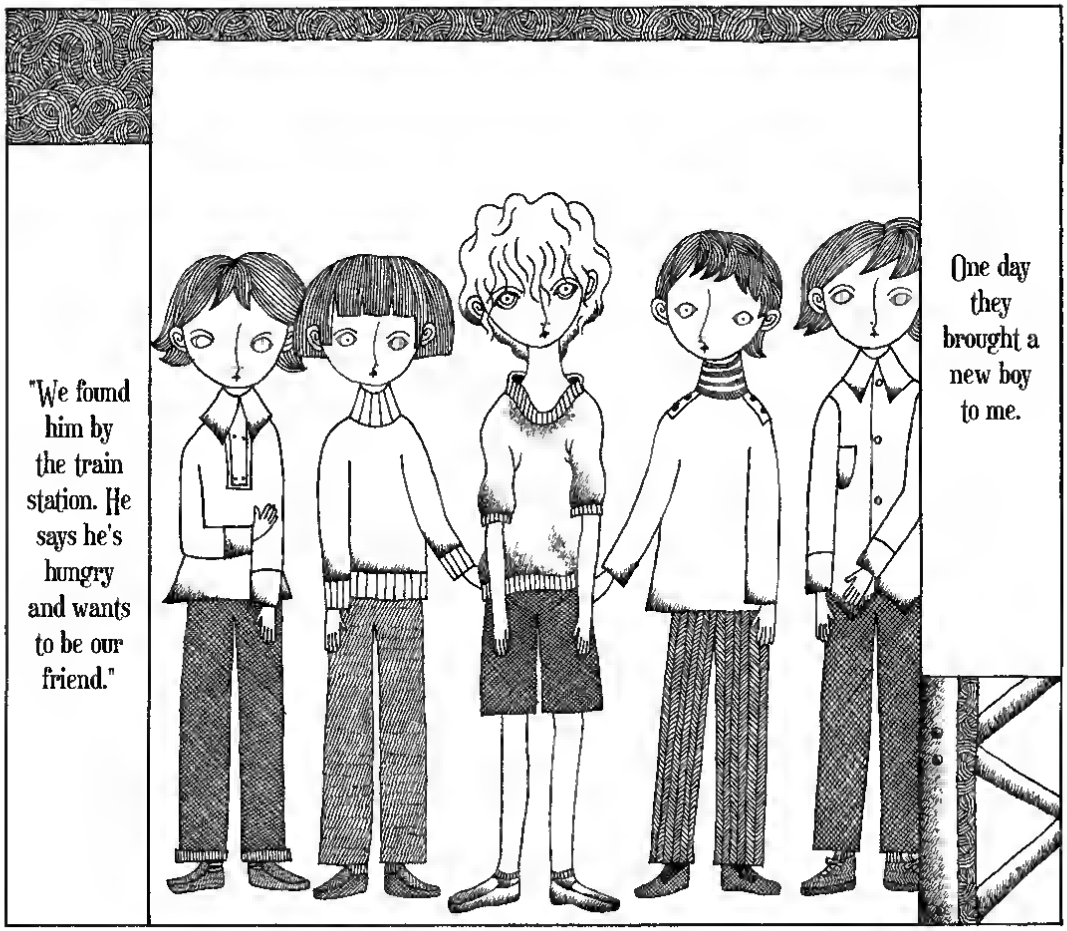
...] felt a sort of ecstasy.
With a pile of scalps at my feet...

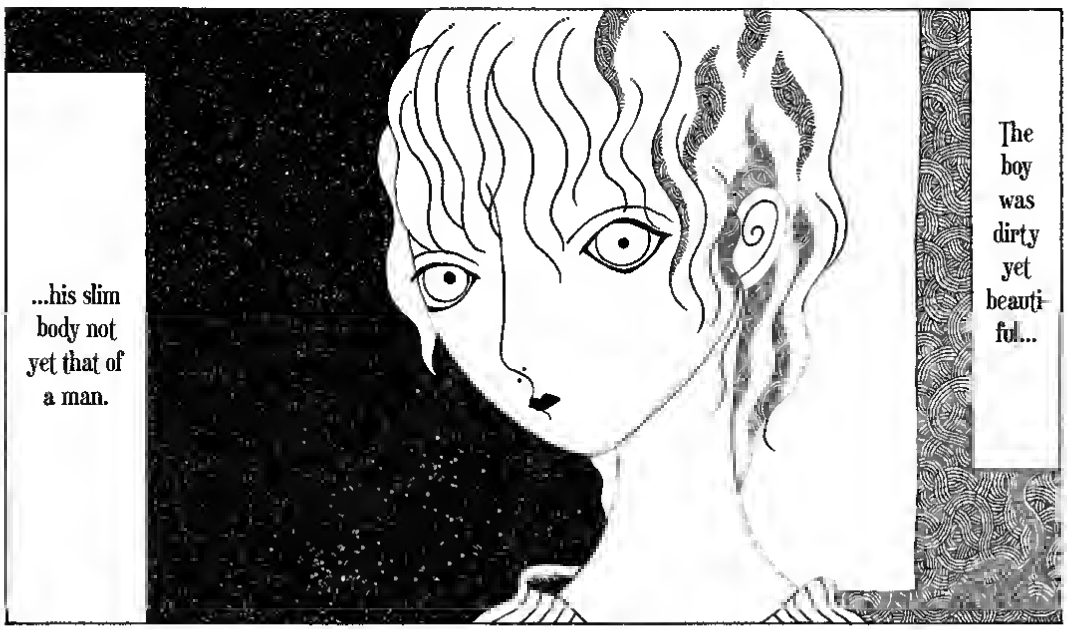
I knew that even then.
It was a substitute for the murderous impulse that had grown within me since the "incident."

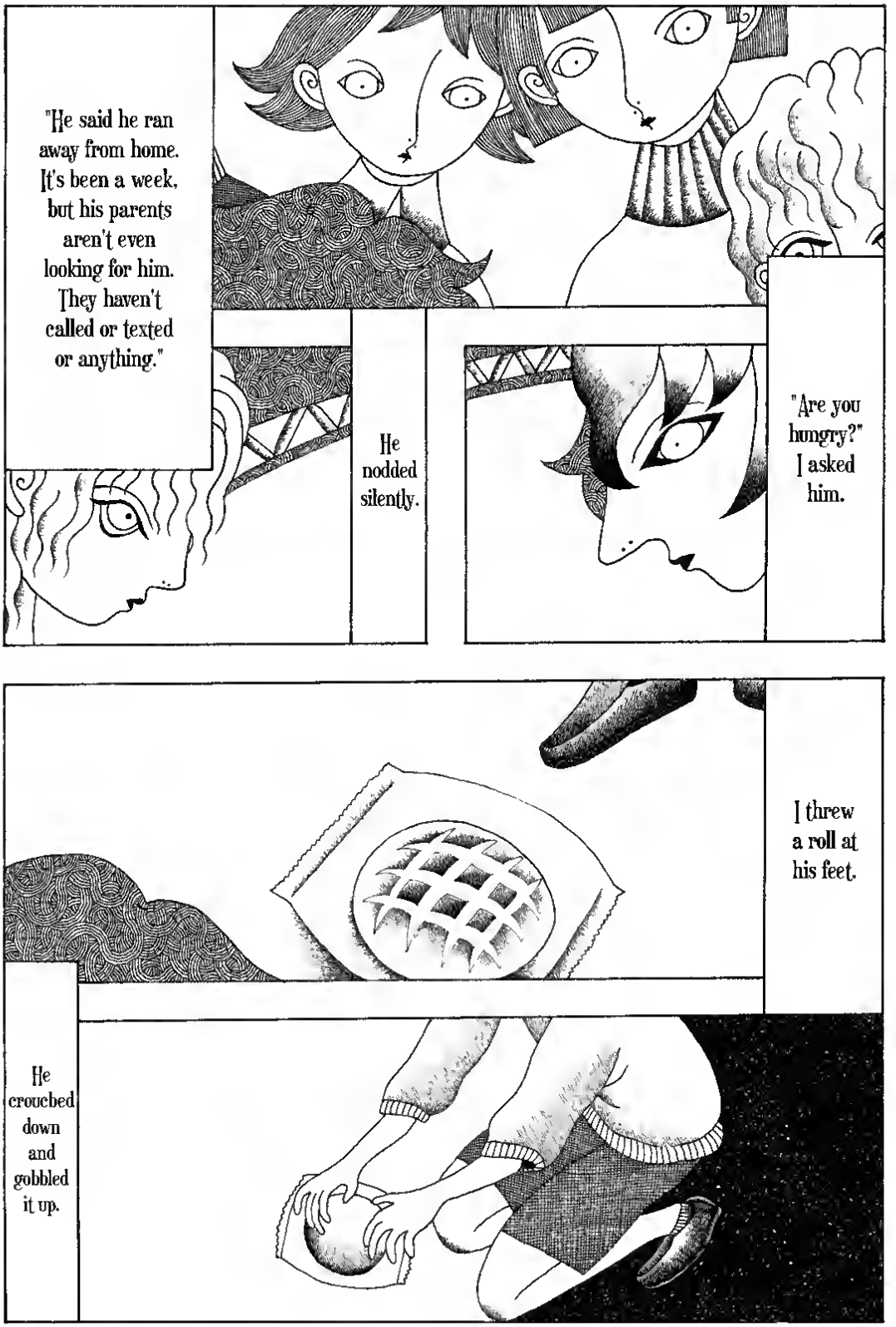

When the "battle" was over, we would strip naked and touch each other sexually.

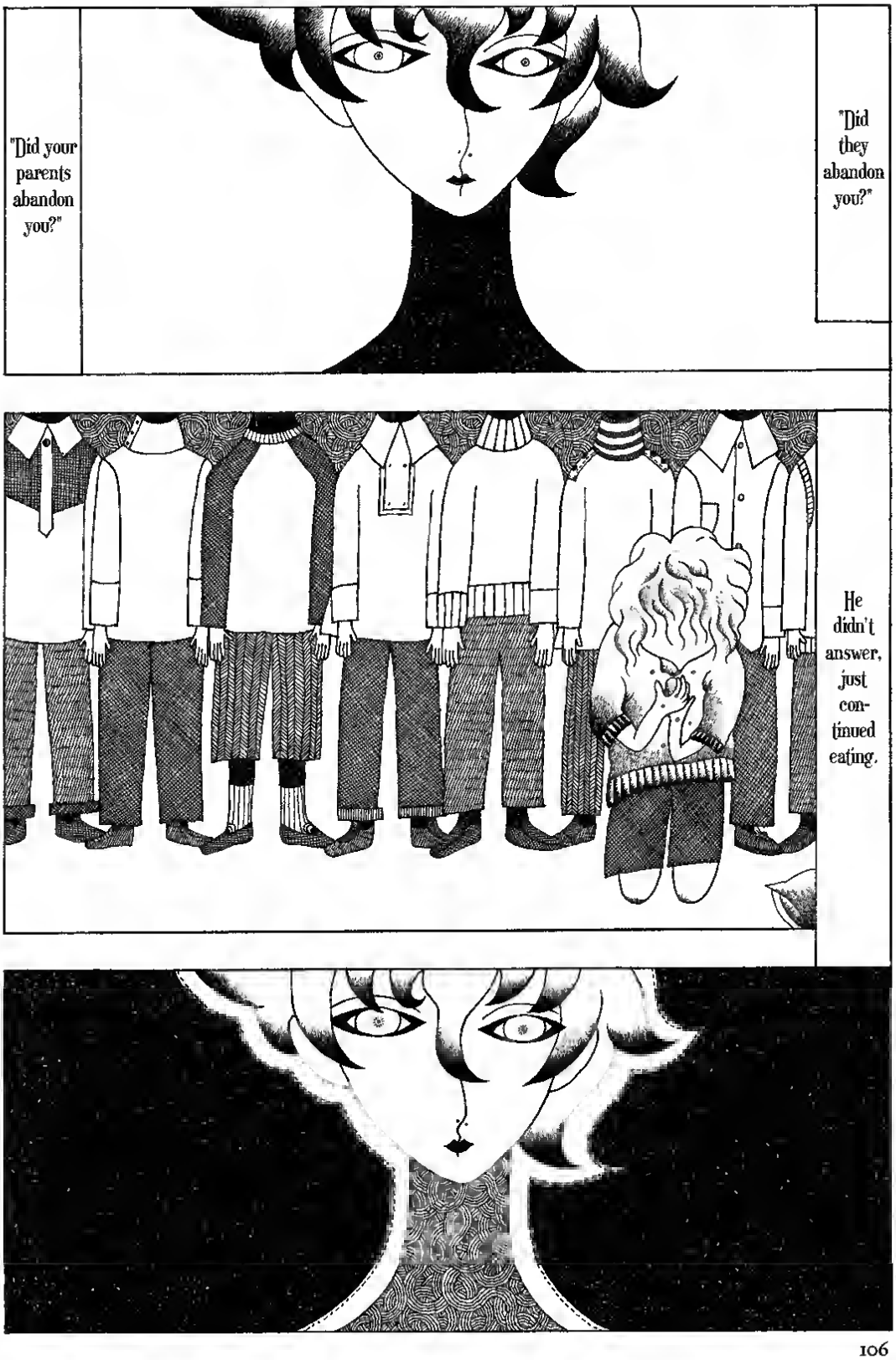

...but everyone was most definitely sexually aroused.
It was never more than innocent touching ...


For the time being, I was satisfied with that.
They loved me, and perhaps I was simply hesitant to do anything that would cause them pain or fear.


"We found him by the train station. He says he's hungry and wants to be our friend."
One day they brought a new boy to me.


...his slim body not yet that of a man.
The boy was dirty yet beautiful...

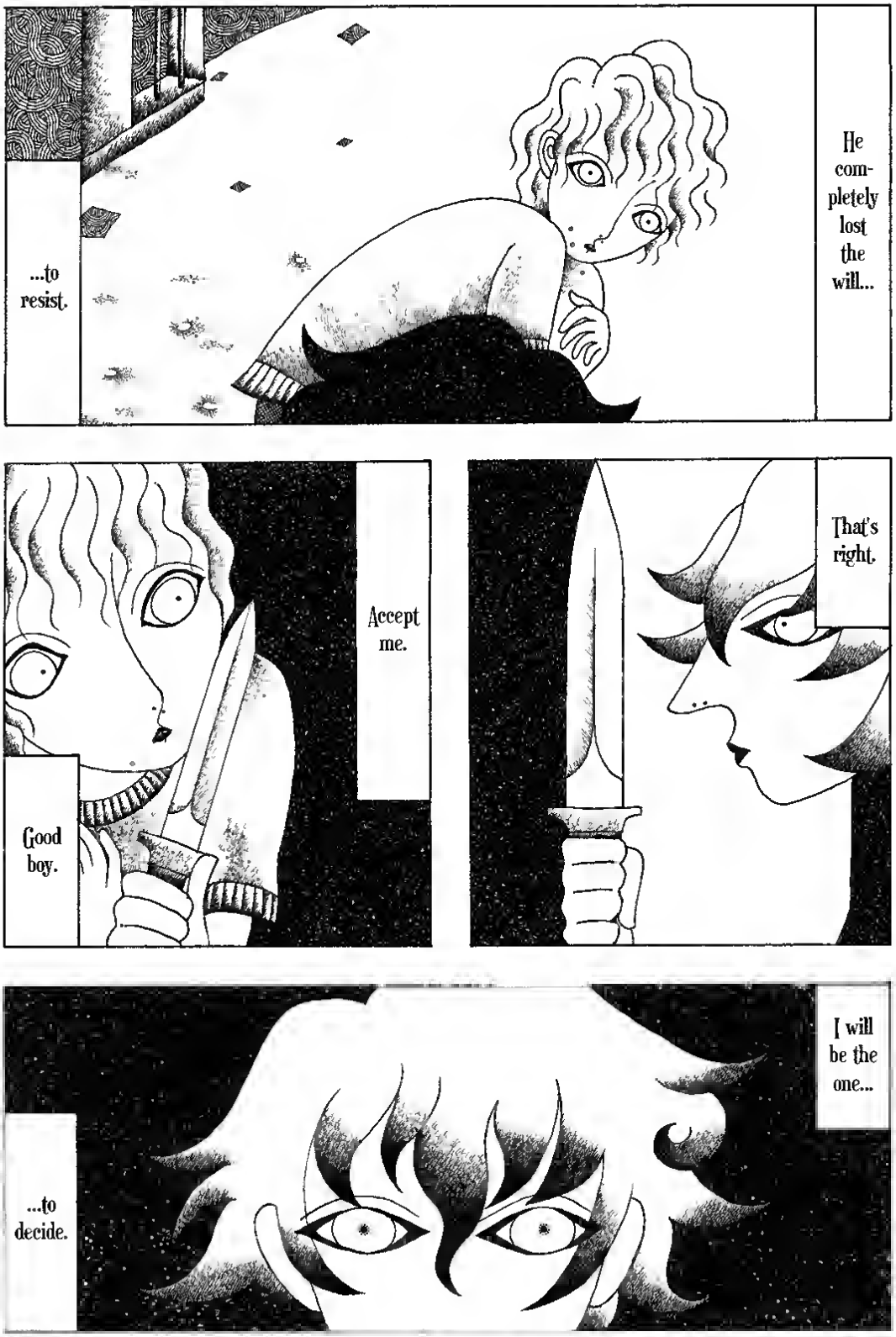

"He said he ran away from home. It's been a week, but his parents aren't even looking for him. They haven't called or texted or anything."
He nodded silently.
"Are you hungry?" I asked him.
I threw a roll at his feet.
He crouched down and gobbled it up.

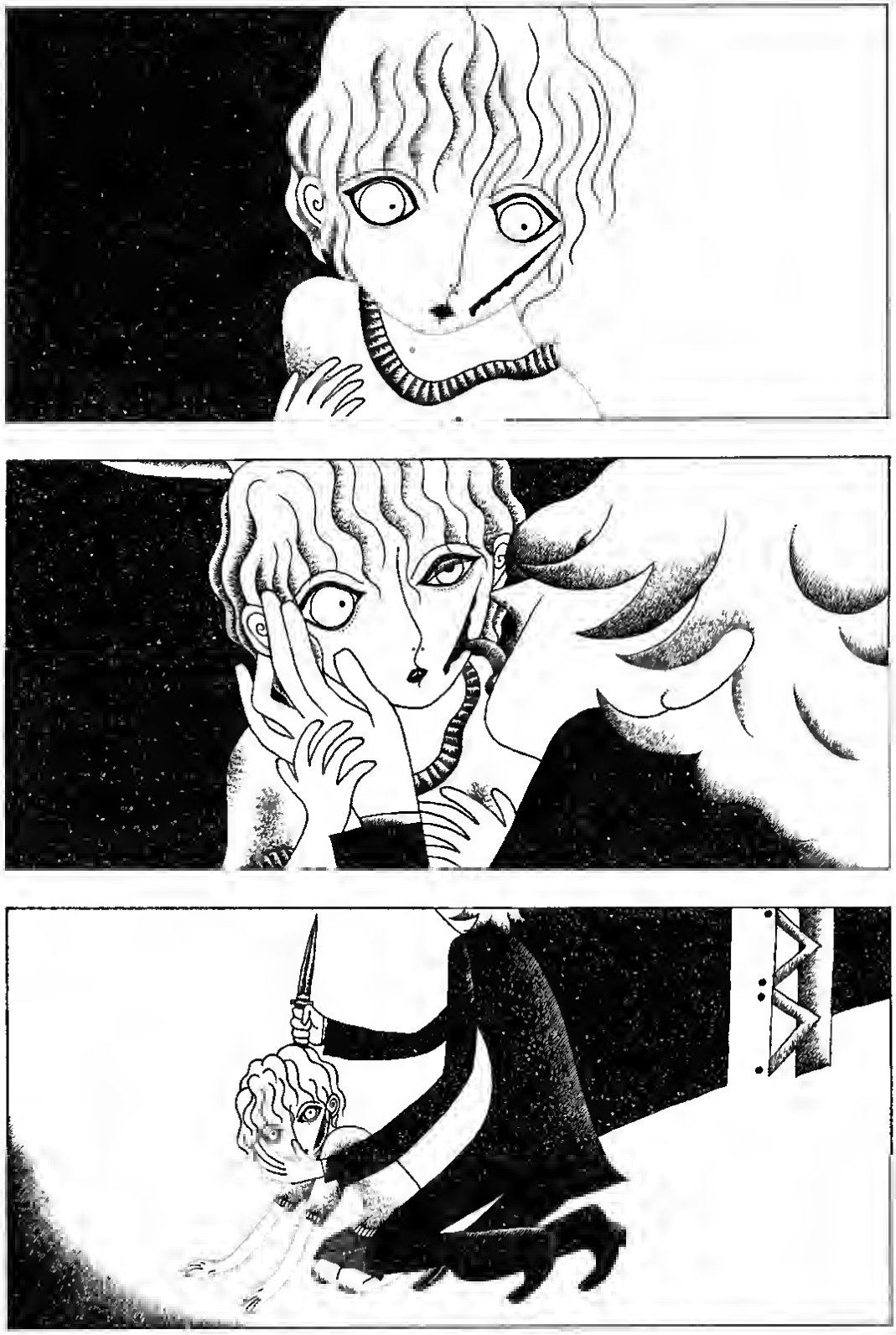

"Did your parents abandon you?"
"Did they abandon you?"
He didn't answer, just continued eating.

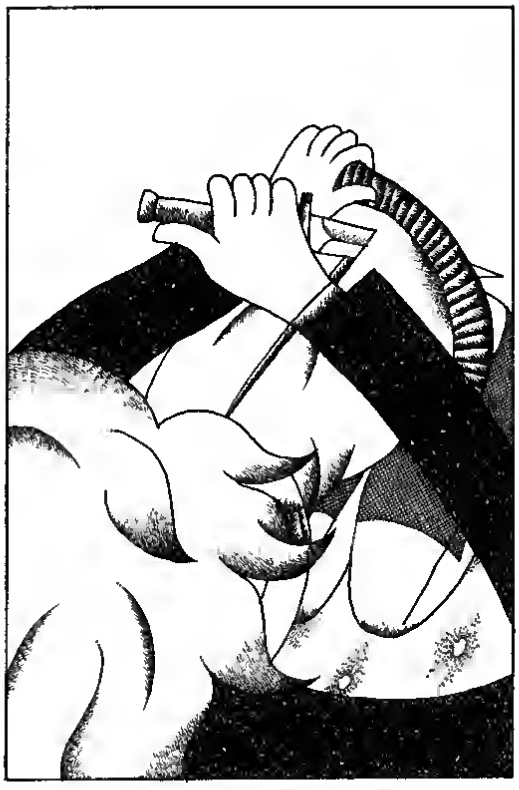
Chapter 7

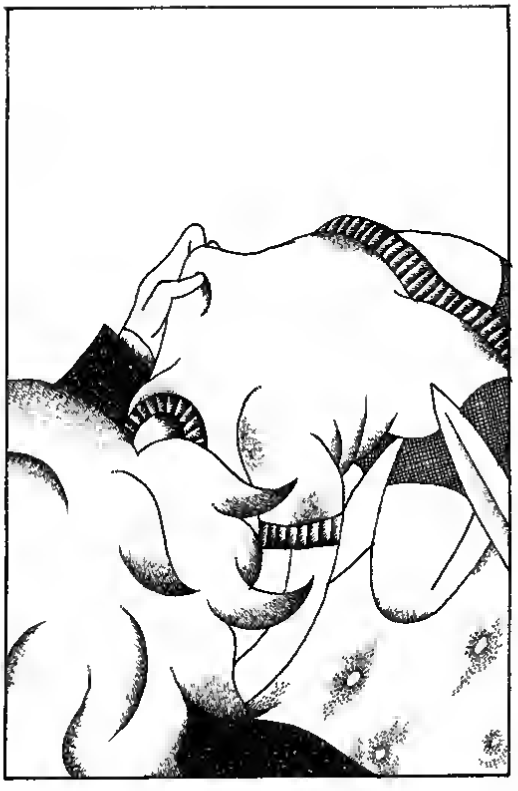
Holy Communion

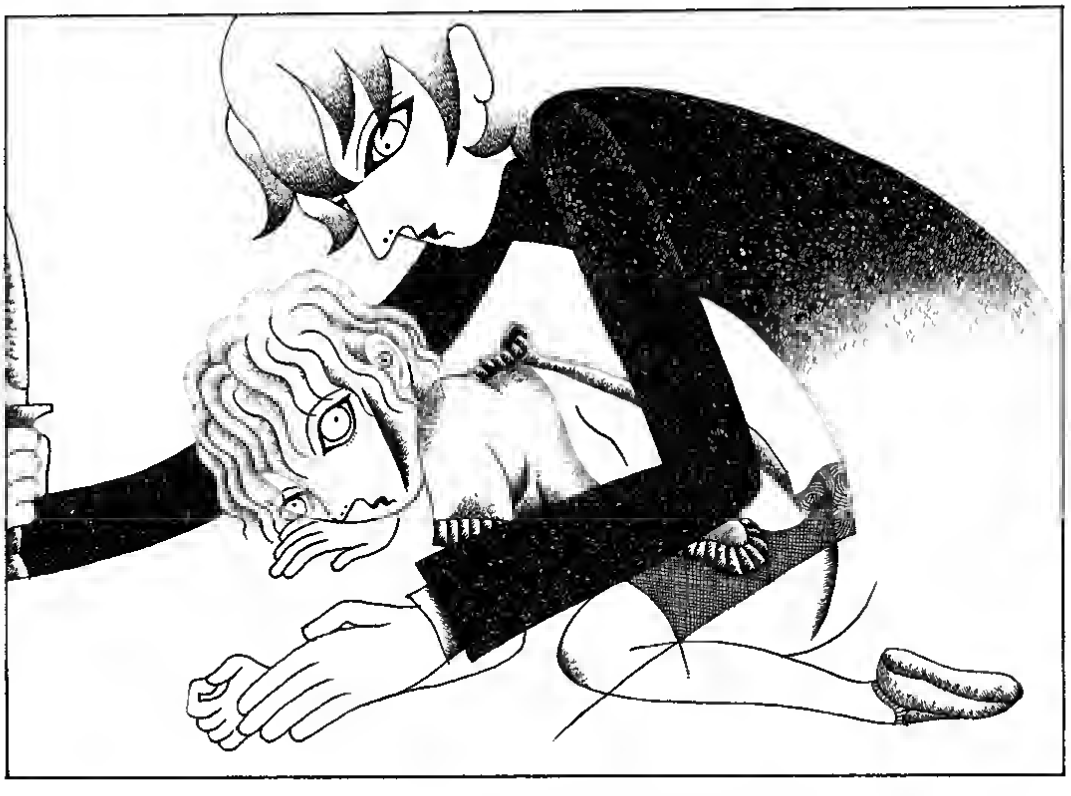
To be honest, I fully understood what I was to him at that moment.

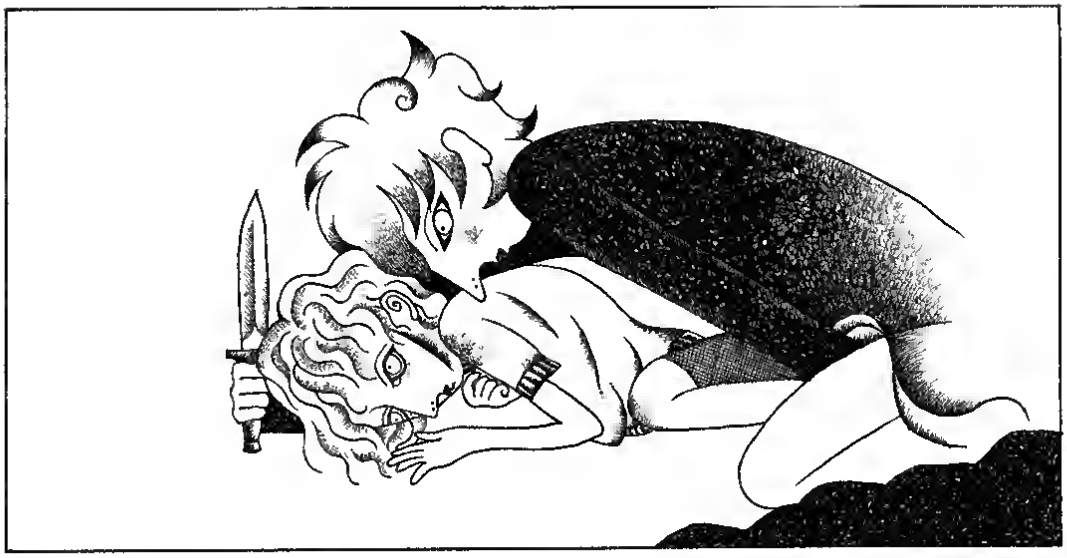

He completely lost the will...
...to resist.
That's right.
Accept me.
Good boy.
I will be the one...
...to decide.

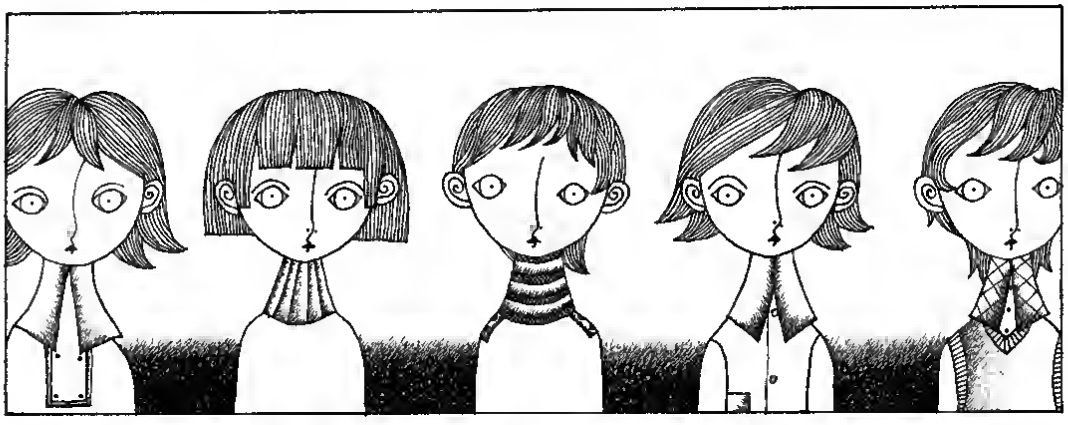


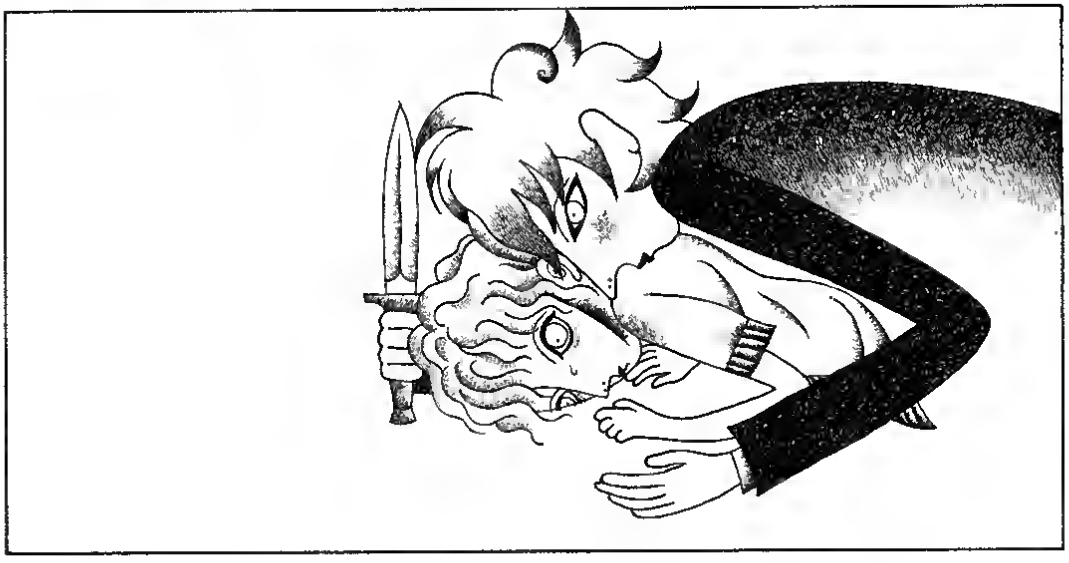


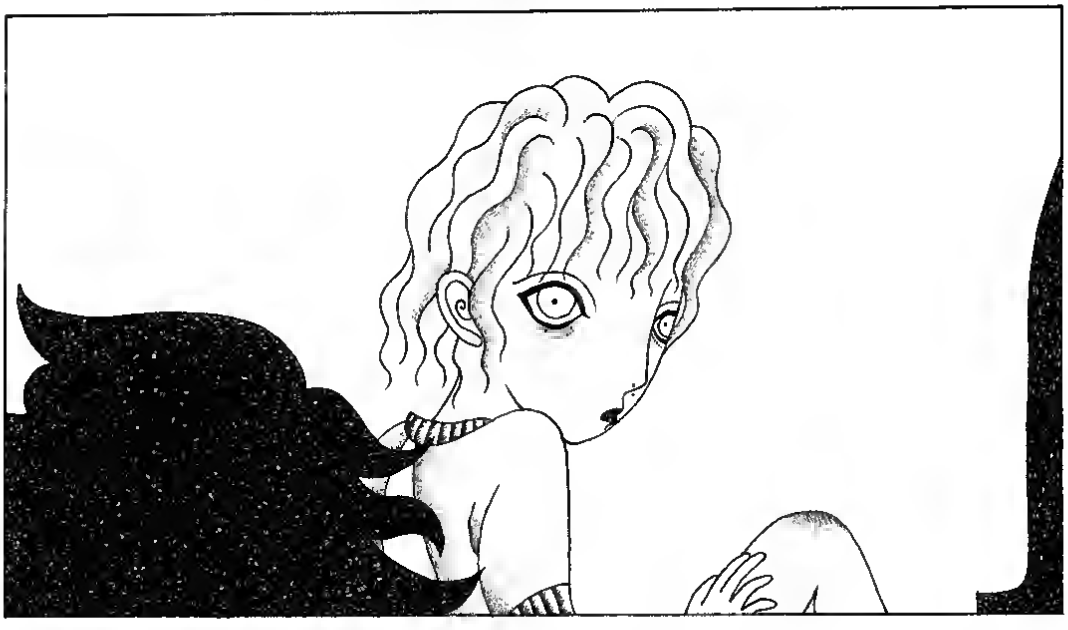


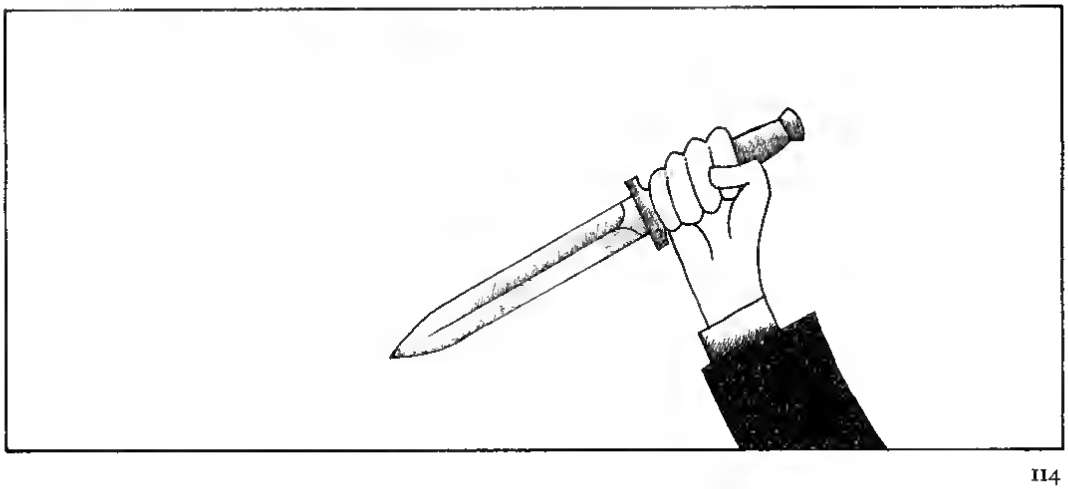


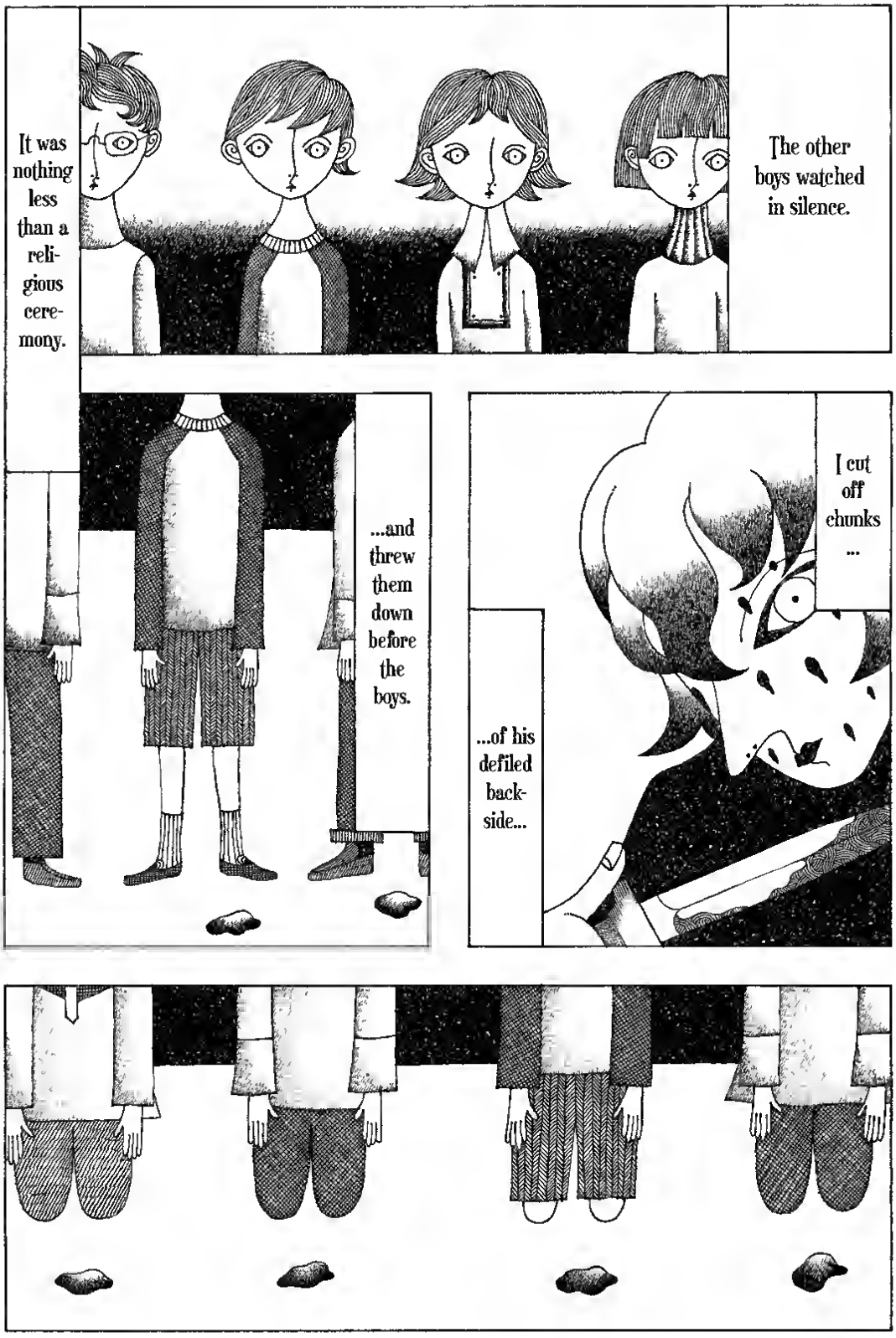











It was nothing less than a religious ceremony.
The other boys watched in silence.
...and threw them down before the boys.
I cut off chunks ...
...of his defiled backside...

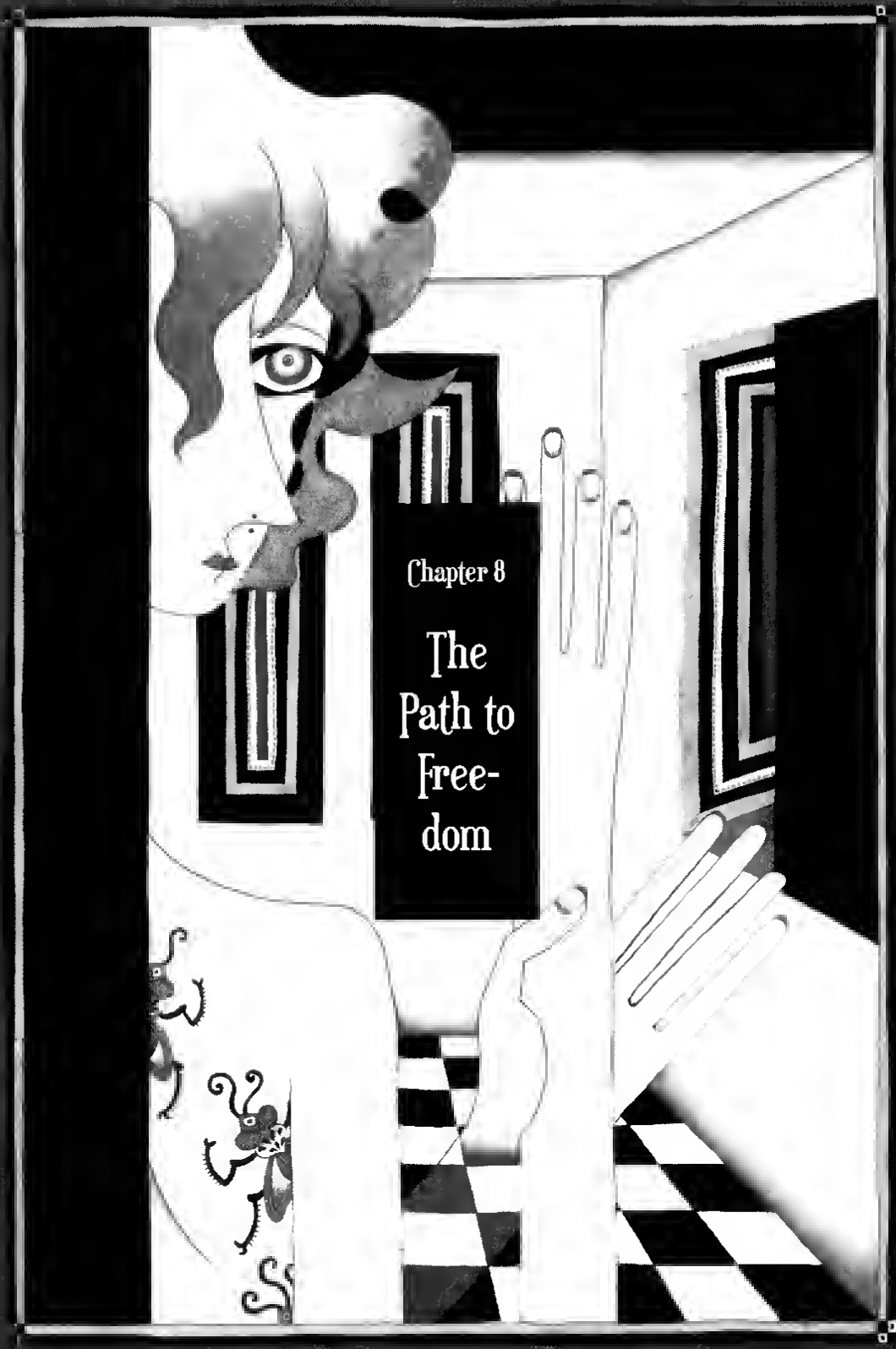
"Eat.
It's
bread."

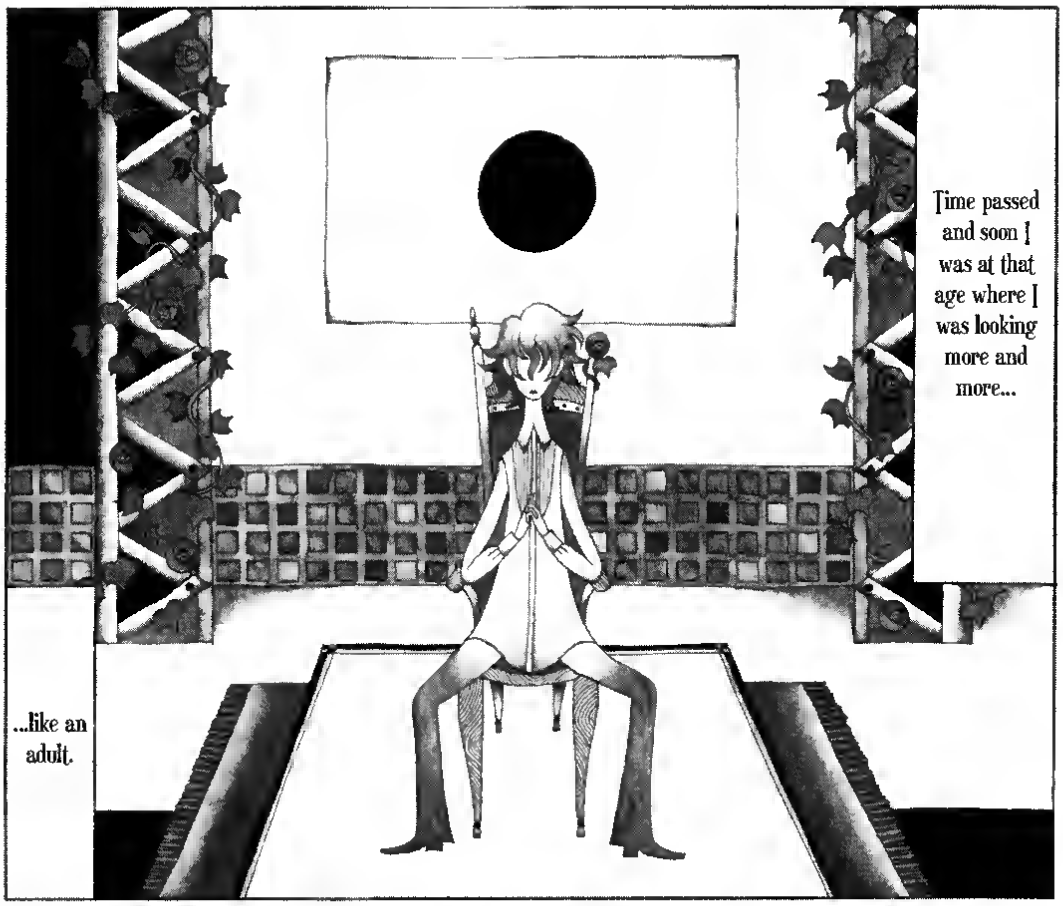
They devoured the flesh with tears running down their faces.
In the mixture of blood and shit and semen and flesh, something new was born.

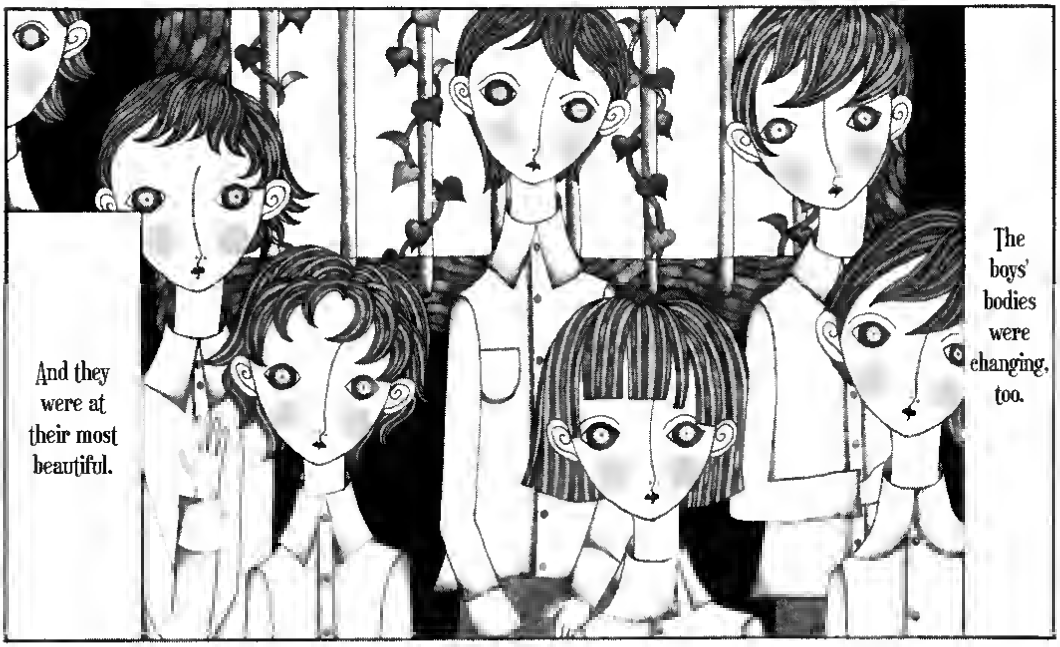
We chopped his body up and buried it in the woods.

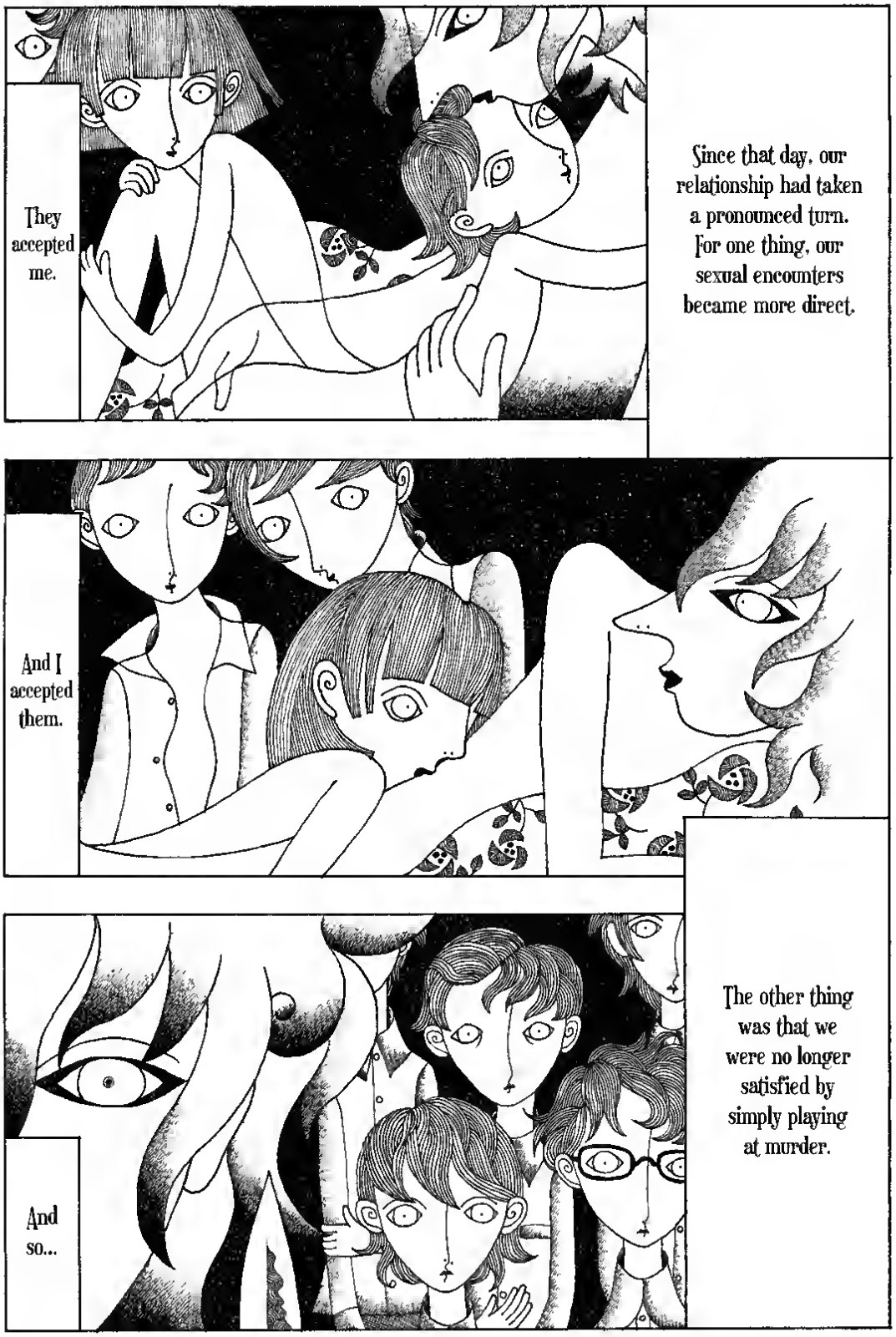
The boys dug in silence.

And I felt something crystallize within me. It was an awakening, or perhaps a new determination.
I became aware of my influence and desired to make use of it.

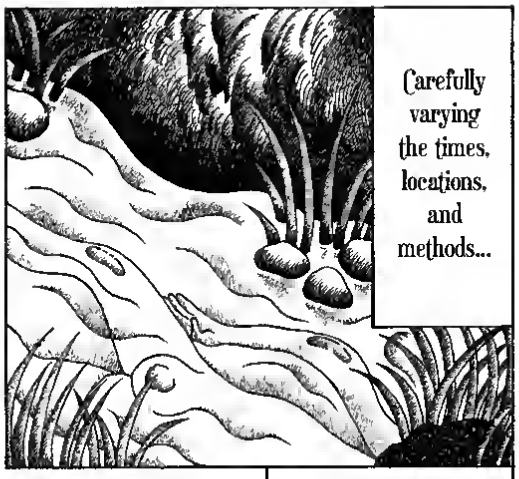

Chapter 8
The Path to Free-dom


Time passed and soon I was at that age where I was looking more and more...
...like an adult.

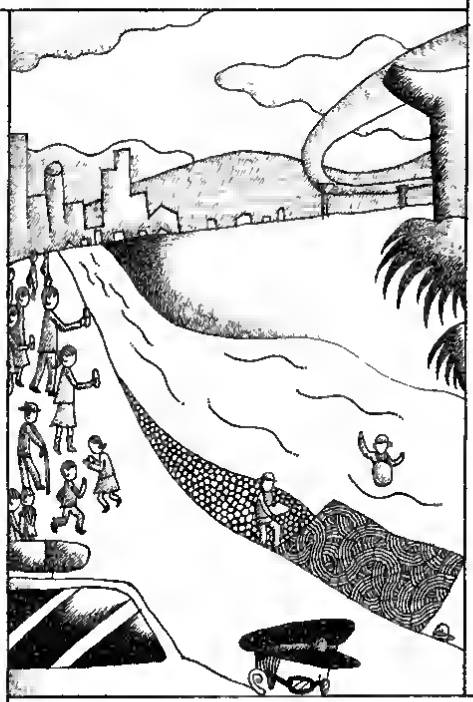

The boys' bodies were changing, too.
And they were at their most beautiful.


They accepted me.
Since that day, our relationship had taken a pronounced turn. For one thing, our sexual encounters became more direct.
And I accepted them.
And so...
The other thing was that we were no longer satisfied by simply playing at murder.

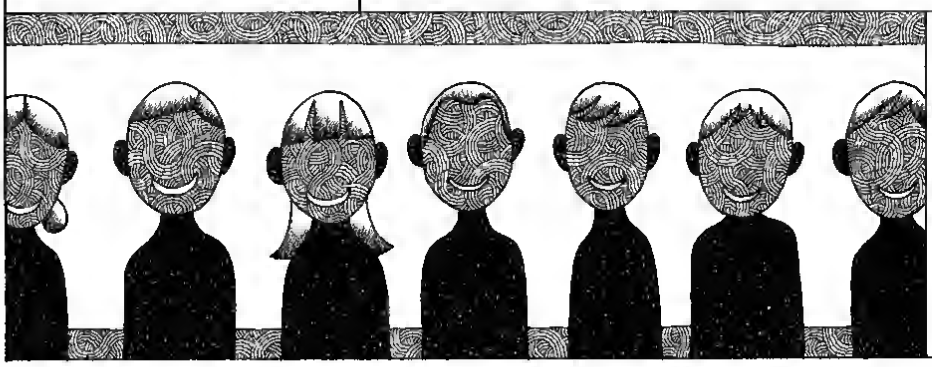
We at first began attacking vagrants. It was surprisingly easy.
I loved the way the boys' eyes...
... glittered with blood-lust in the dark-ness.

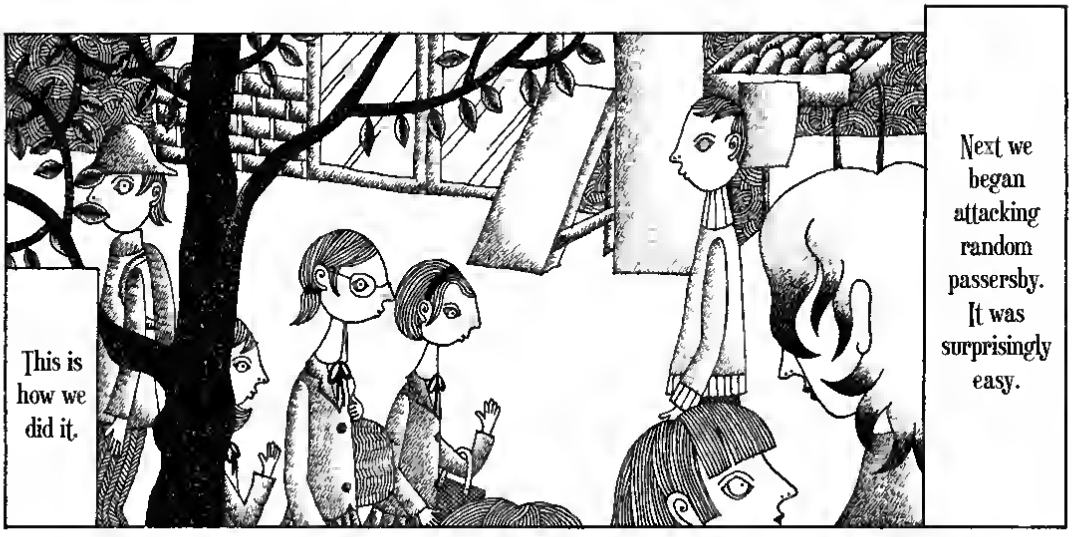


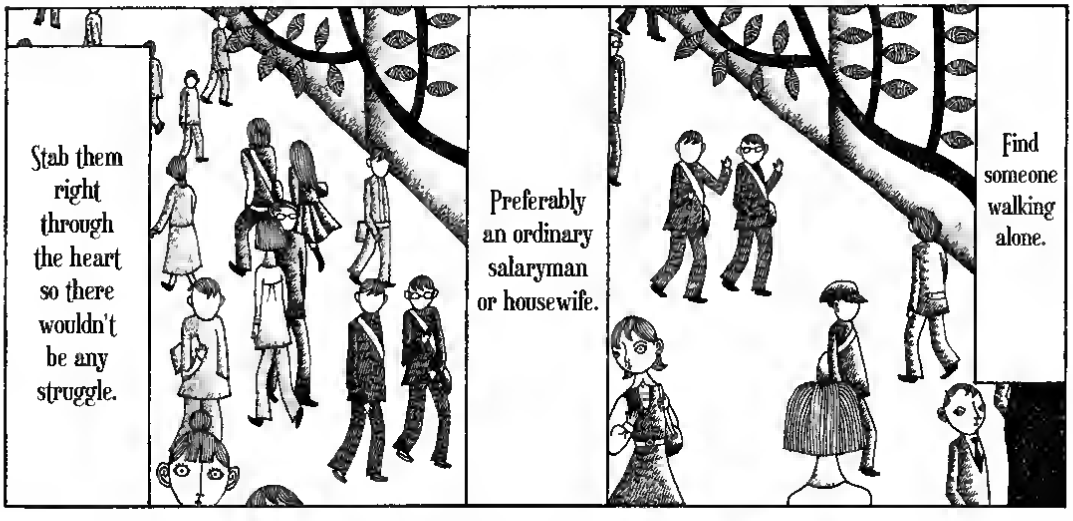
Society showed no interest, either. The same people who'd made such a fuss over a handful of dead children couldn't care less if every last filthy outcast was murdered.

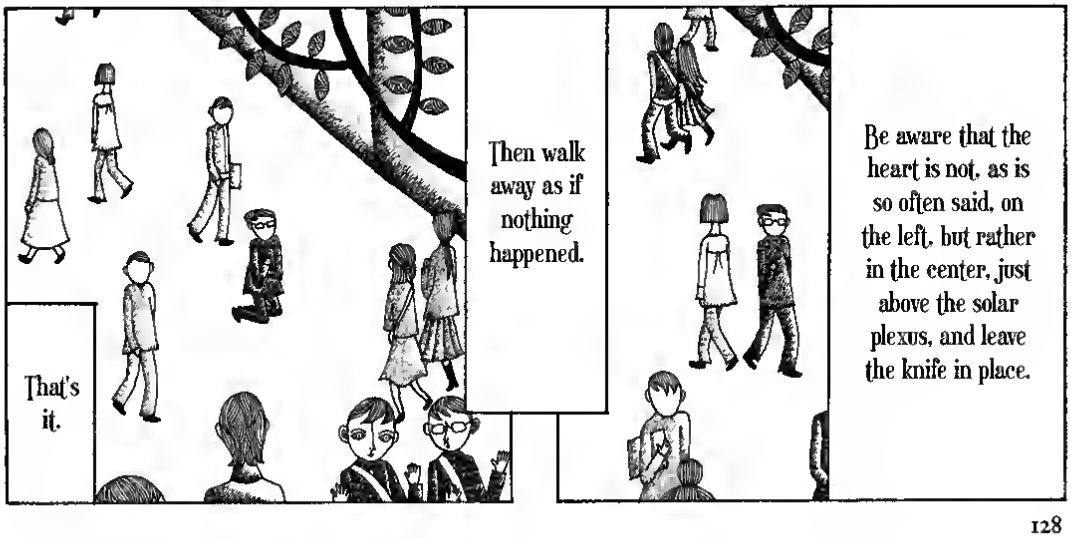


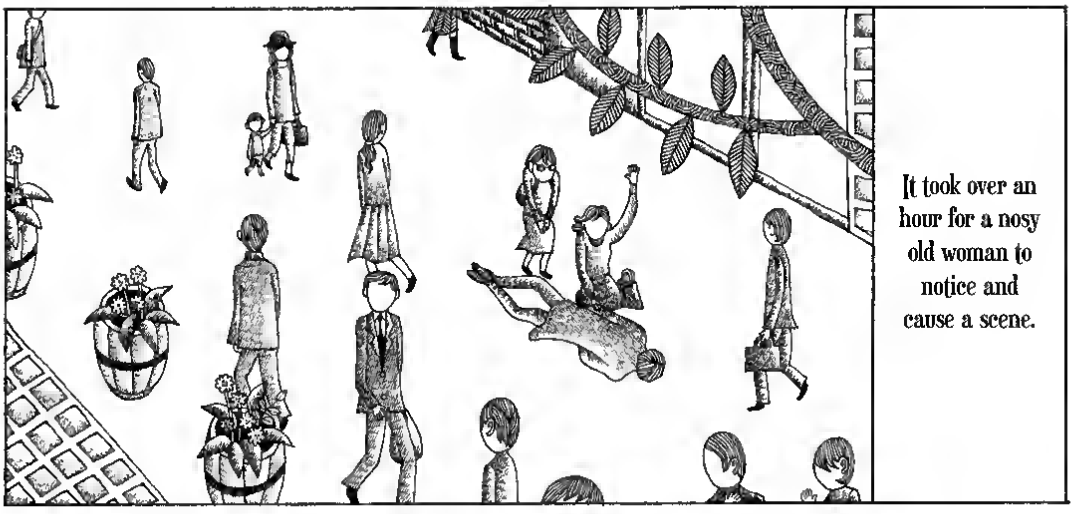
As I had anticipated, the police hardly pursued the cases. They went through the motions of an investigation, but in the end put it all down to infighting between vagrants.

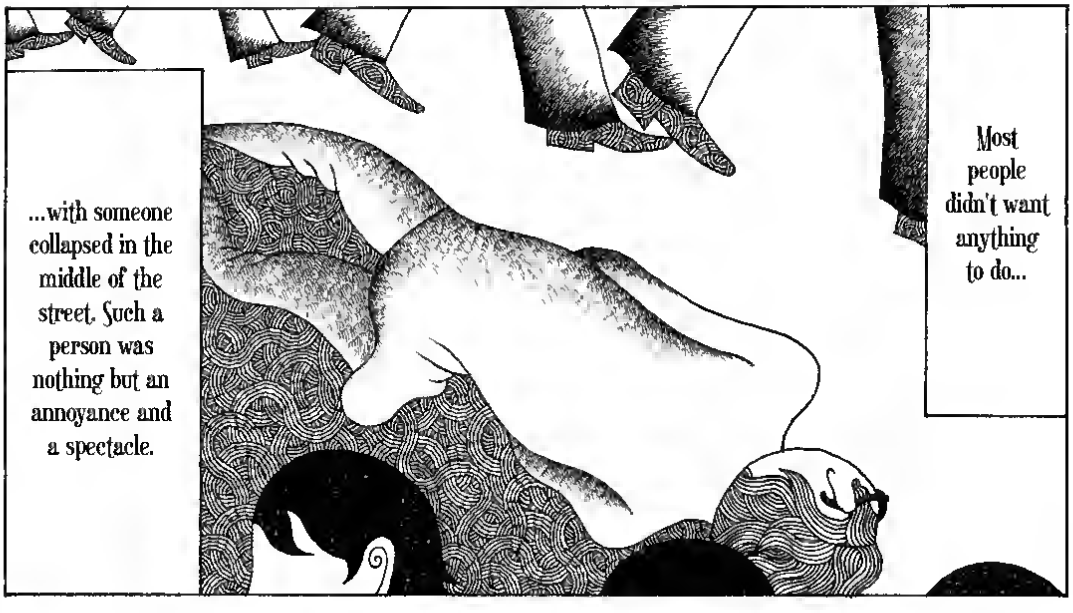


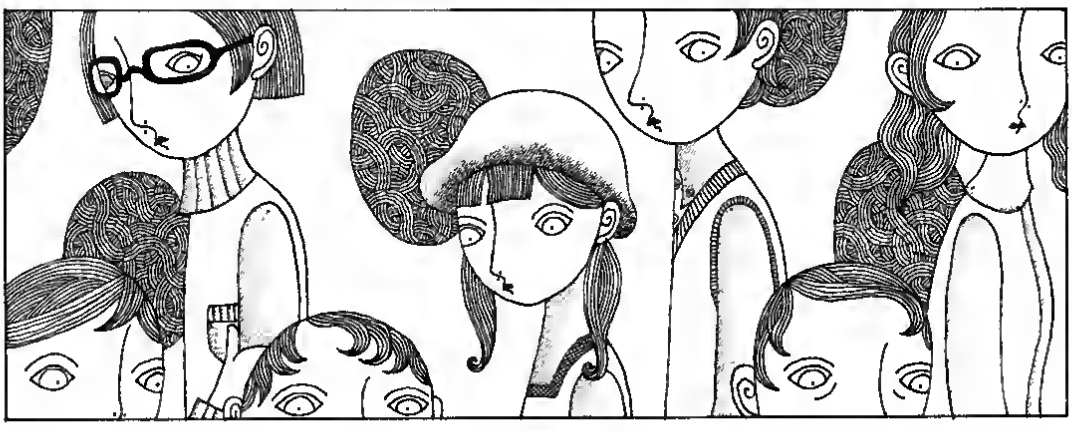

This is how we did it.
Next we began attacking random passersby. It was surprisingly easy.

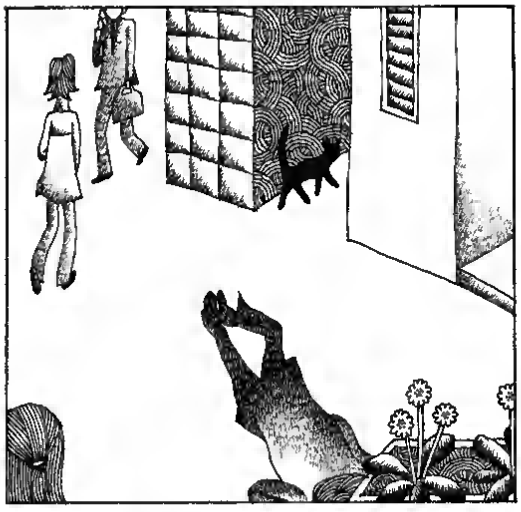

Stab them right through the heart so there wouldn't be any struggle.
Preferably an ordinary salaryman or housewife.
Find someone walking alone.

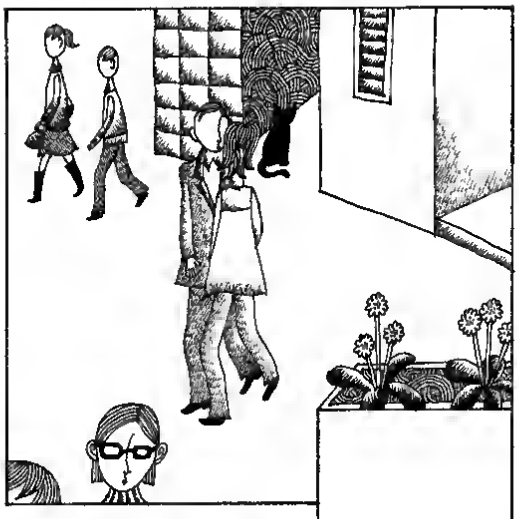

That's it.
Then walk away as if nothing happened.
Be aware that the heart is not, as is so often said, on the left, but rather in the center, just above the solar plexus, and leave the knife in place.

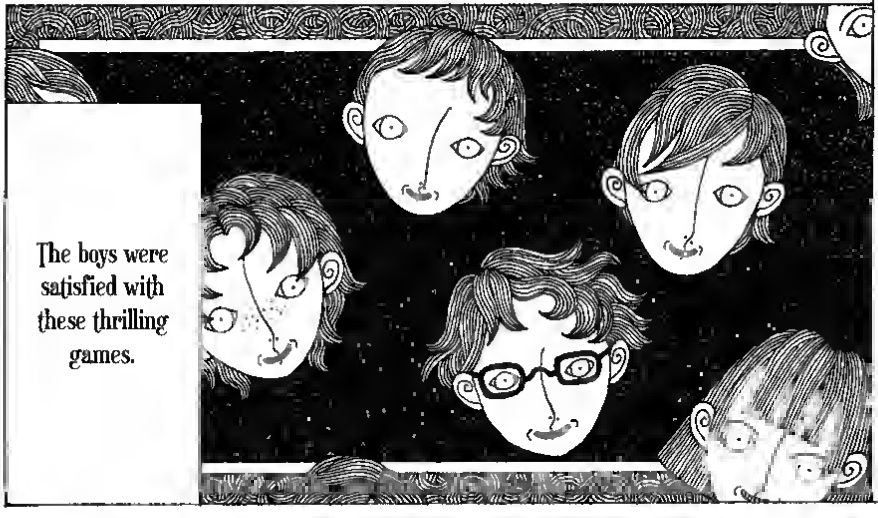

It took over an hour for a nosy old woman to notice and cause a scene.


...with someone collapsed in the middle of the street. Such a person was nothing but an annoyance and a spectacle.
Most people didn't want anything to do...



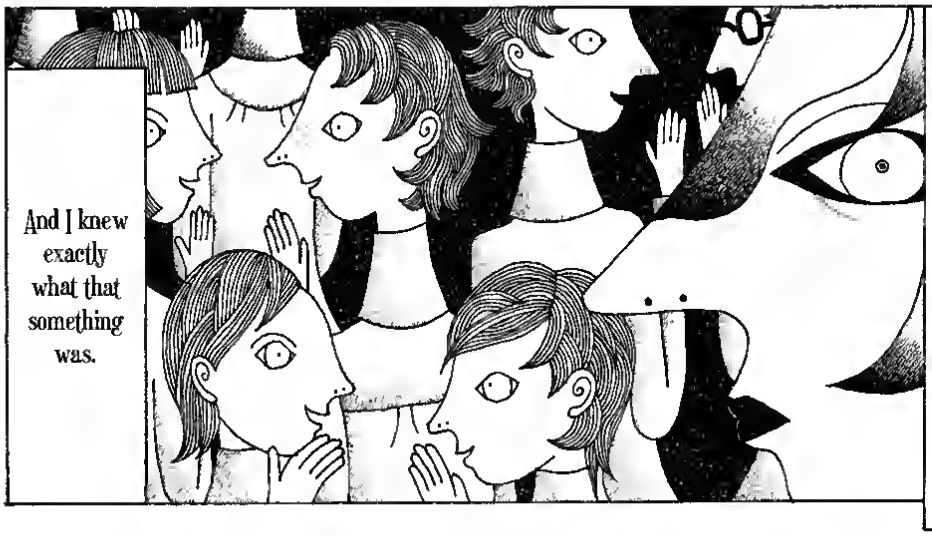






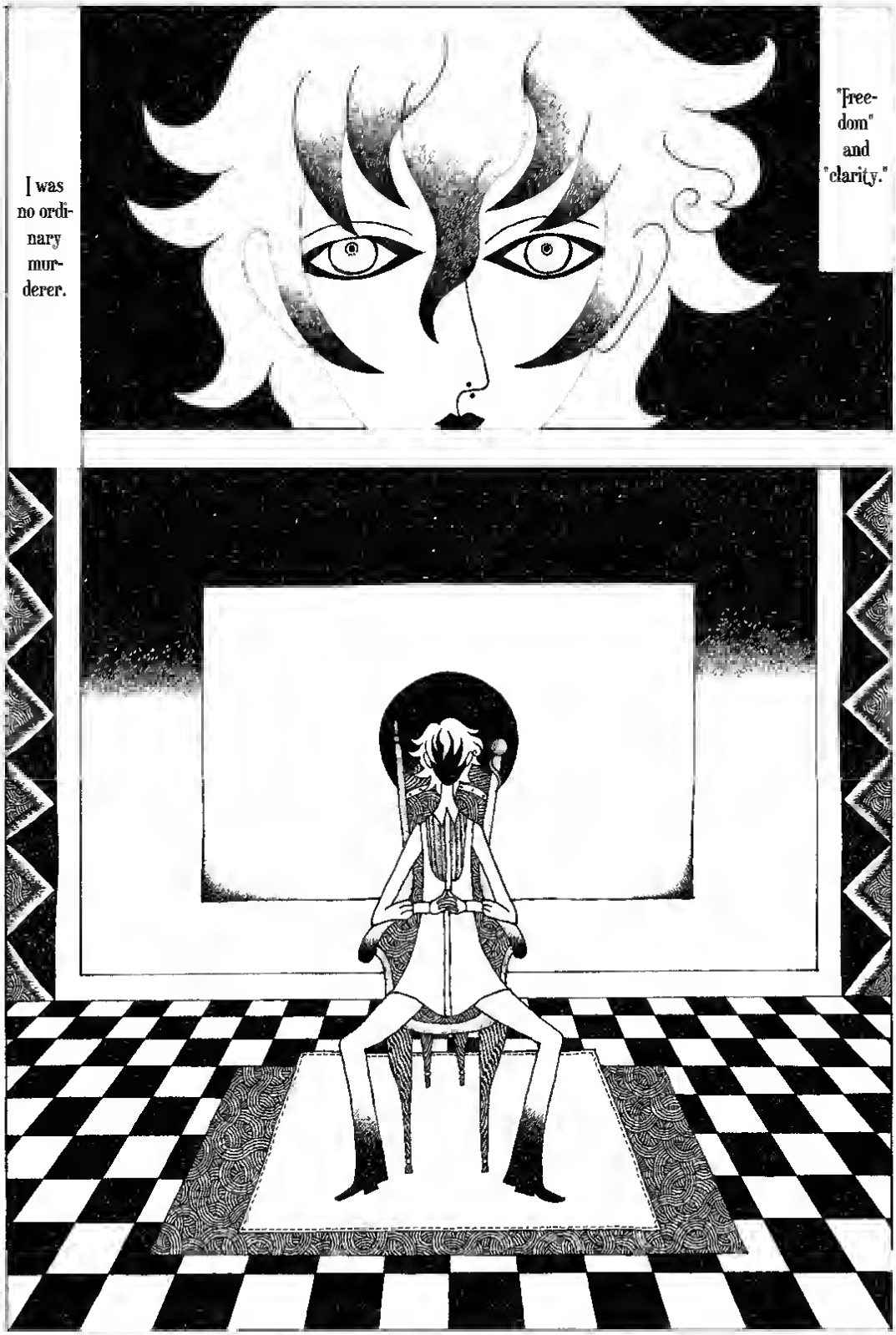
The boys were satisfied with these thrilling games.

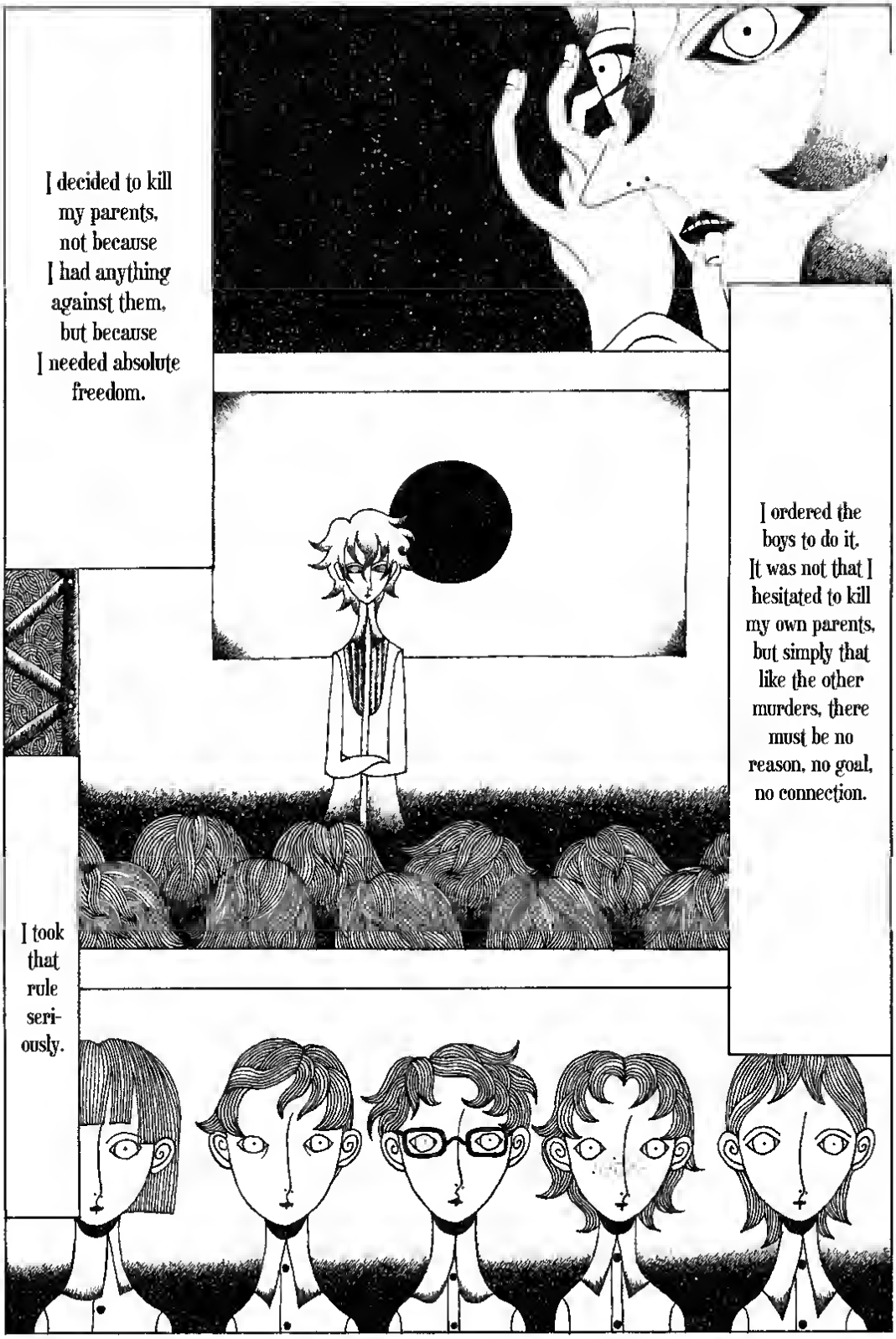
Not a single one of us was caught. The police were powerless in the face of these unmotivated and unrelated murders.

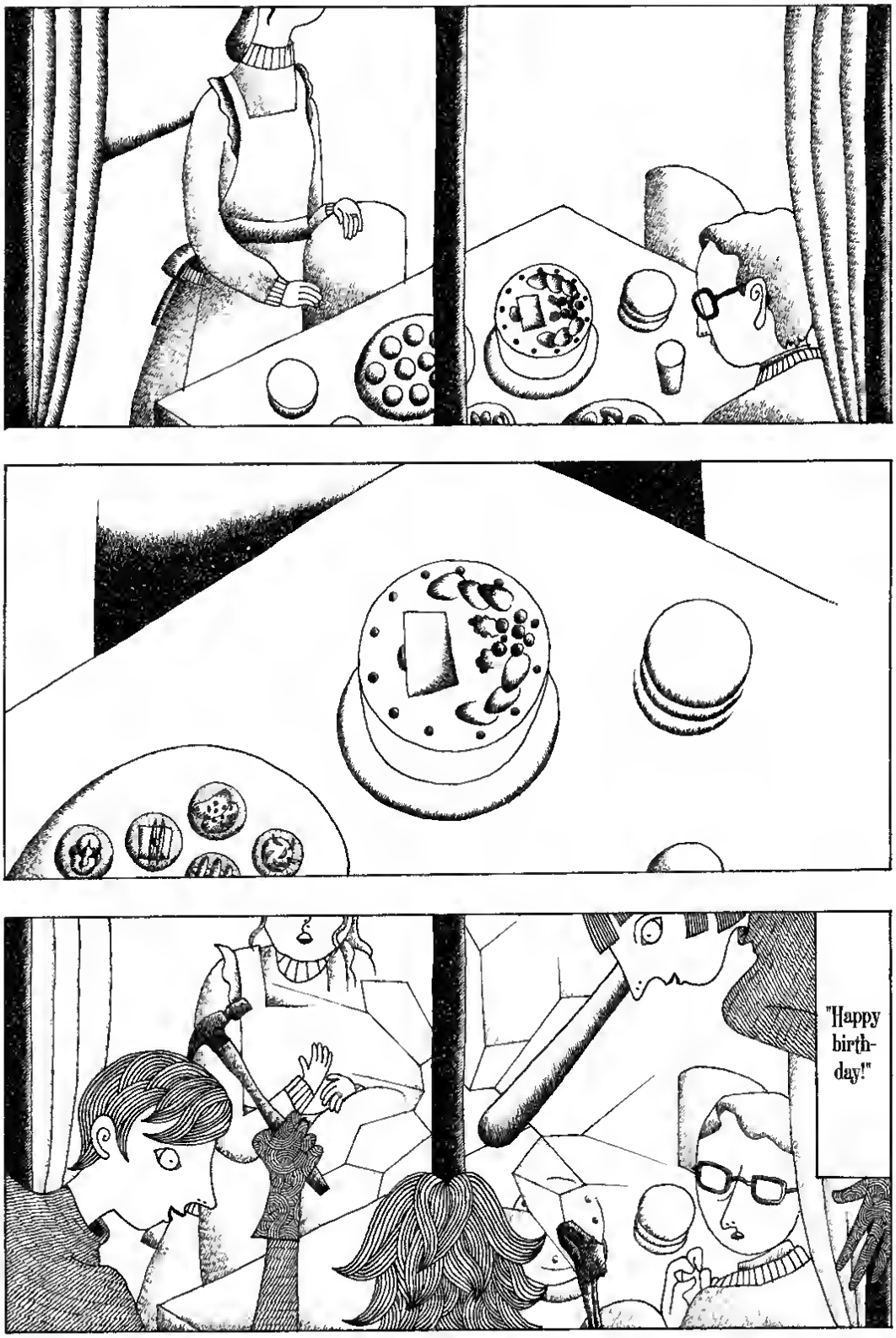


And I knew exactly what that something was.

But I alone felt something was missing.

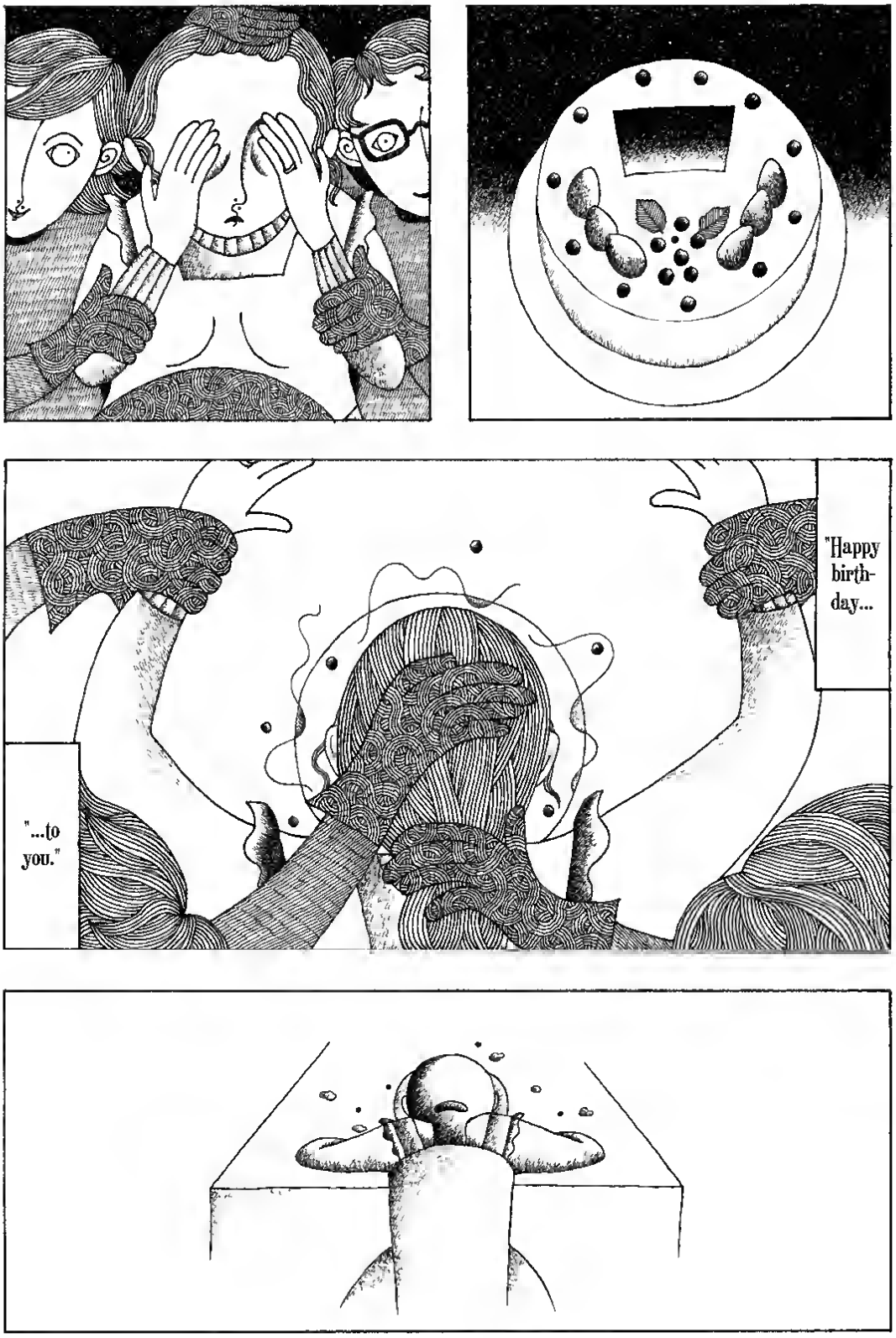

I was no ordinary murderer.
"Freedom" and "clarity."

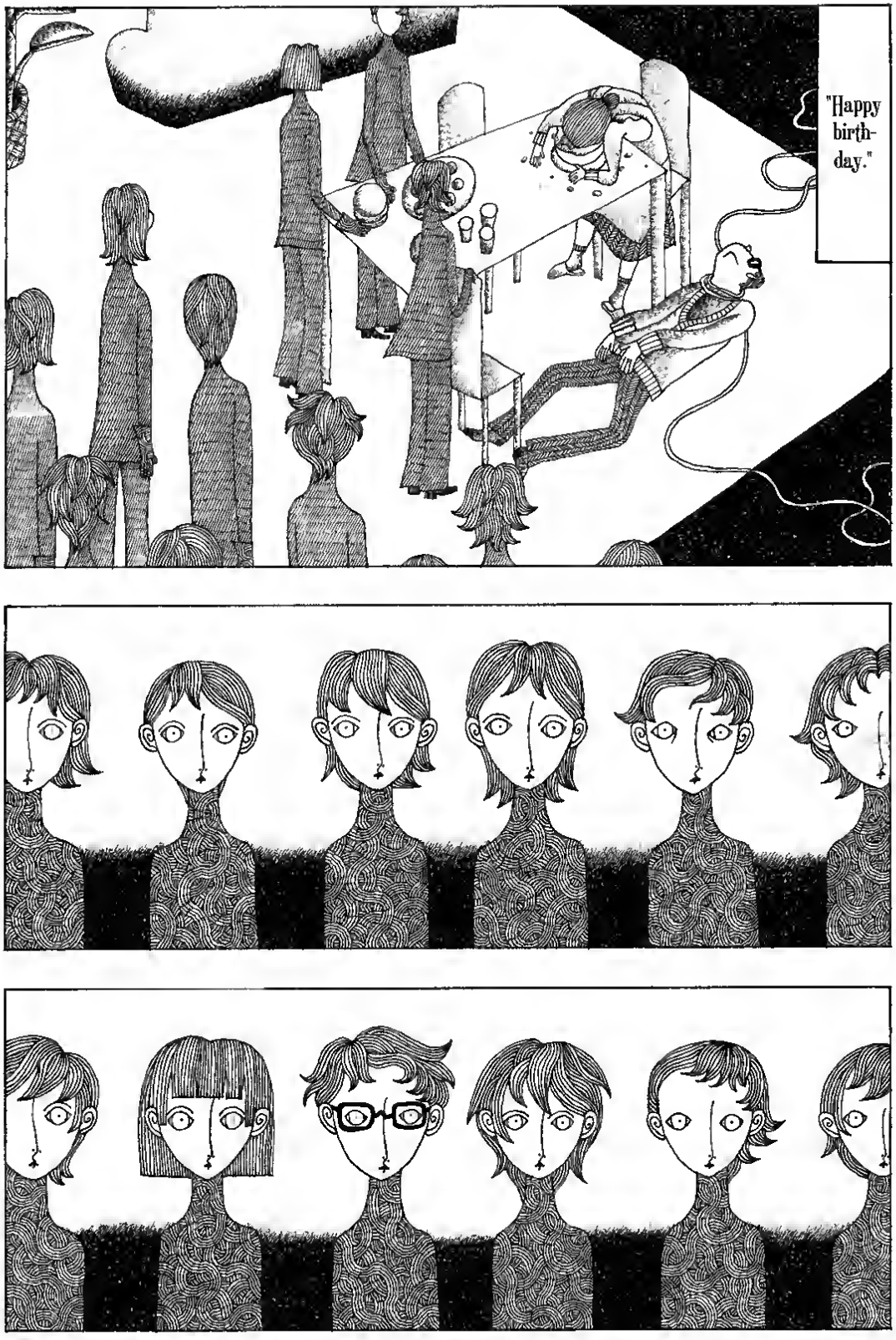

I decided to kill my parents, not because I had anything against them, but because I needed absolute freedom.
I ordered the boys to do it. It was not that I hesitated to kill my own parents, but simply that like the other murders, there must be no reason, no goal, no connection.
I took that rule seriously.


"Happy birth-day!"

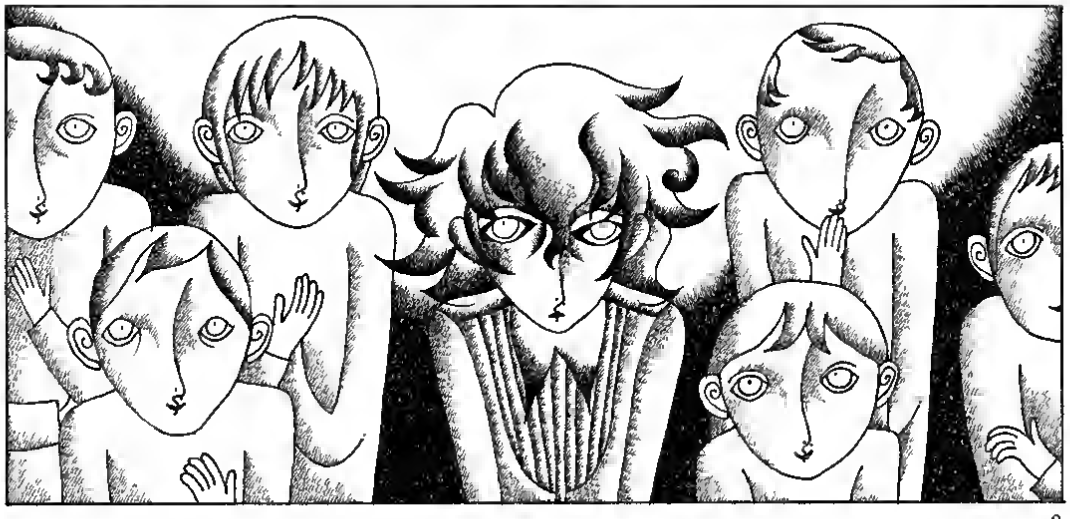
"Happy birth-day to you."
"Happy birth-day to you."

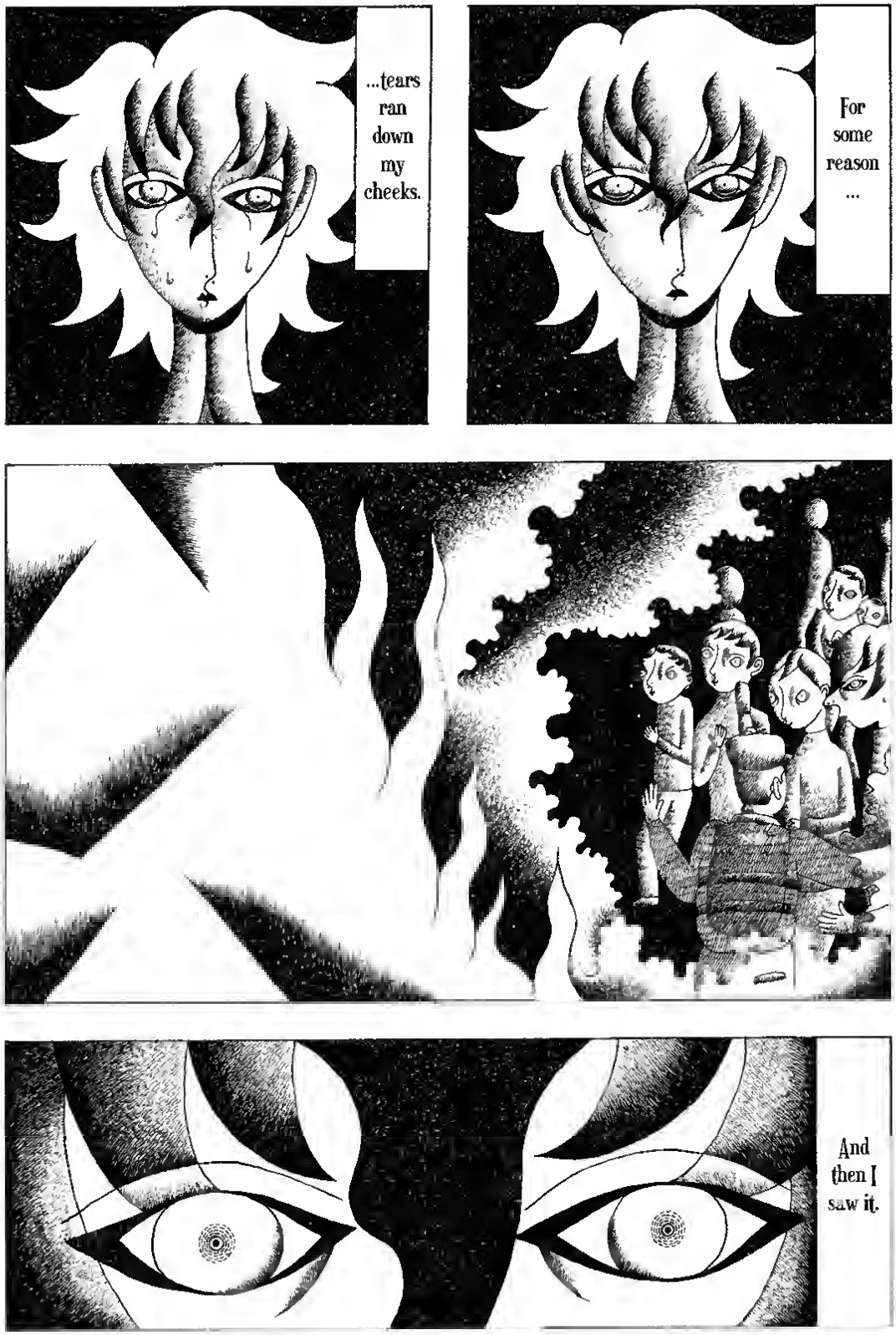
"Happy birth-day to you."
"Happy birth-day to you."

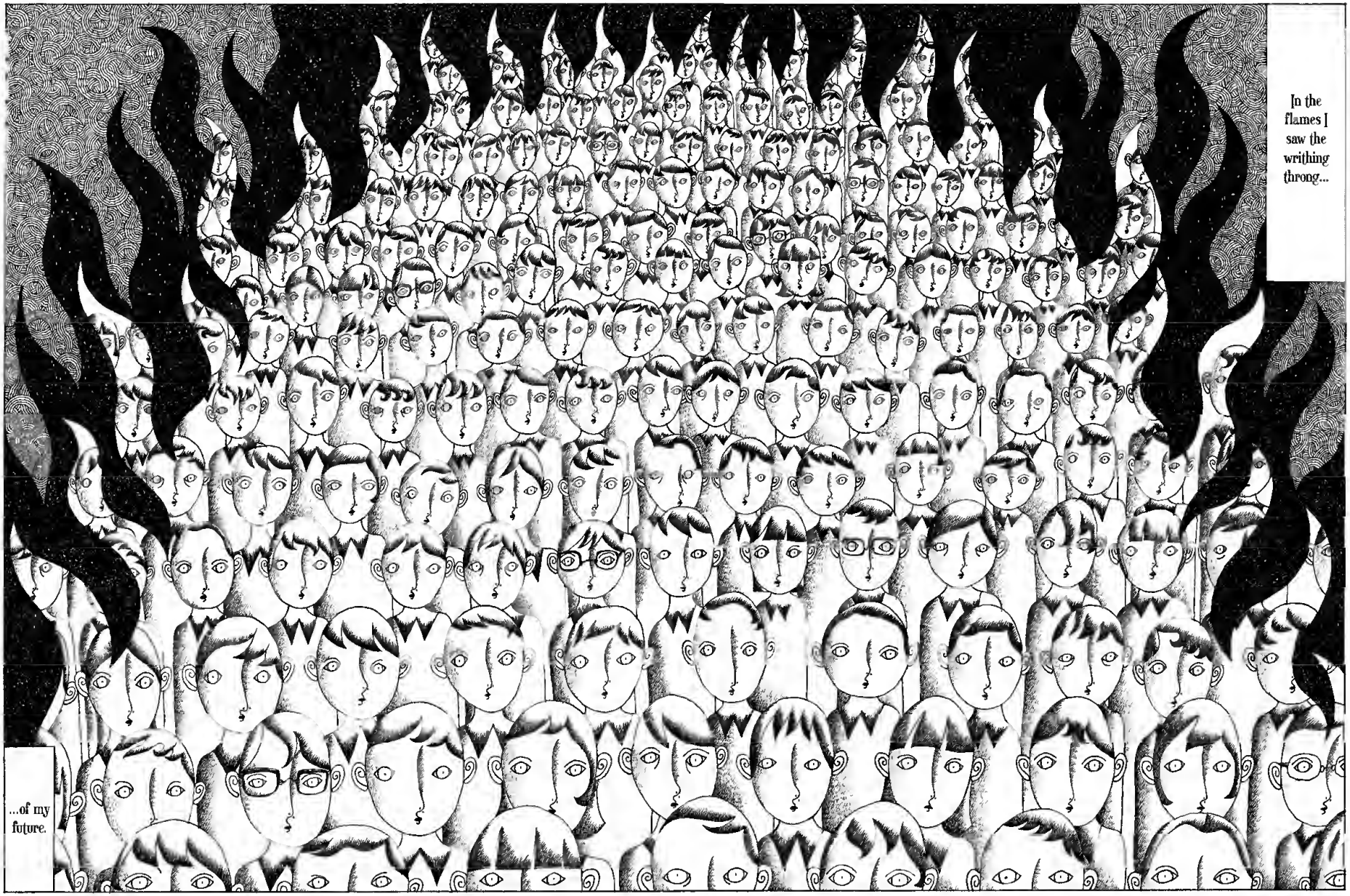

"Happy birth-day...
"...to you."

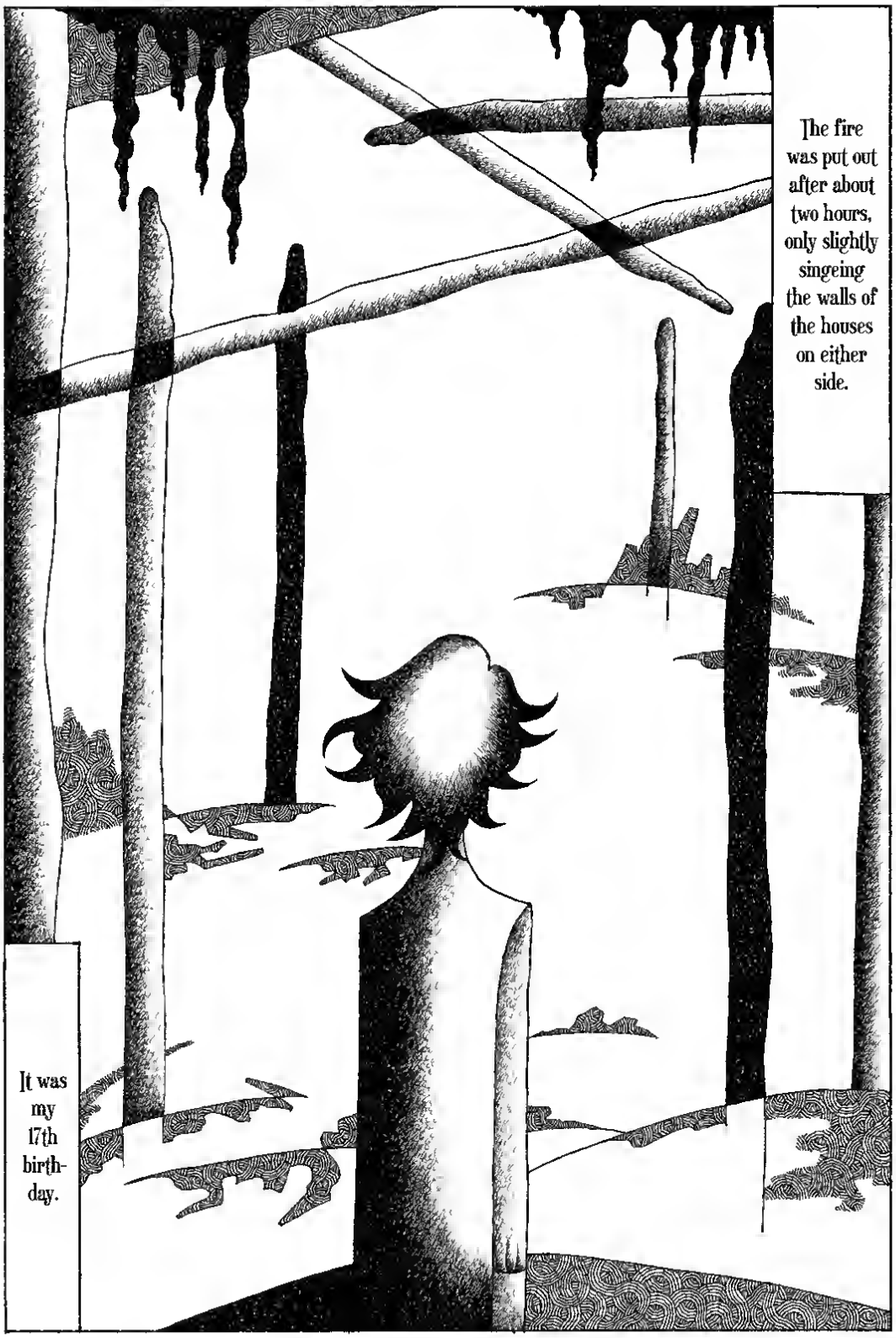

"Happy birth-day."

When I got home, my house was burning

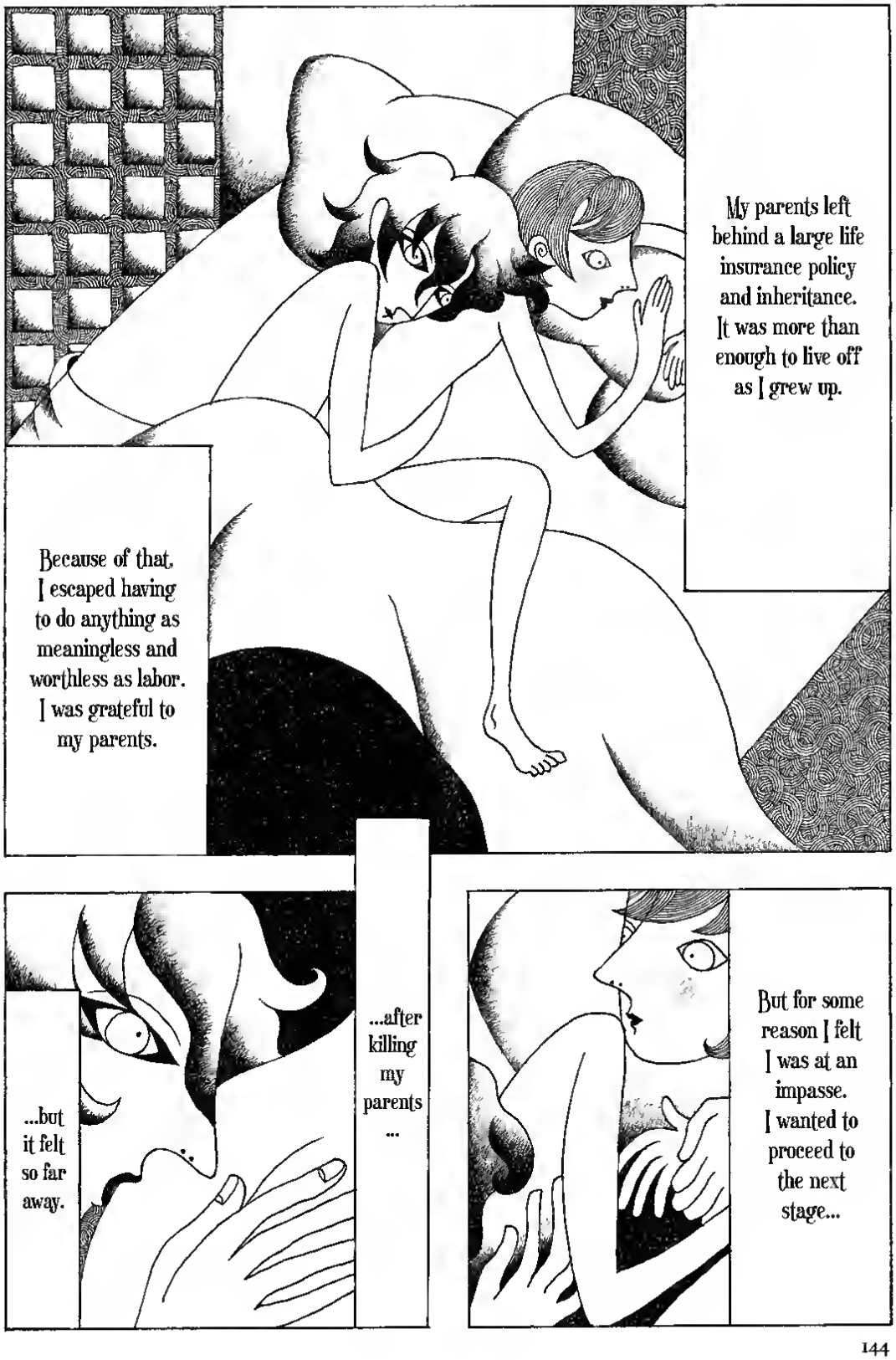


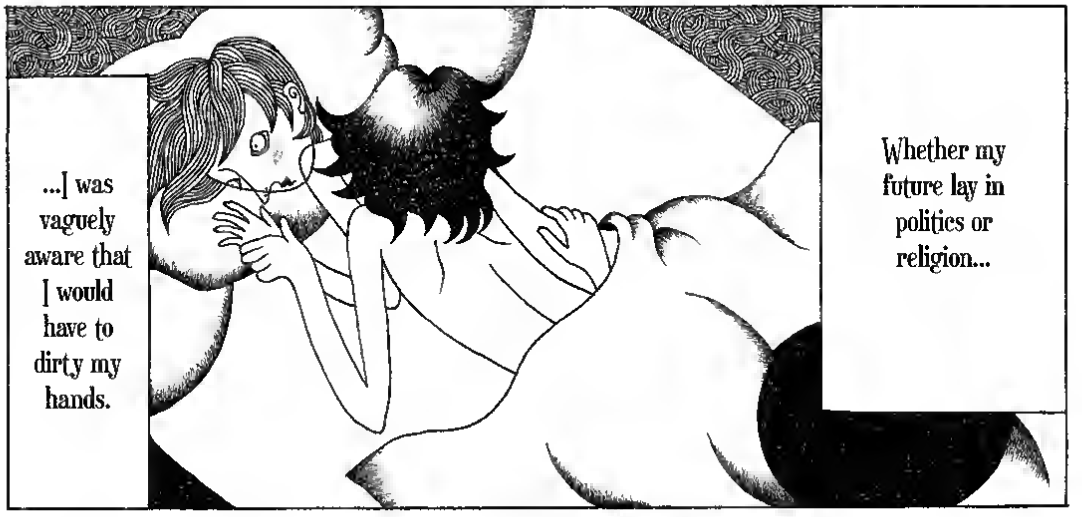

...tears ran down my cheeks.
For some reason ...
And then I saw it.


[In the flames] saw the writhing throng...
...of my future.


The fire was put out after about two hours, only slightly singeing the walls of the houses on either side.
It was my 17th birth-day.

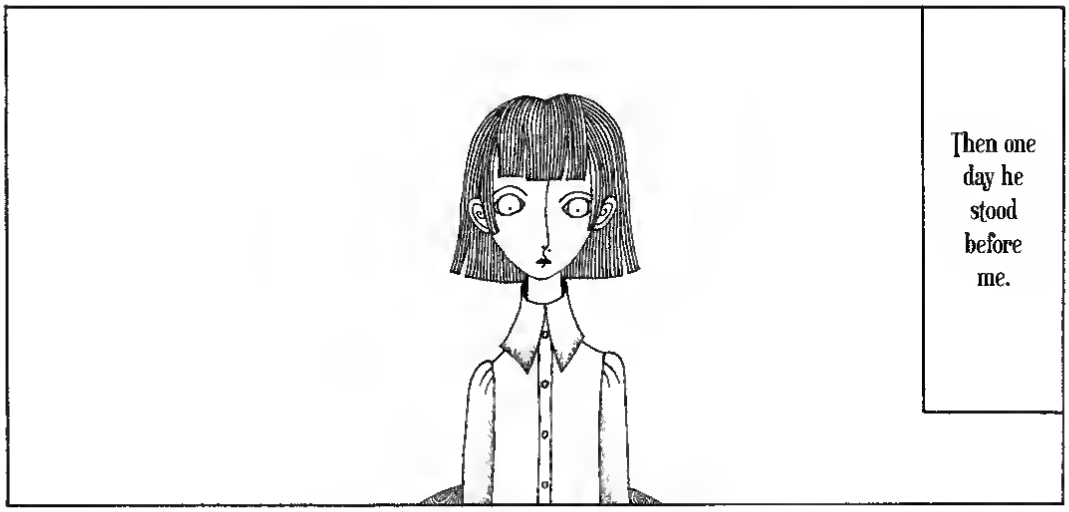
Chapter 9
The Stum-bling Stone

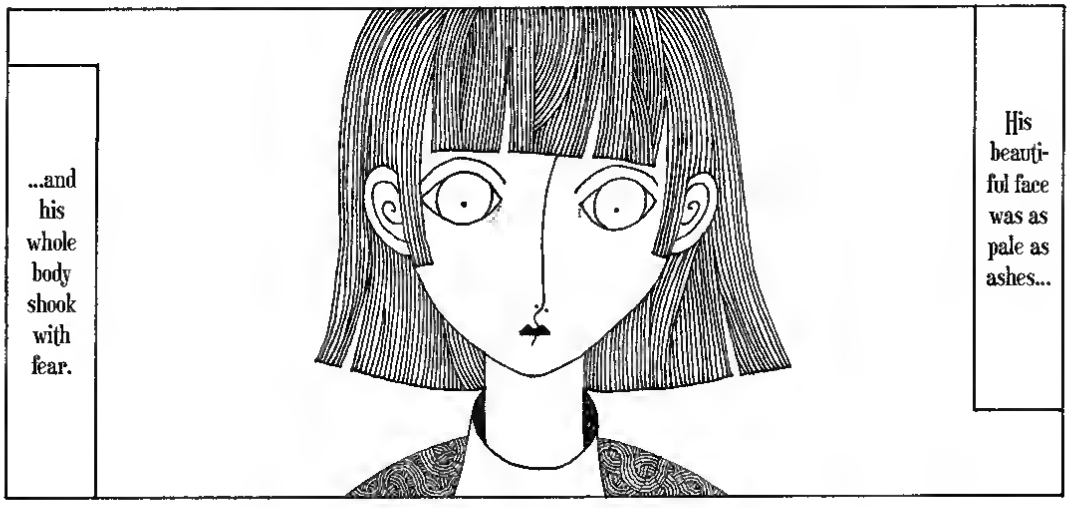

My parents left behind a large life insurance policy and inheritance. It was more than enough to live off as I grew up.
Because of that, I escaped having to do anything as meaningless and worthless as labor. I was grateful to my parents.
But for some reason I felt I was at an impasse. I wanted to proceed to the next stage...
...after killing my parents ...
...but it felt so far away.

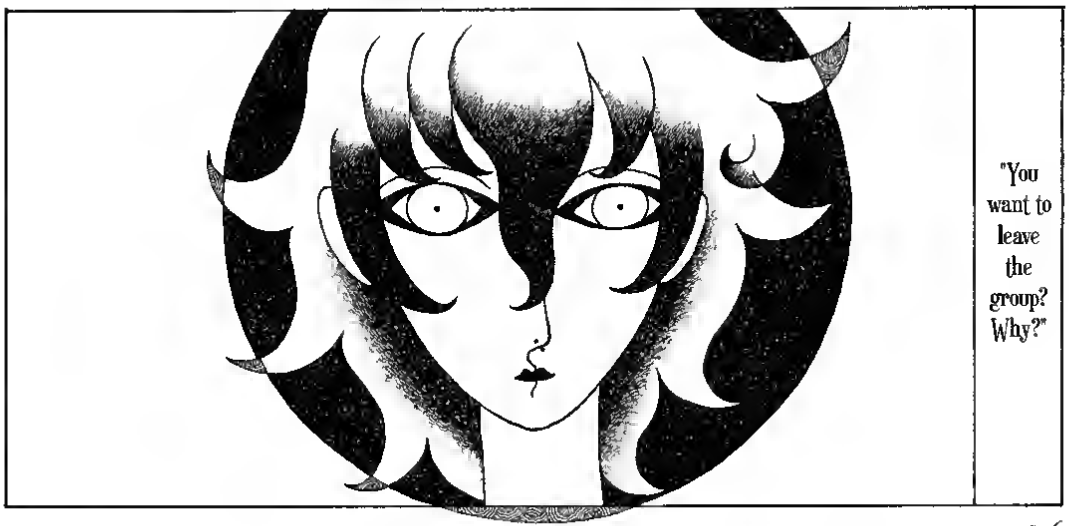

...I was vaguely aware that I would have to dirty my hands.
Whether my future lay in politics or religion...

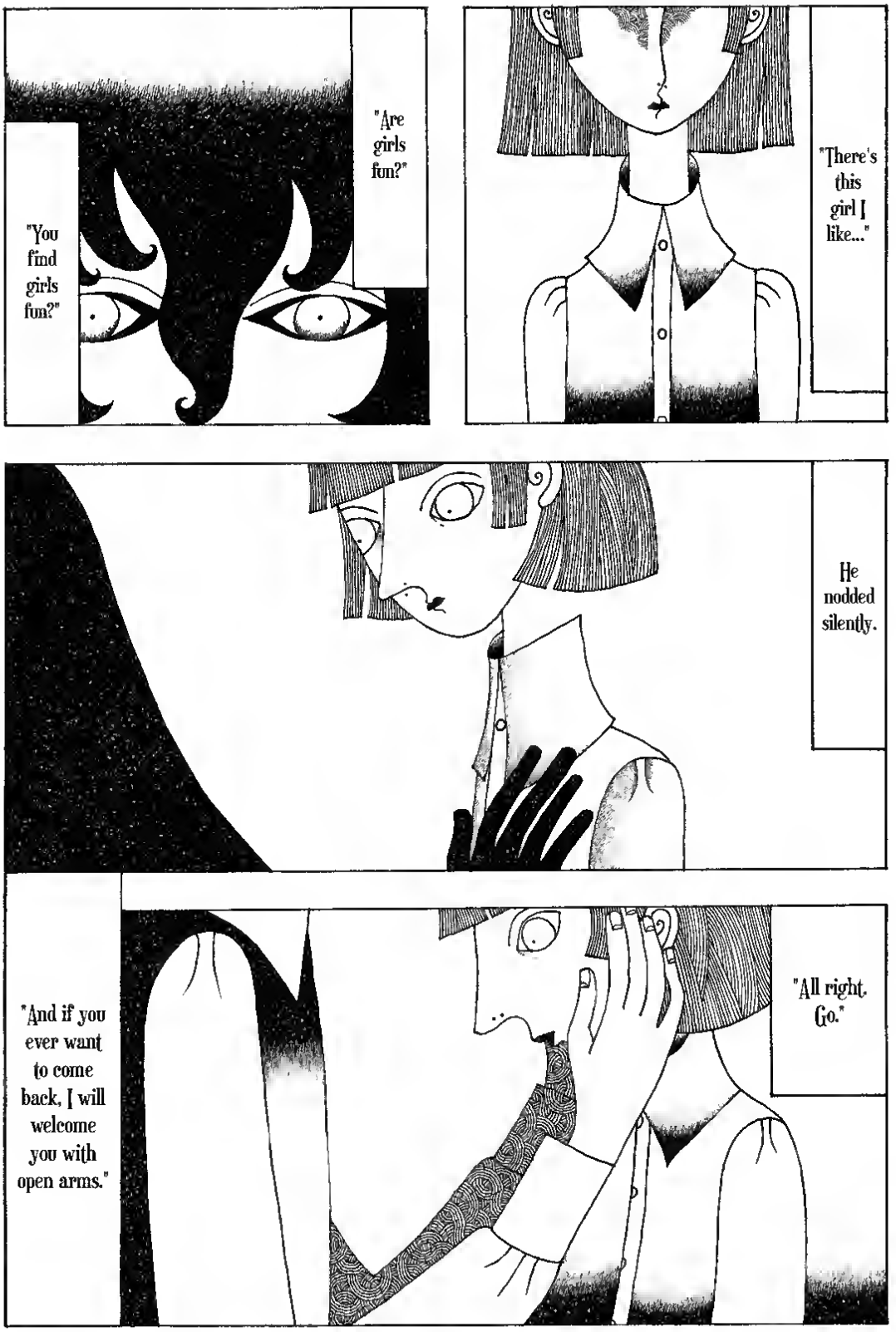
I had lost my momentum and direction.
But I was bored by my choices.

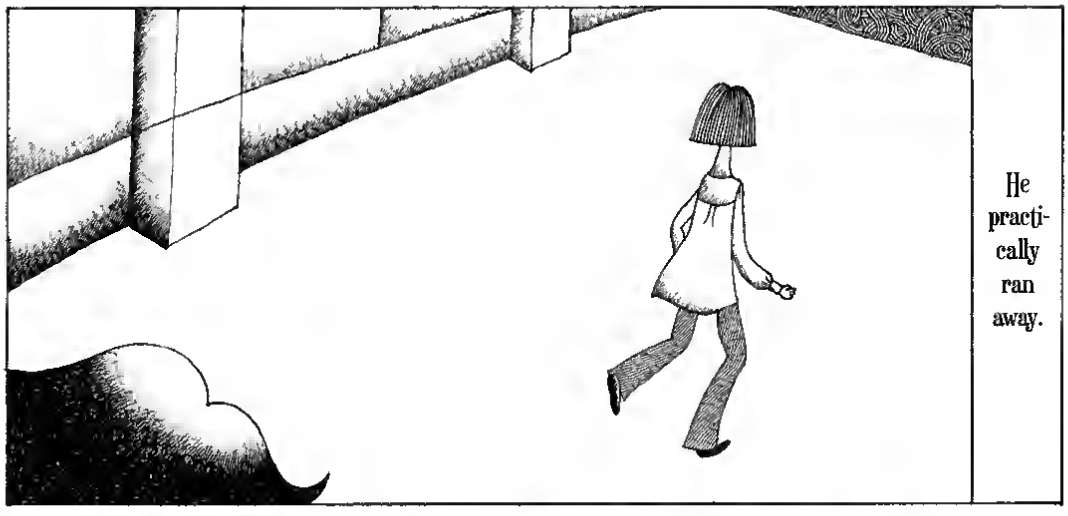
"I was just wishing humanity would be wiped out soon."
"Yeah."
"What's the matter?"
"Nothing, just..."
"Just what?"

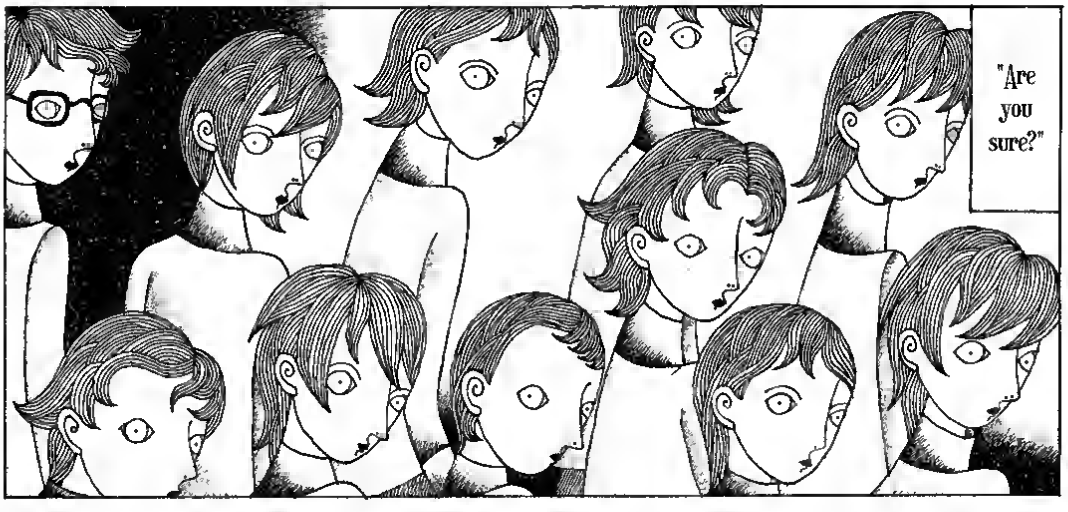

Then one day he stood before me.

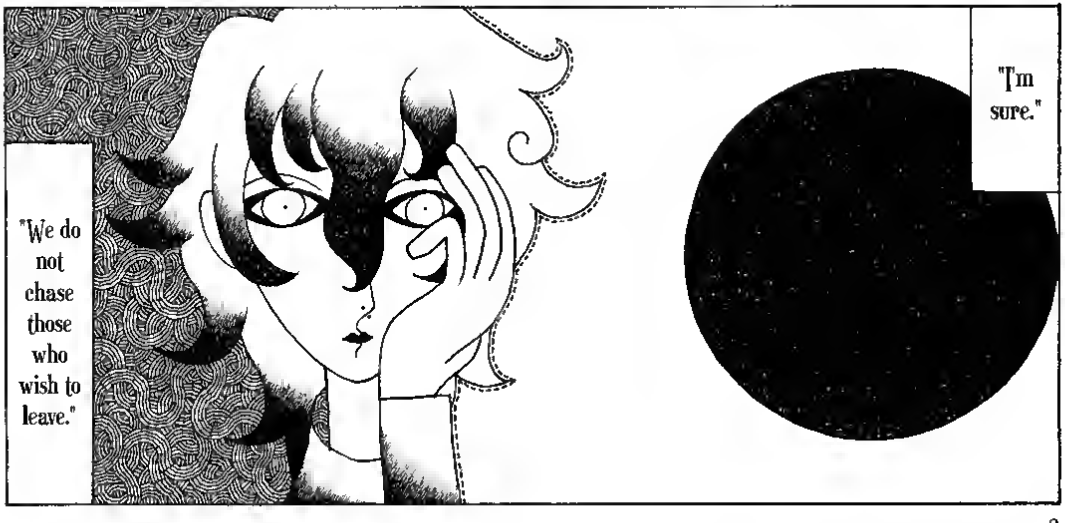

...and his whole body shook with fear.
His beautiful face was as pale as ashes...

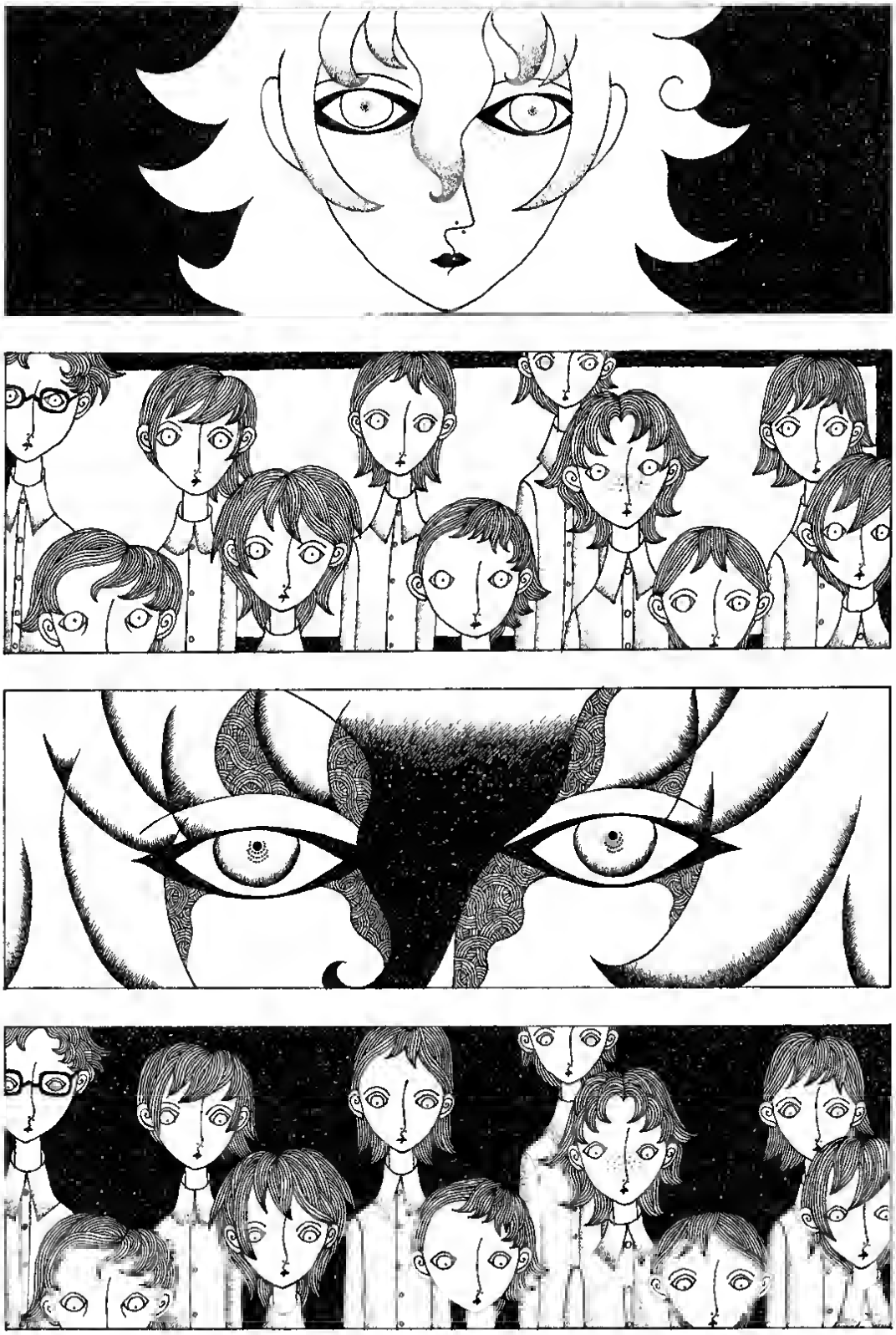

"You want to leave the group? Why?"

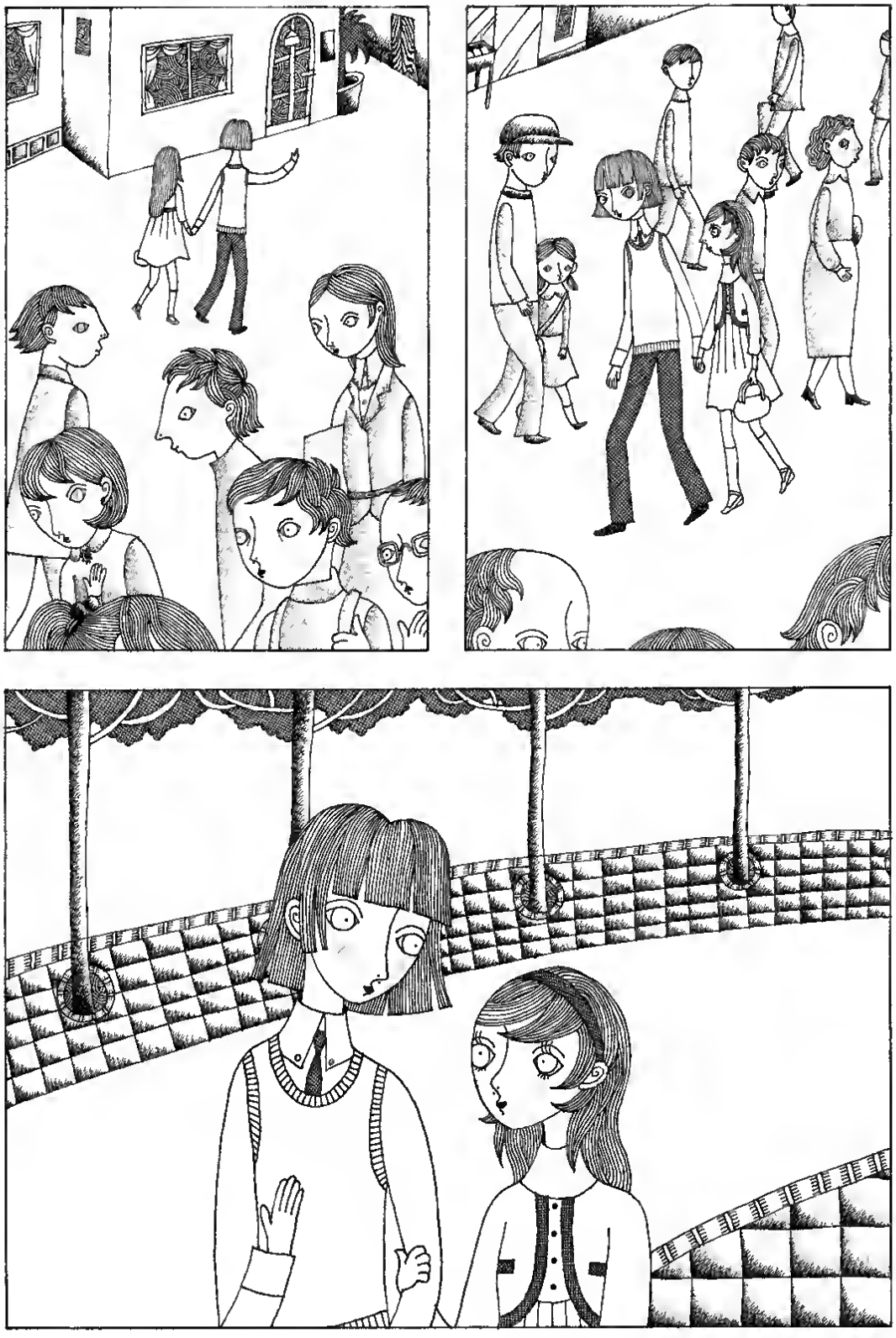

"You find girls fun?"
"Are girls fun?"
"There's this girl I like..."
He nodded silently.
"And if you ever want to come back, I will welcome you with open arms."
"All right. Go."

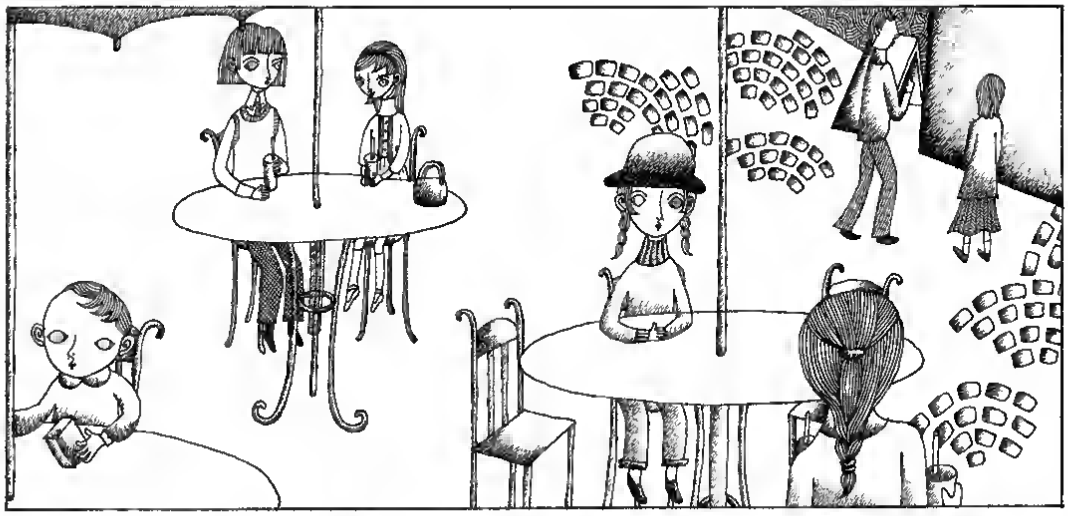

He practically ran away.

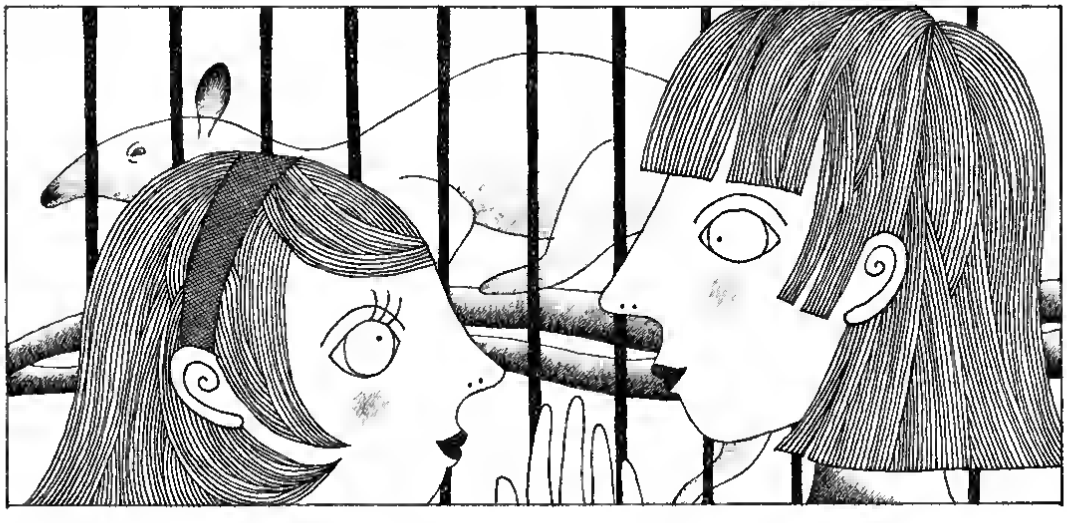

"Are you sure?"

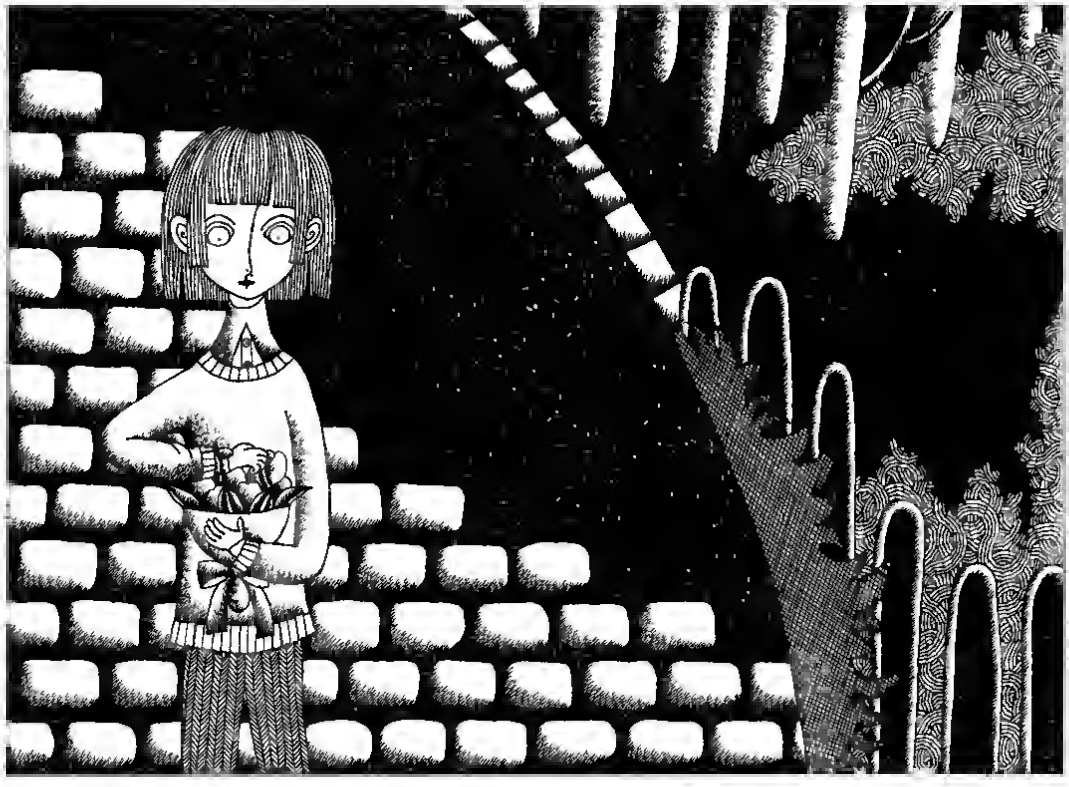

"We do not chase those who wish to leave."
"I'm sure."

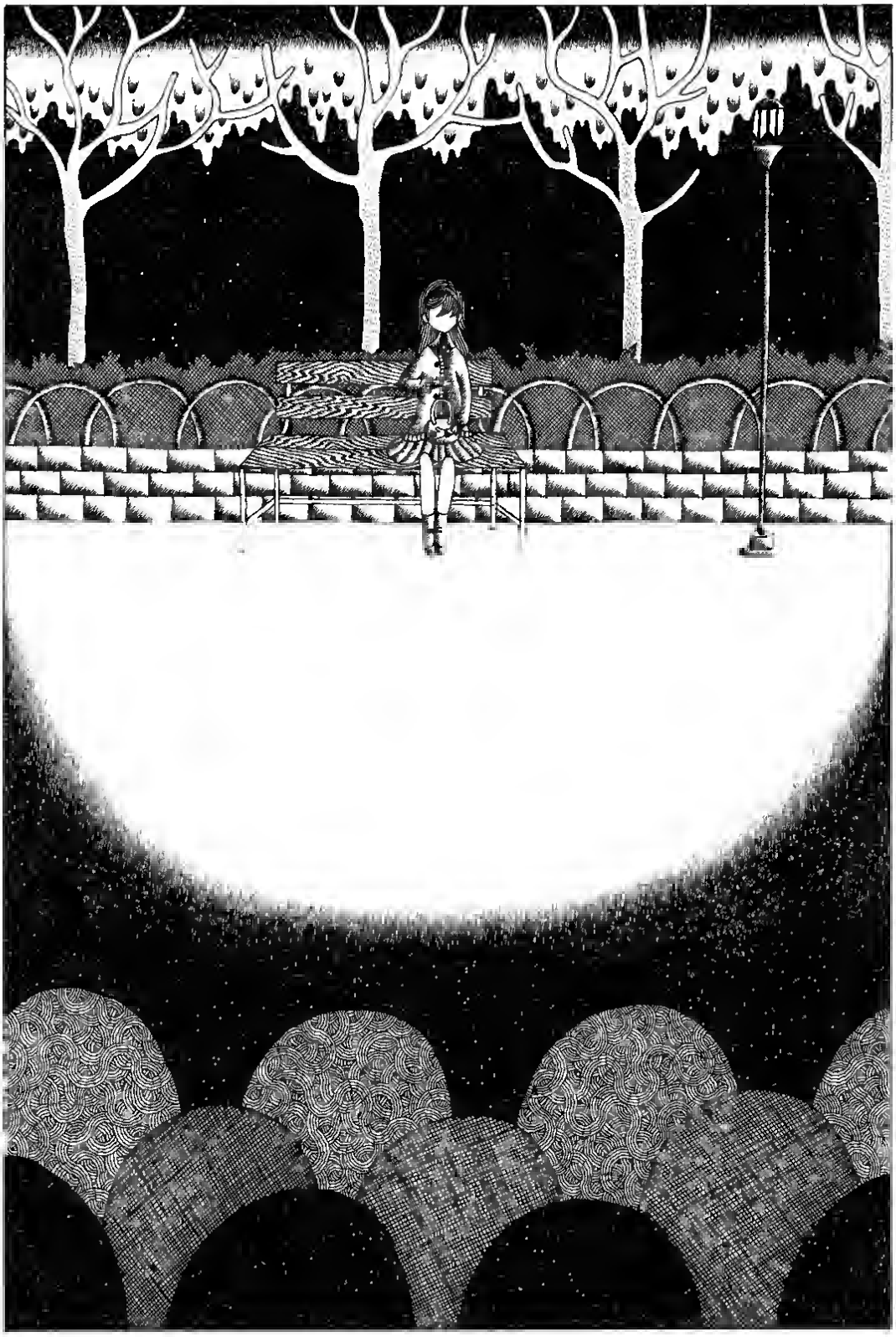


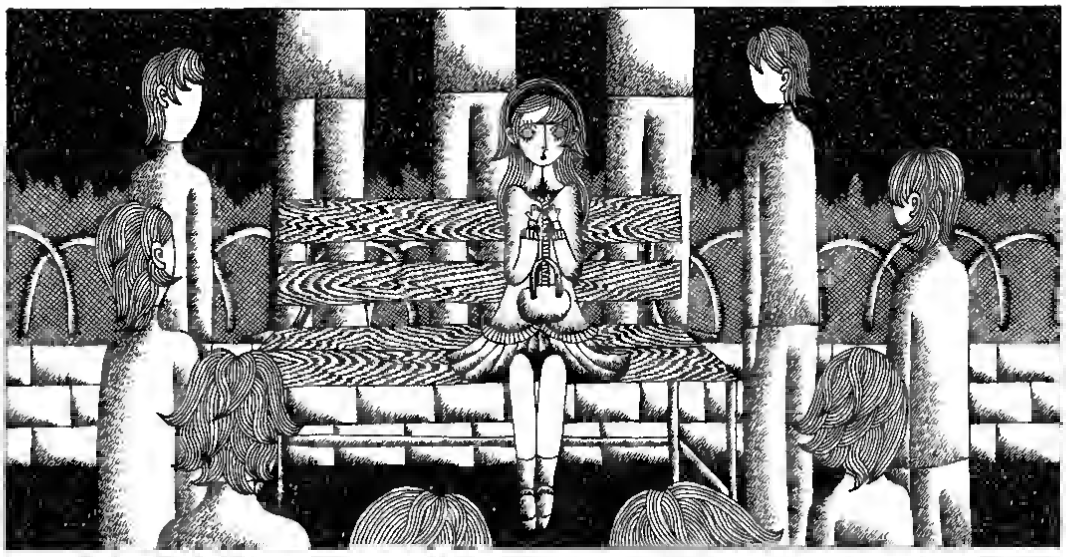


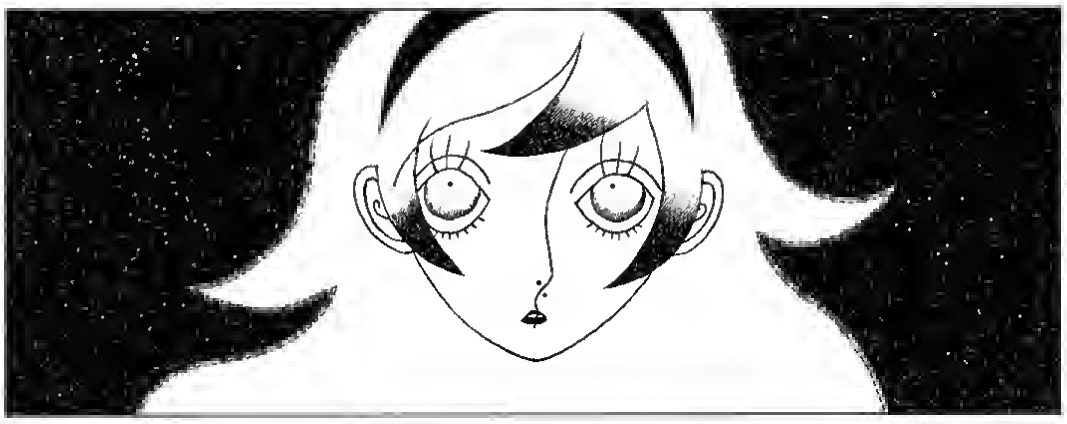


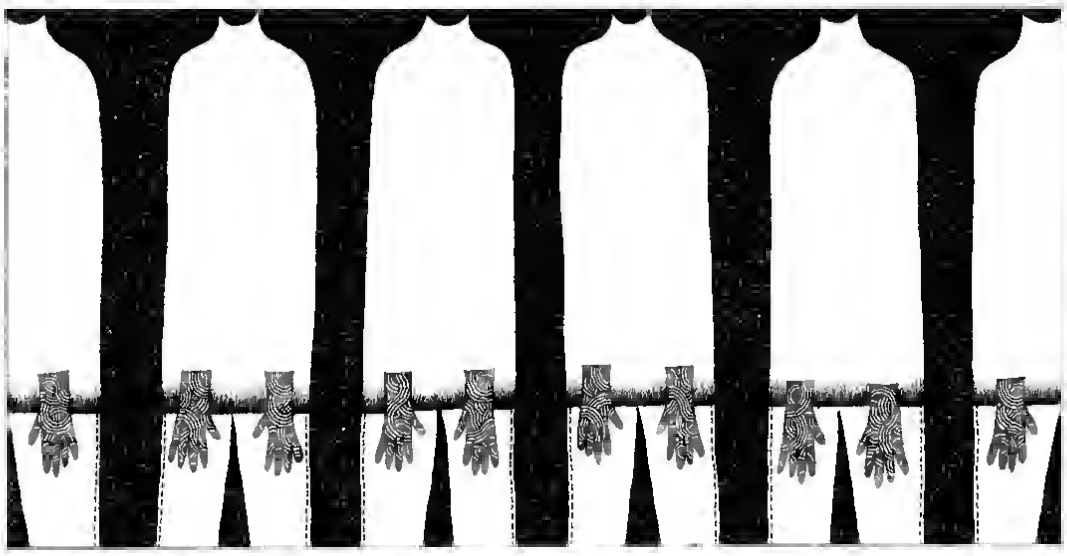


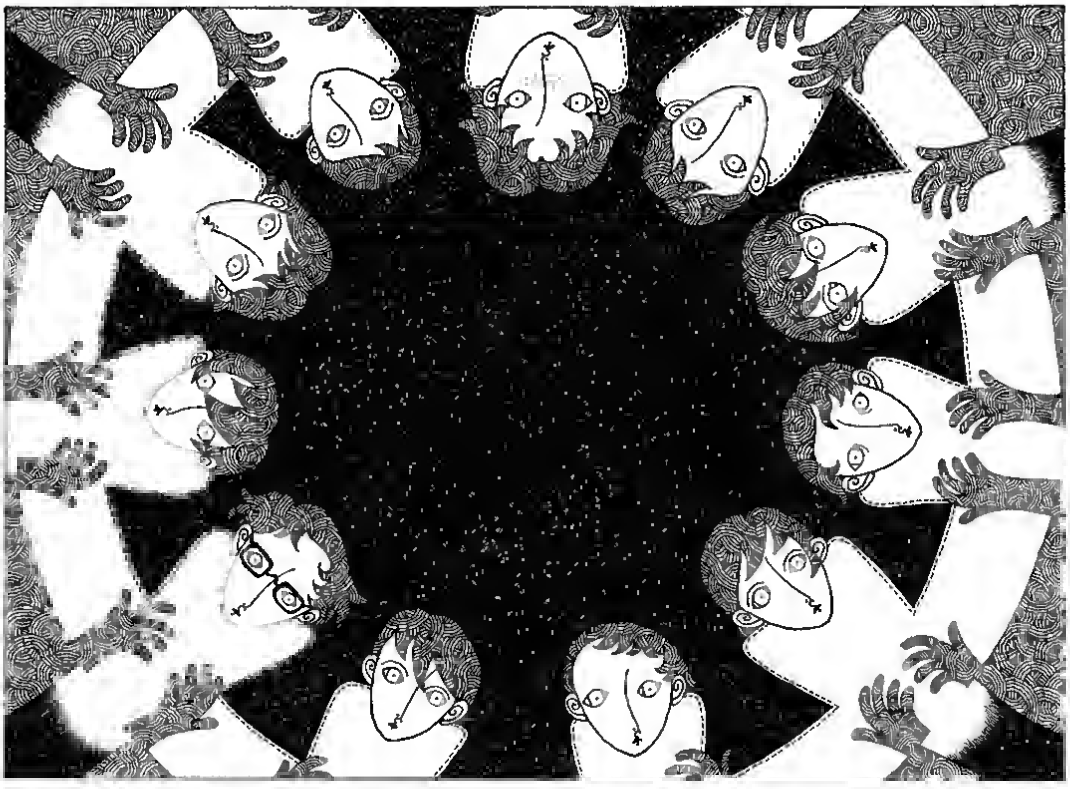


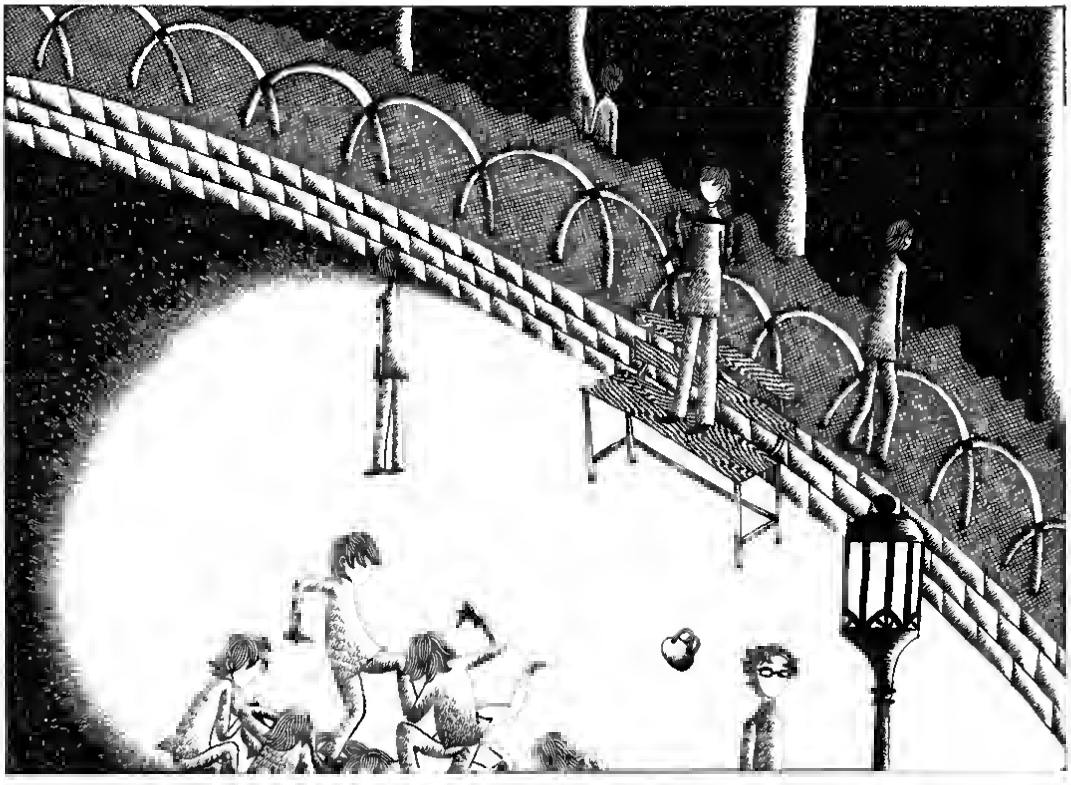


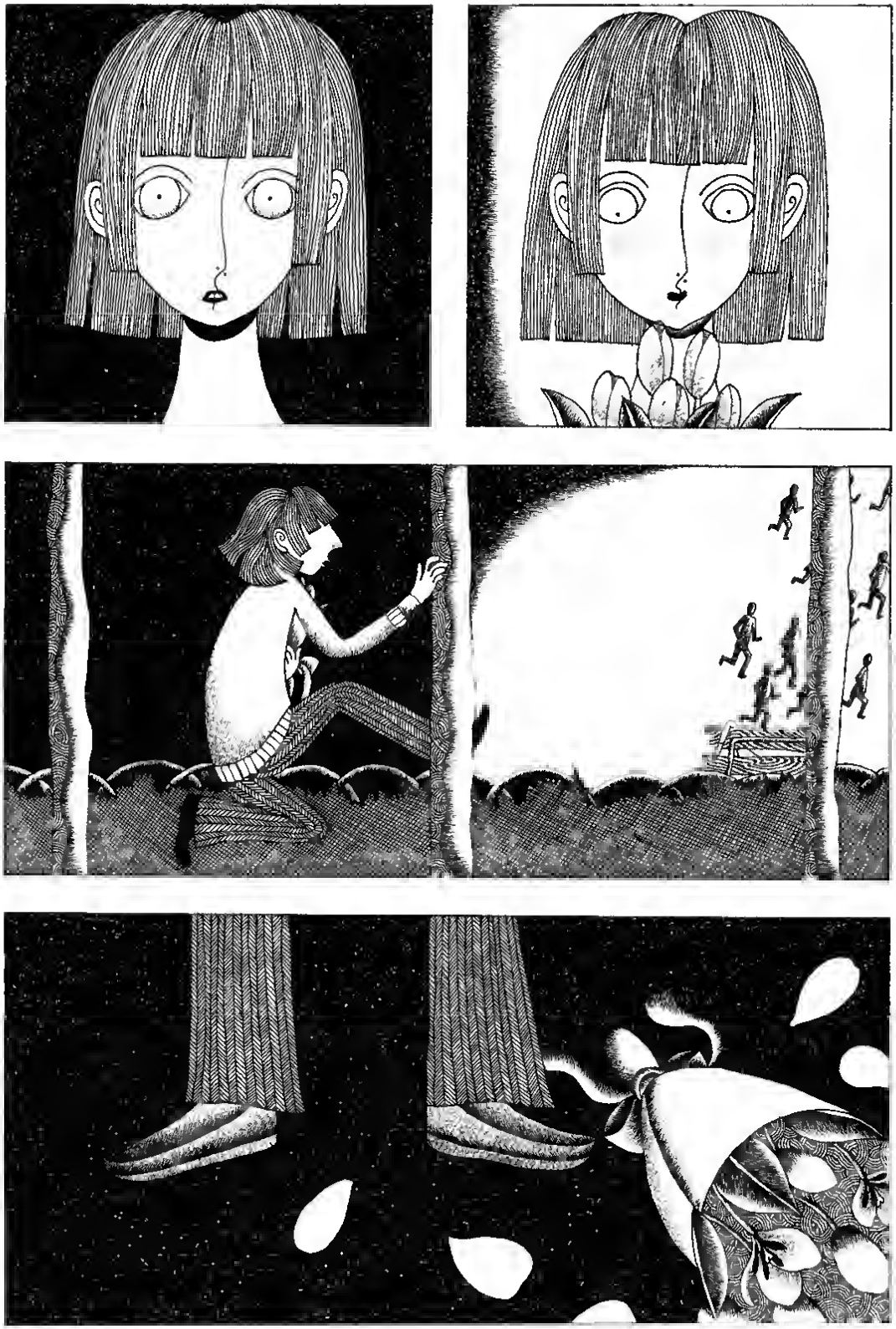


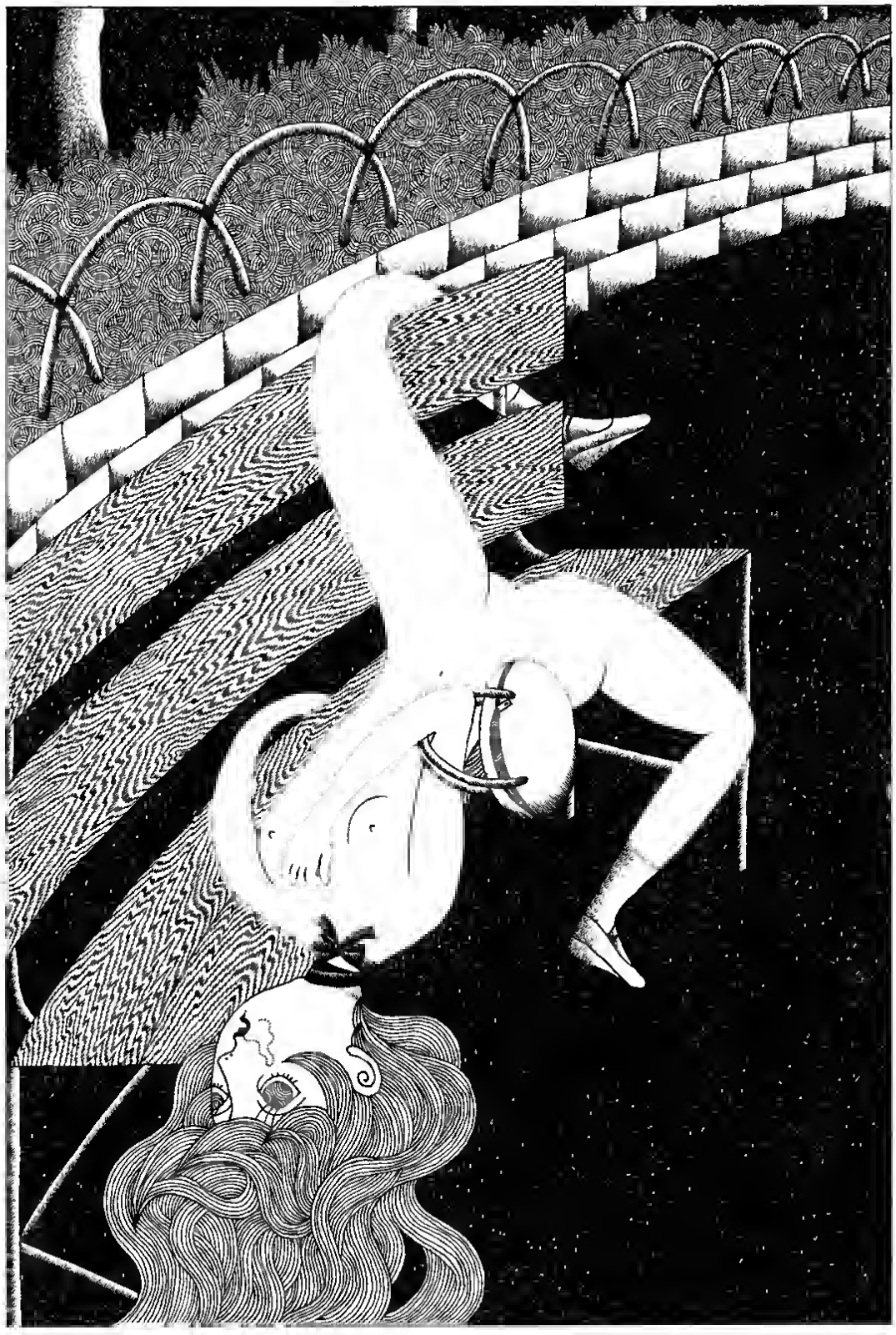


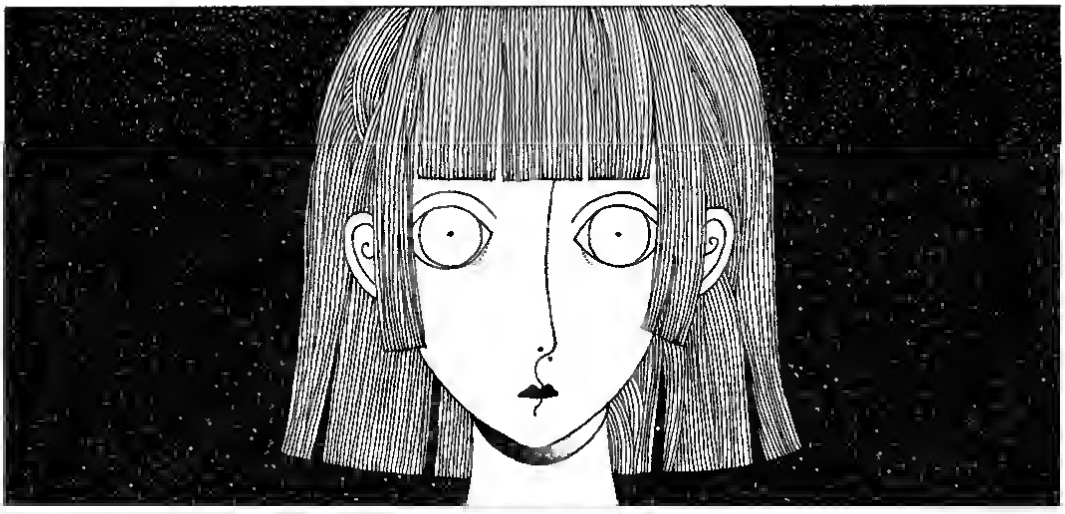


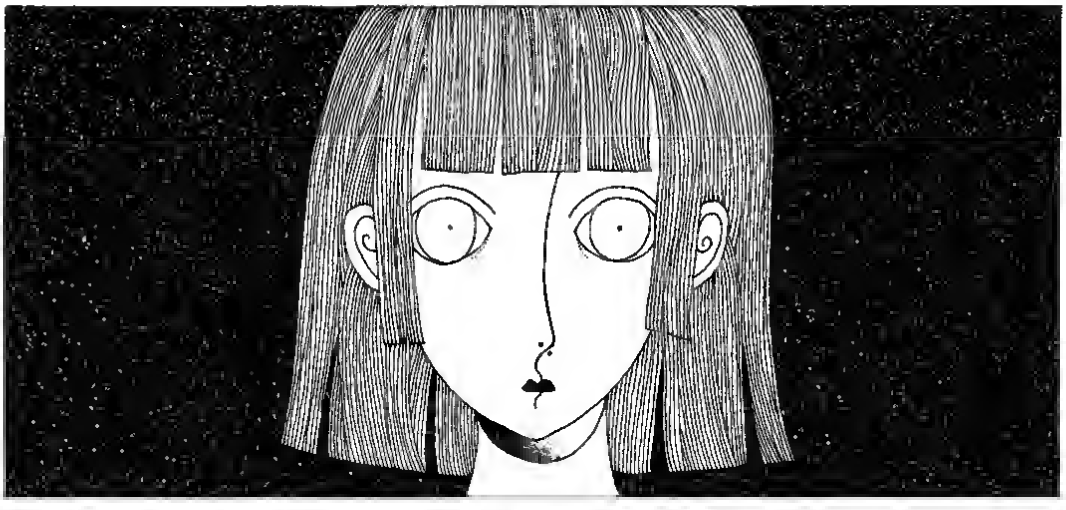


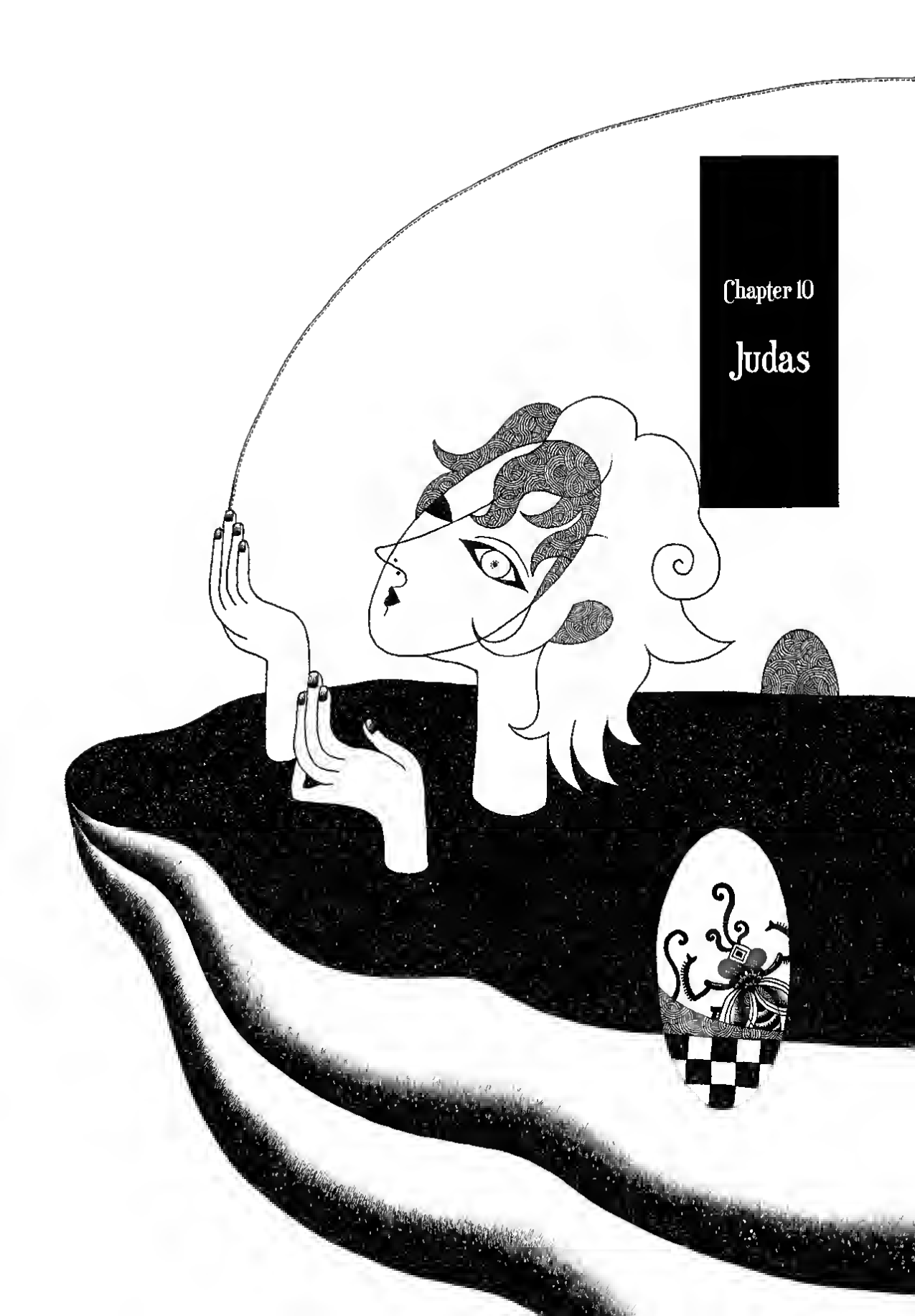


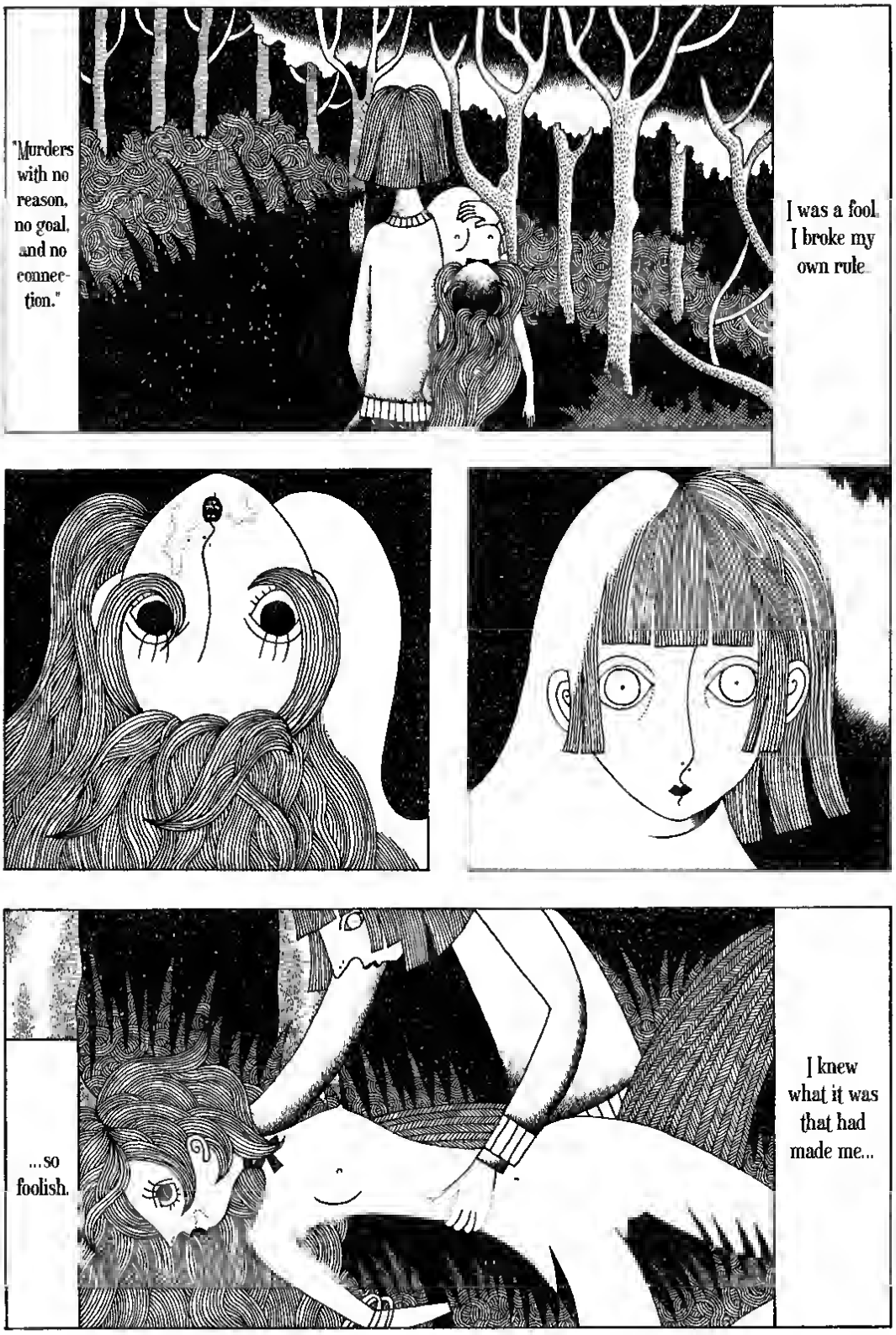


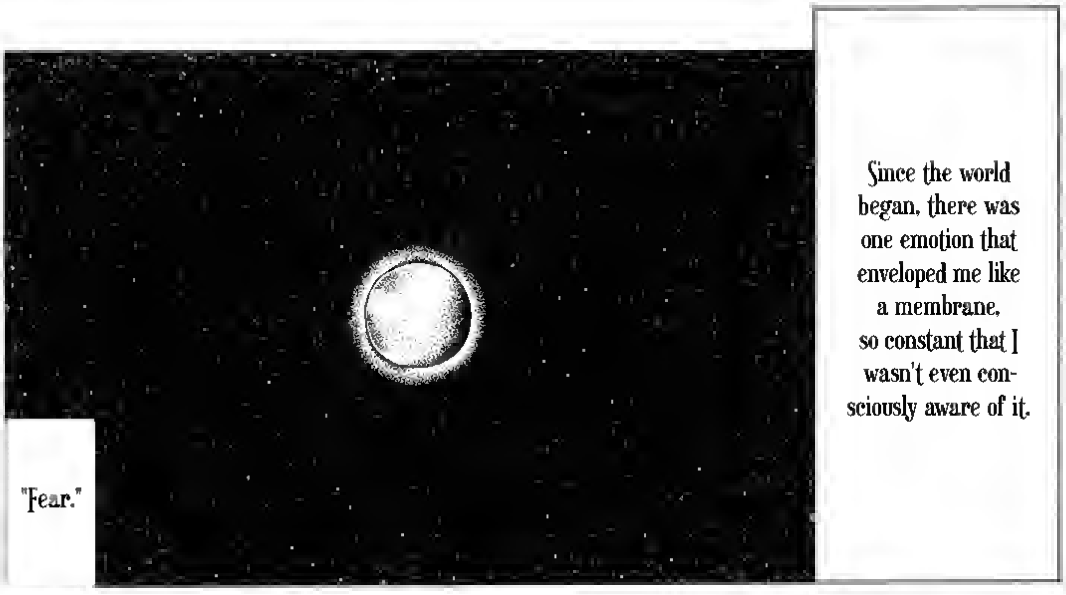




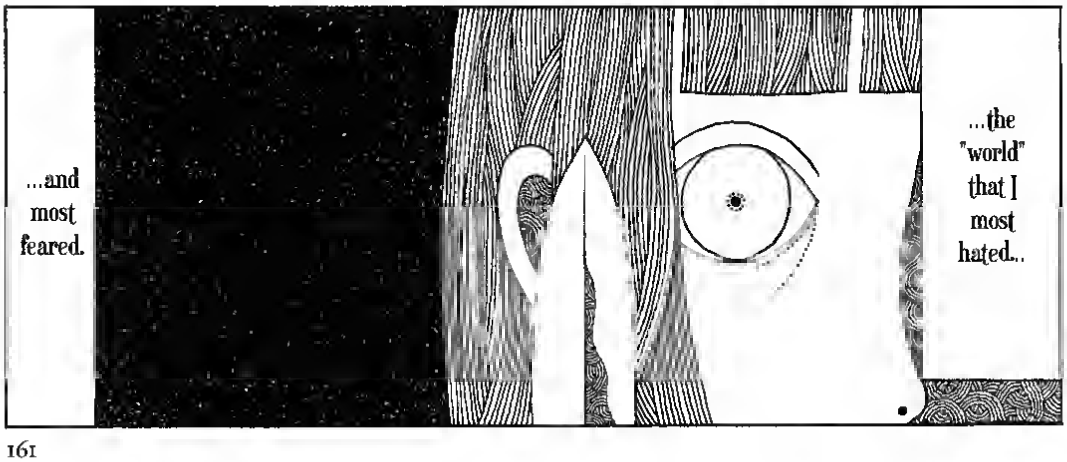


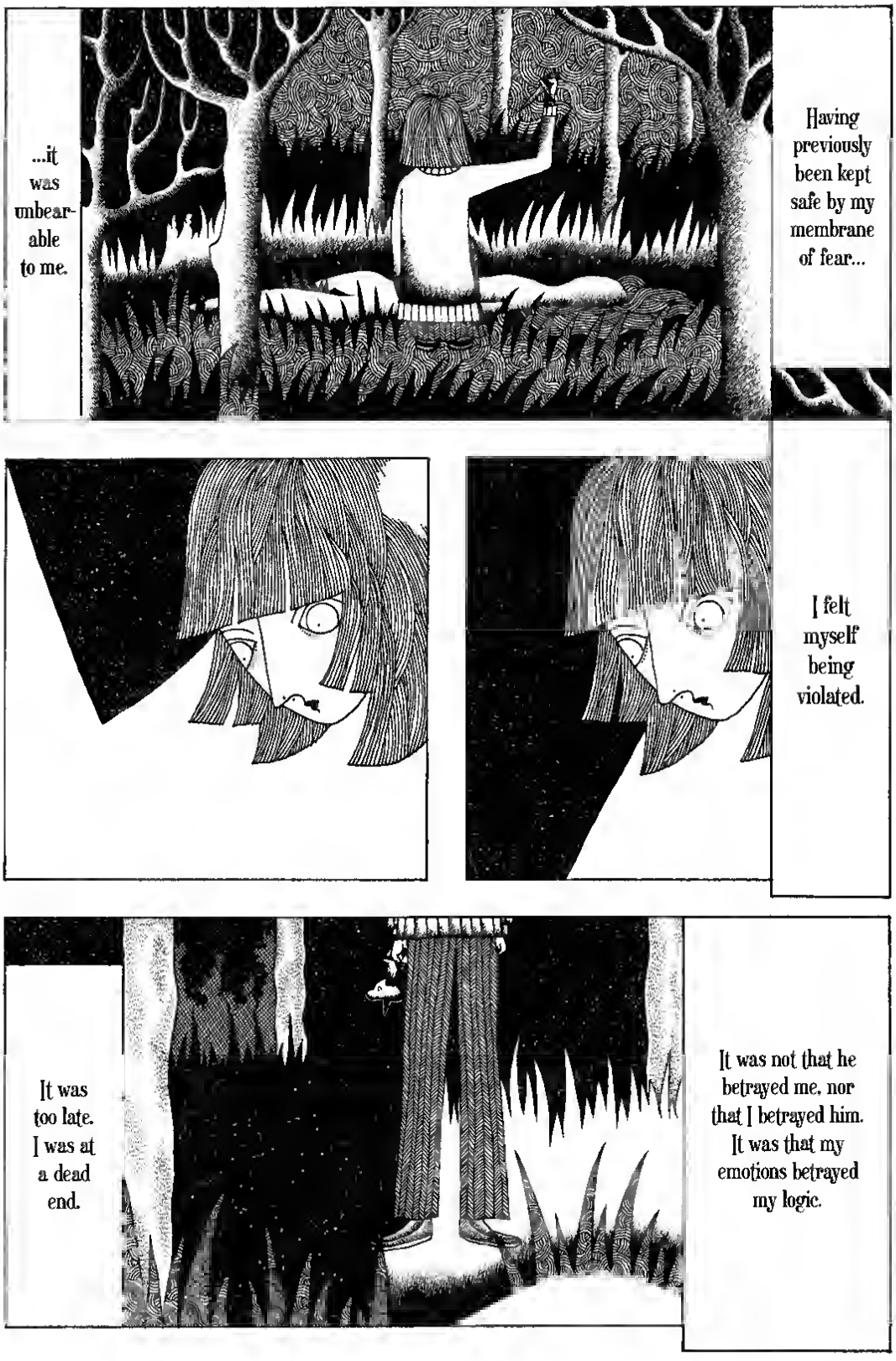

Chapter 10
Judas

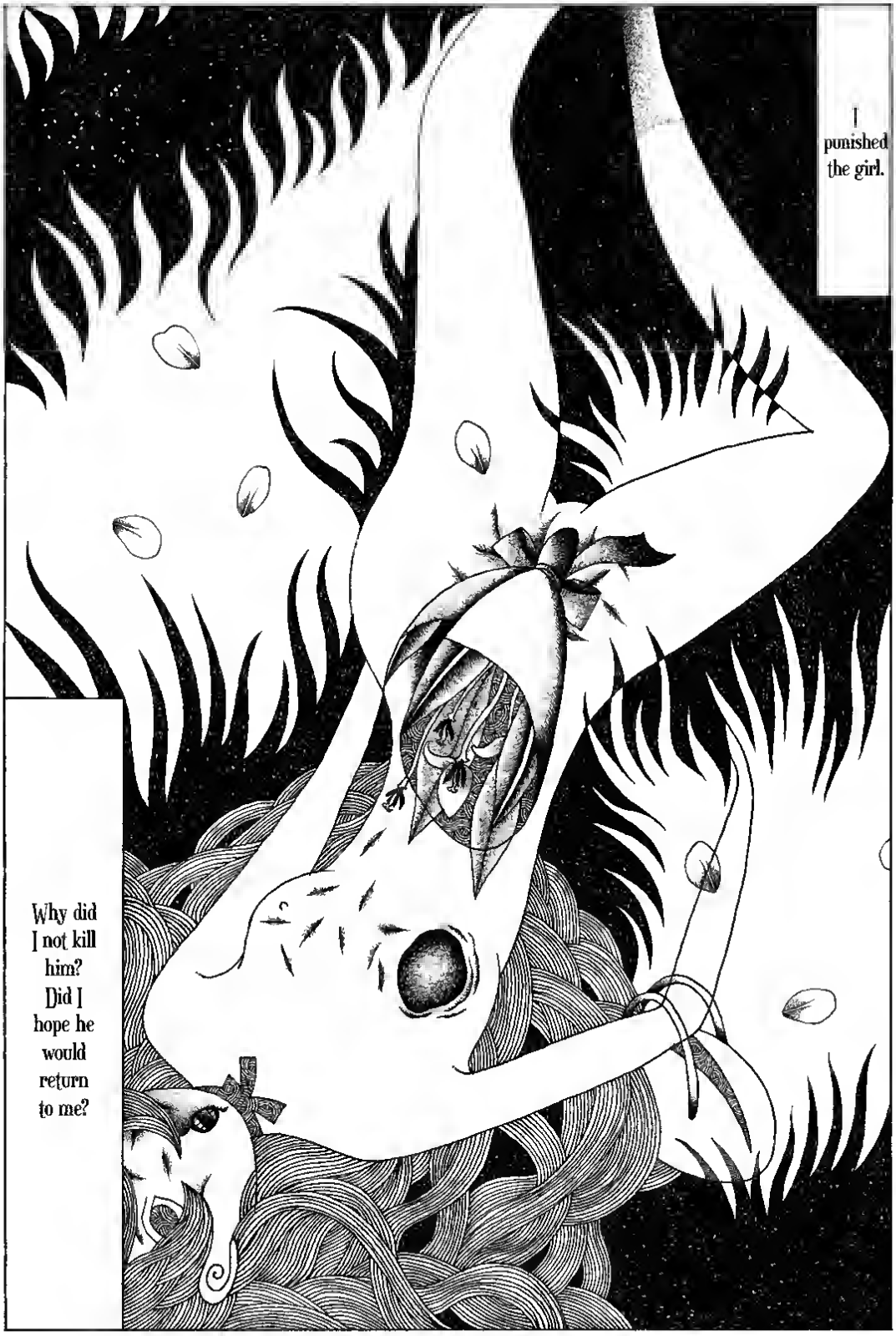

"Murders with no reason, no goal, and no connection."
I was a fool. I broke my own rule.
...so foolish.
I knew what it was that had made me...

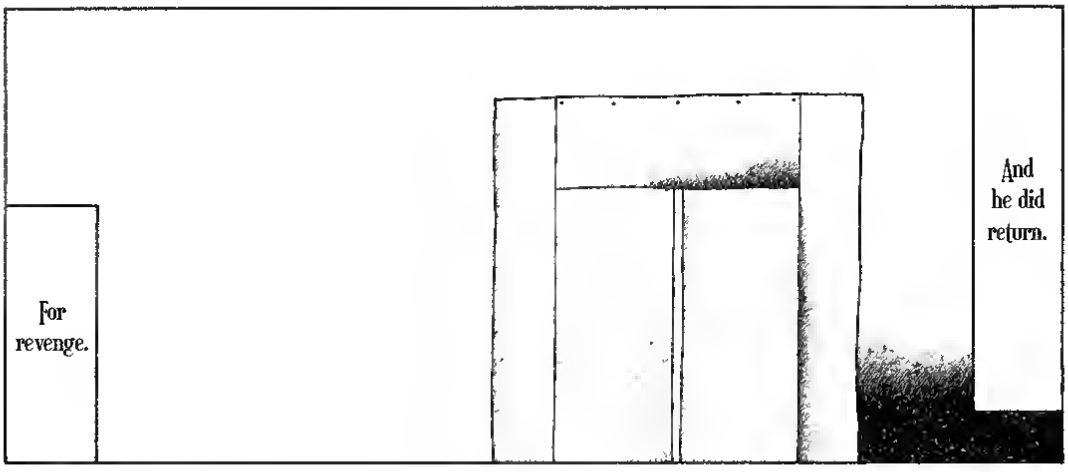

"Fear."
Since the world began, there was one emotion that enveloped me like a membrane, so constant that I wasn't even consciously aware of it.

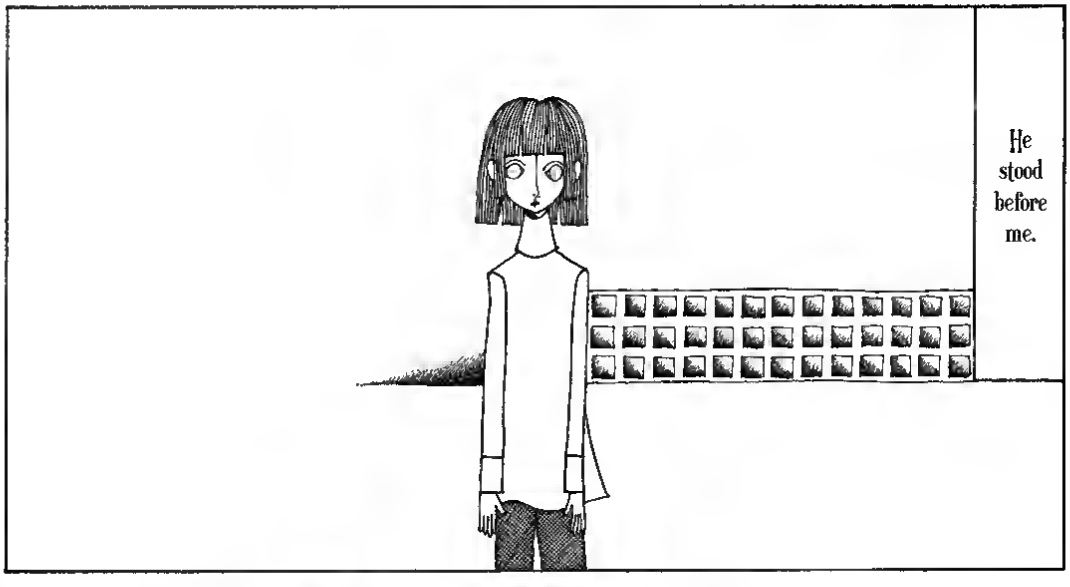
And into that wound flowed the "world"...
I felt as if a part of my very body had been cut off.

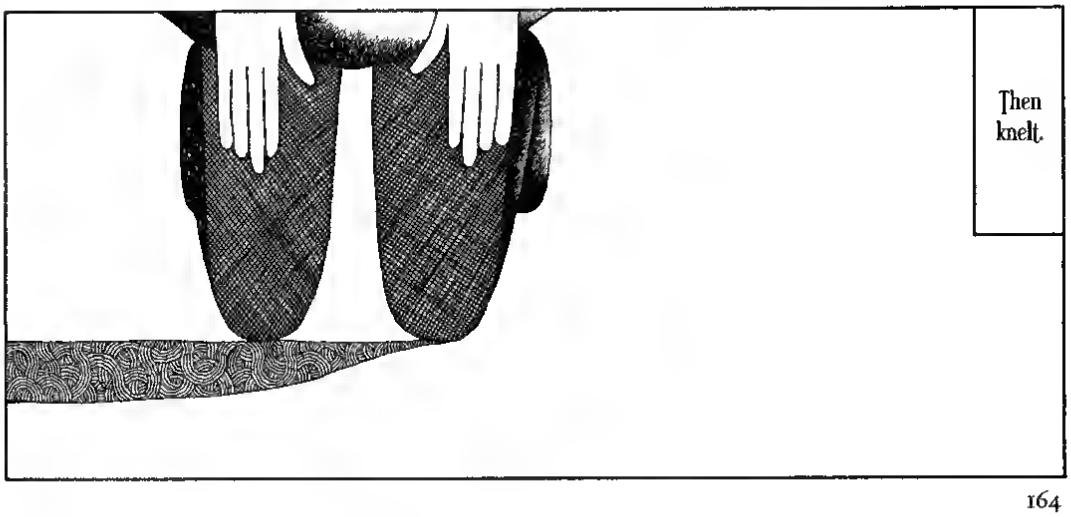

...and most feared.
...the "world" that I most hated...

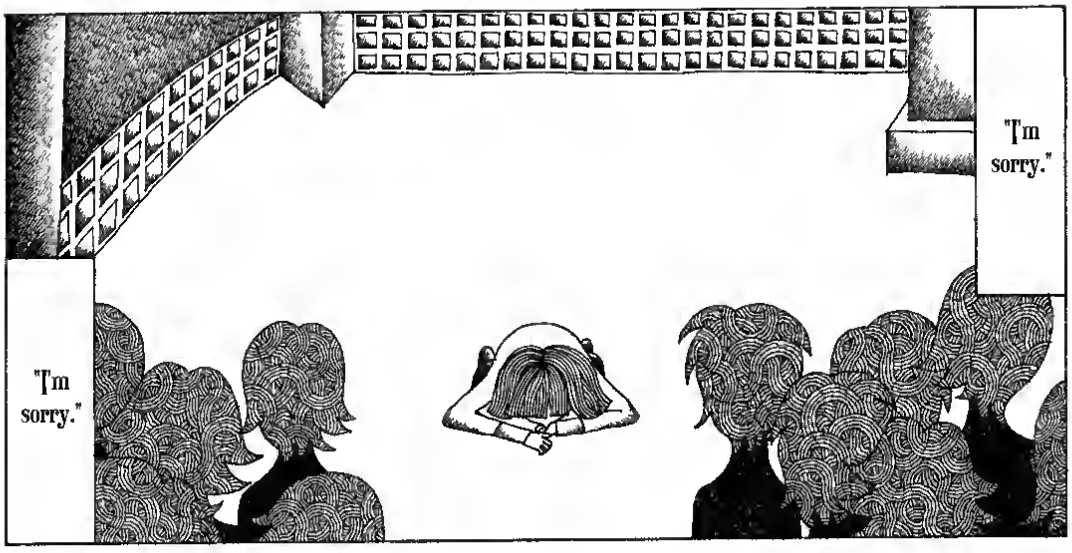

...it was unbearable to me.
Having previously been kept safe by my membrane of fear...
I felt myself being violated.
It was too late. I was at a dead end.
It was not that he betrayed me, nor that I betrayed him. It was that my emotions betrayed my logic.

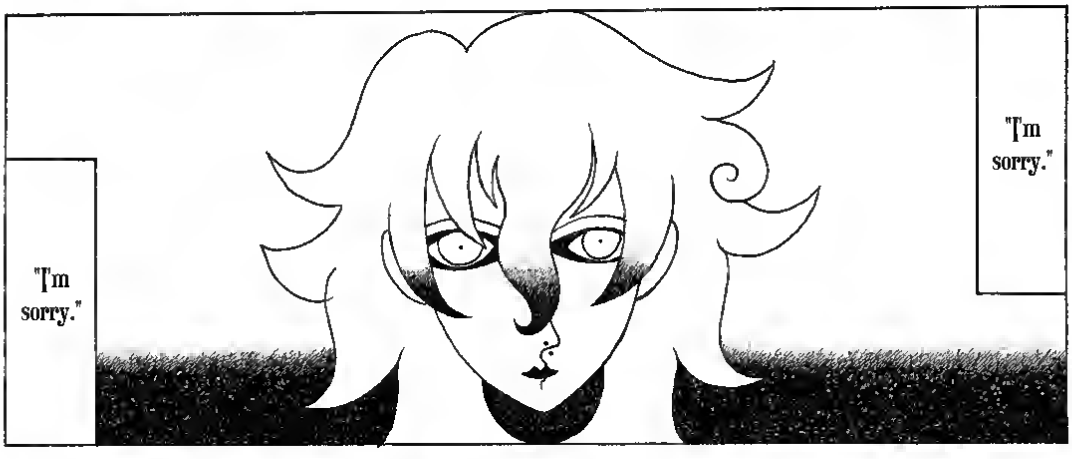

I punished the girl.
Why did I not kill him? Did I hope he would return to me?

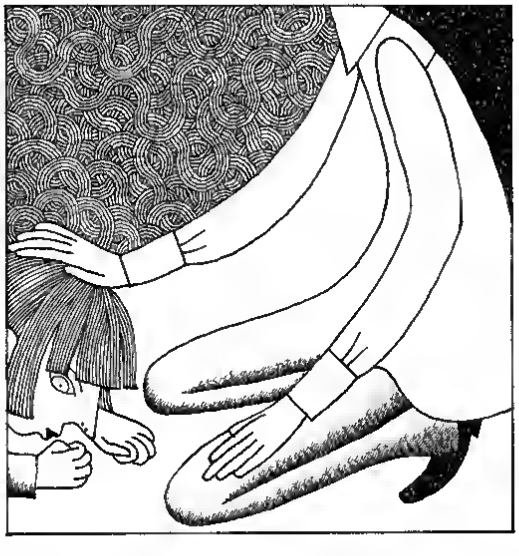

For revenge.
And he did return.


He stood before me.


Then knelt.

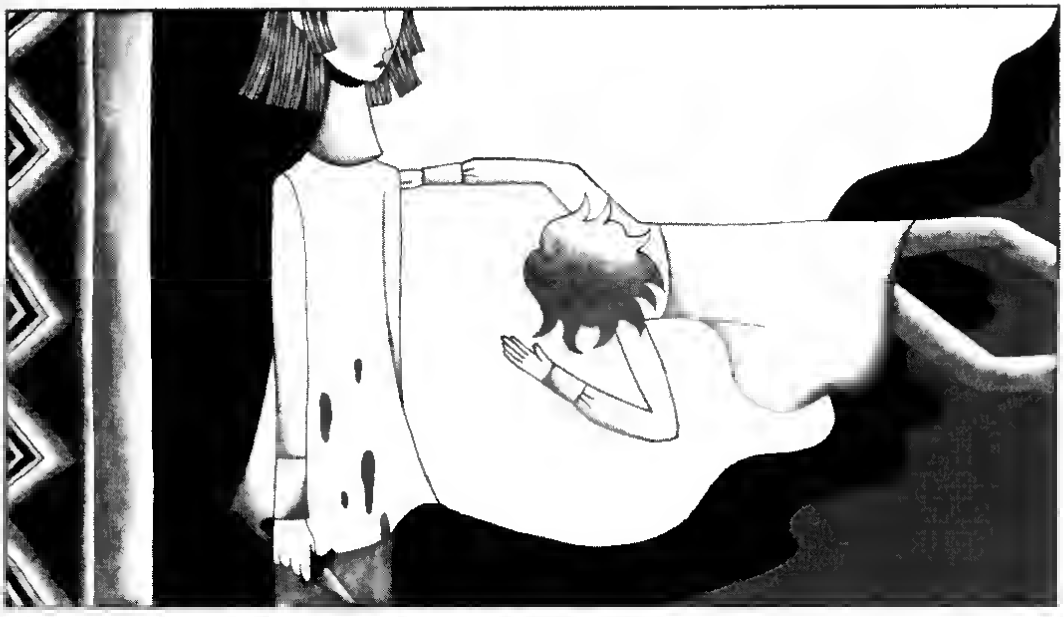

"I'm sorry."
"I'm sorry."

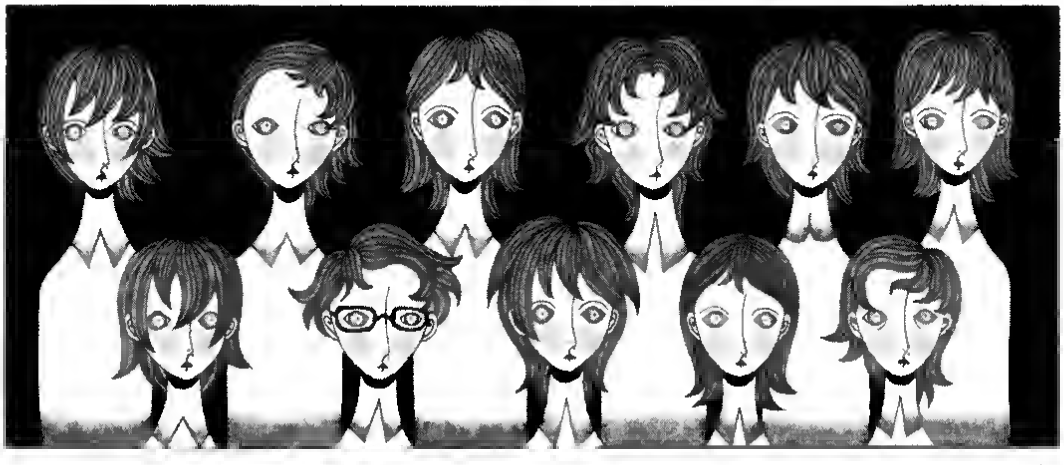

"I'm sorry."
"I'm sorry."

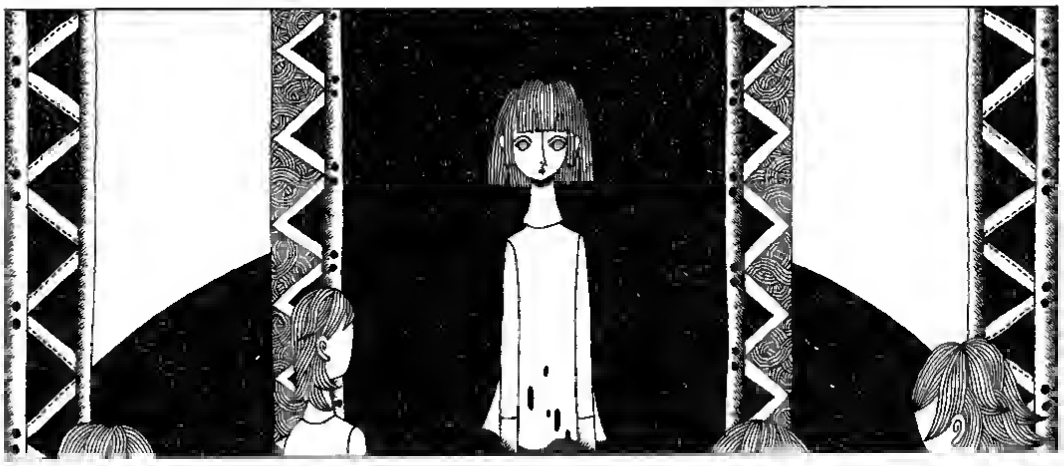


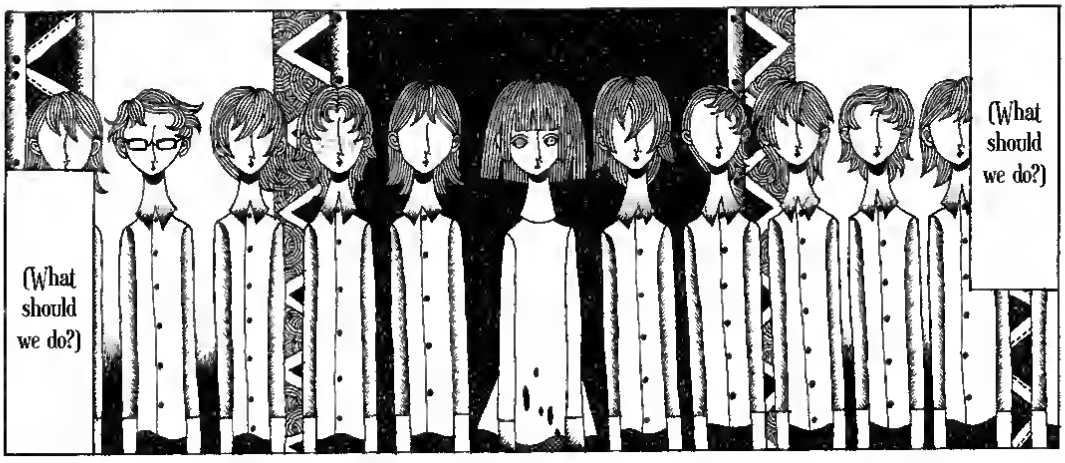
"...
sorry."
"I'm...

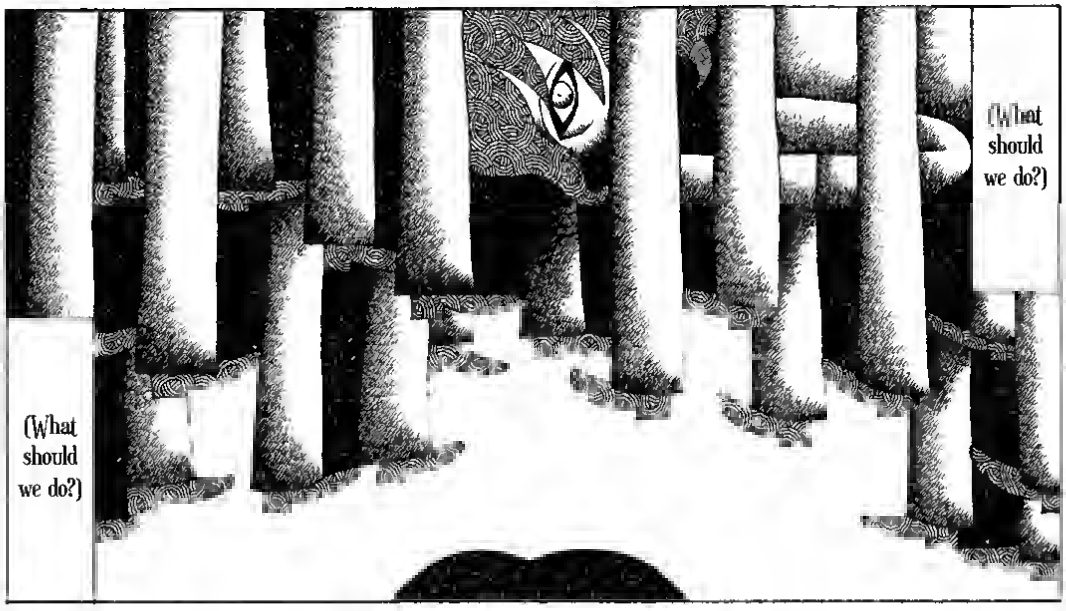
Chapter II
Judge-
ment

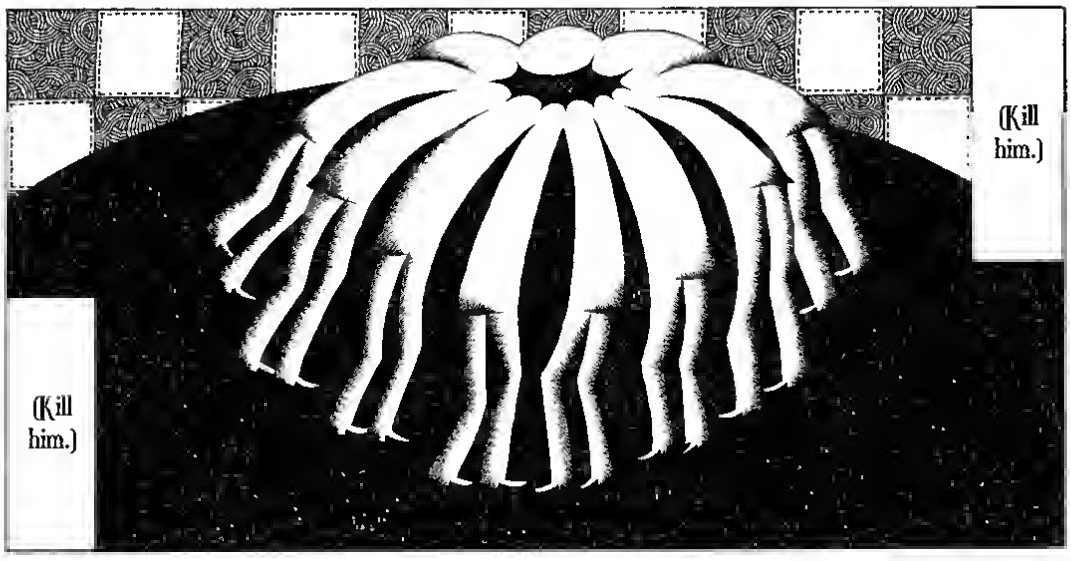


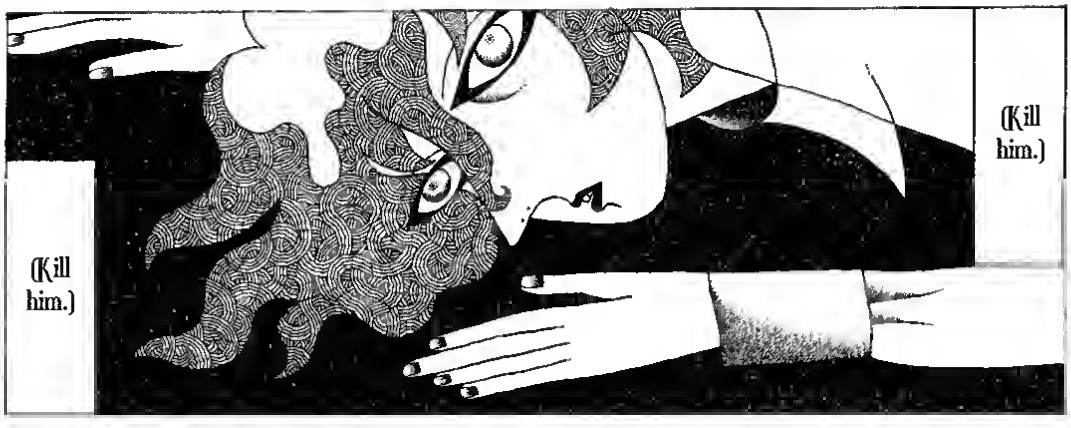


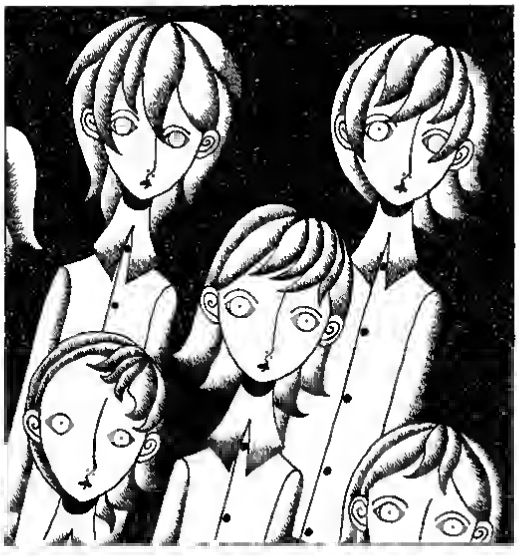


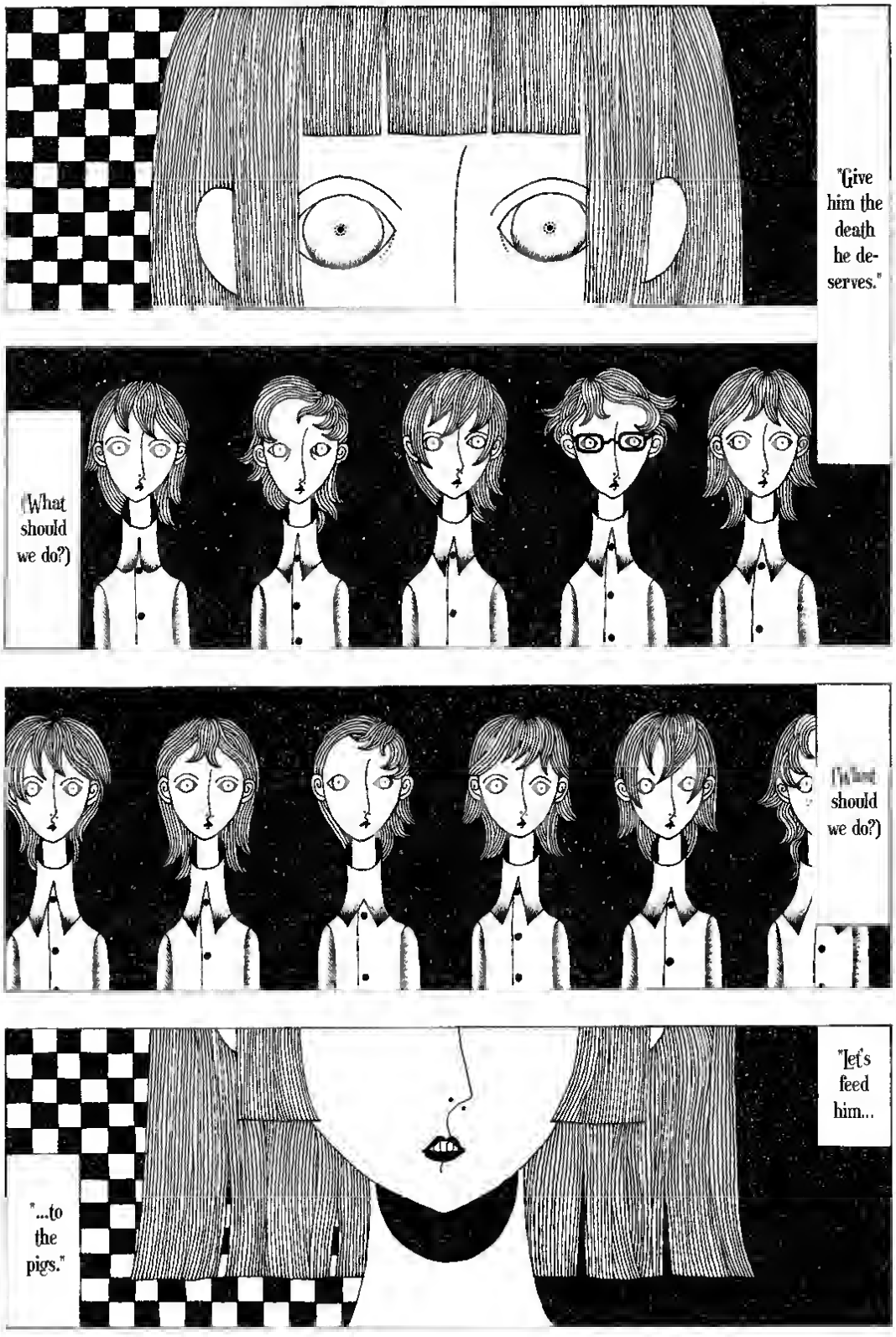

(What should we do?)
(What should we do?)

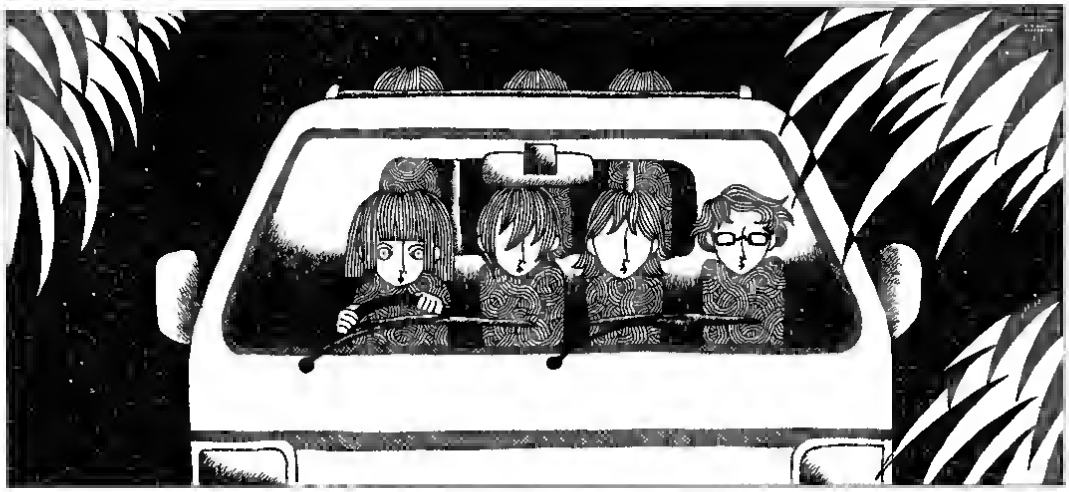

(What should we do?)
(What should we do?)

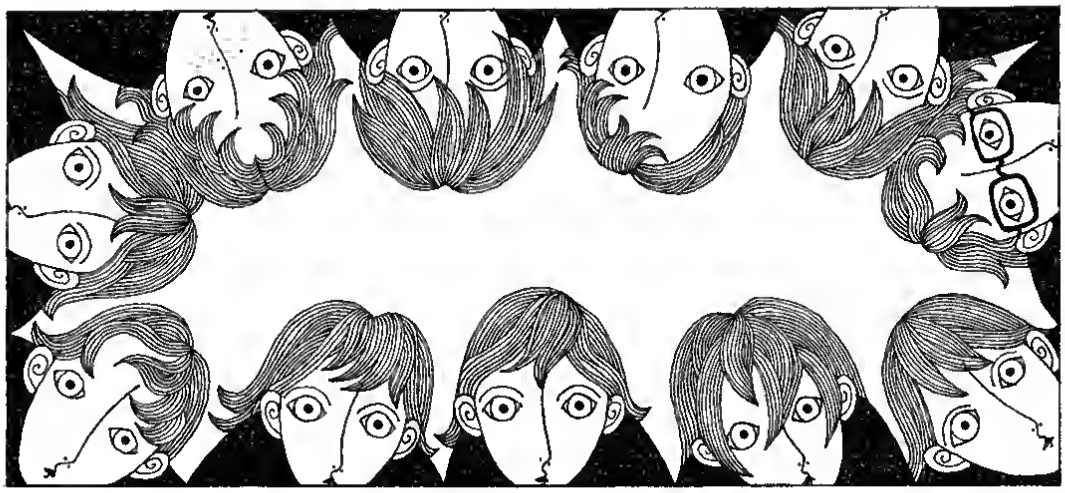

(Kill him.)
(Kill him.)

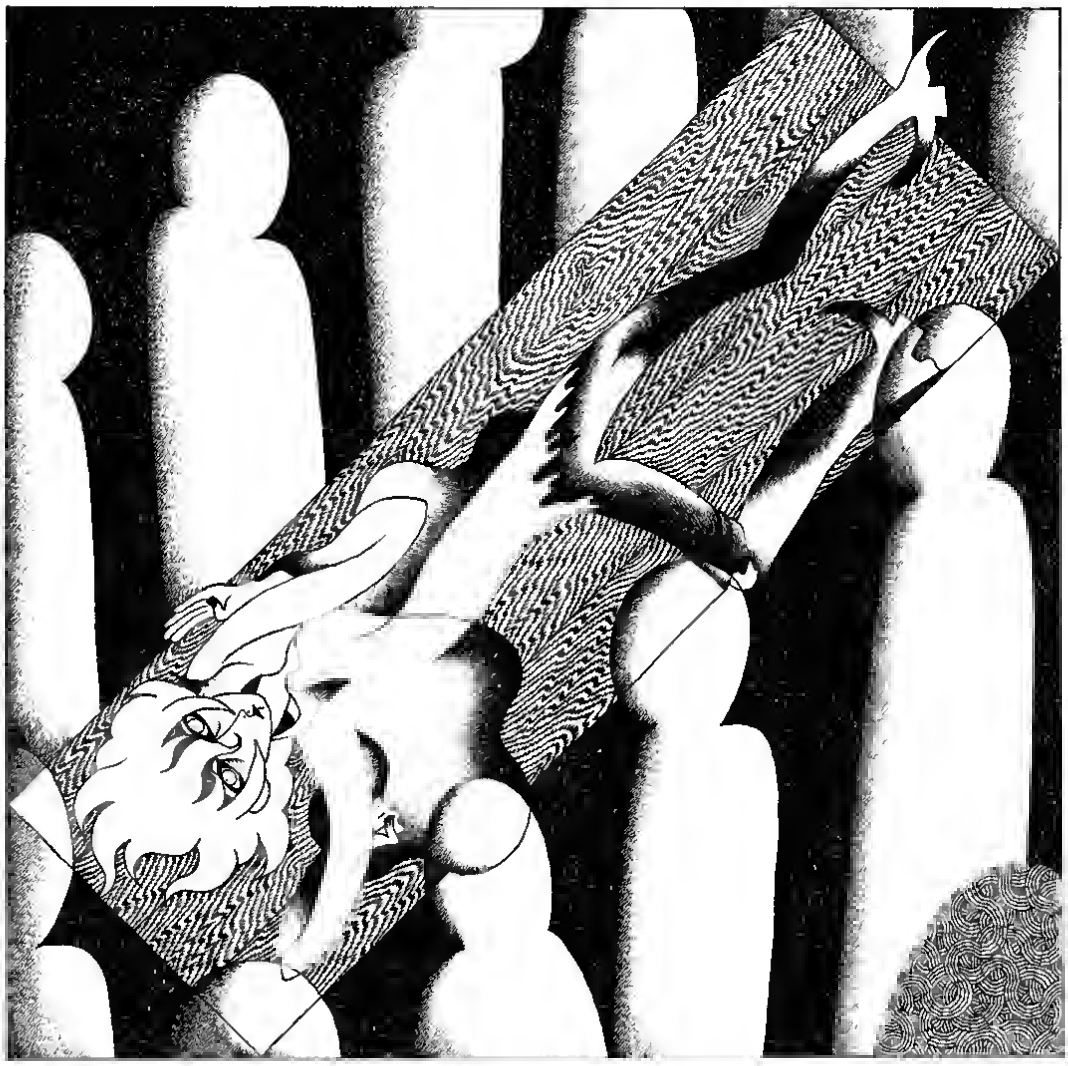

(Kill him.)
(Kill him.)

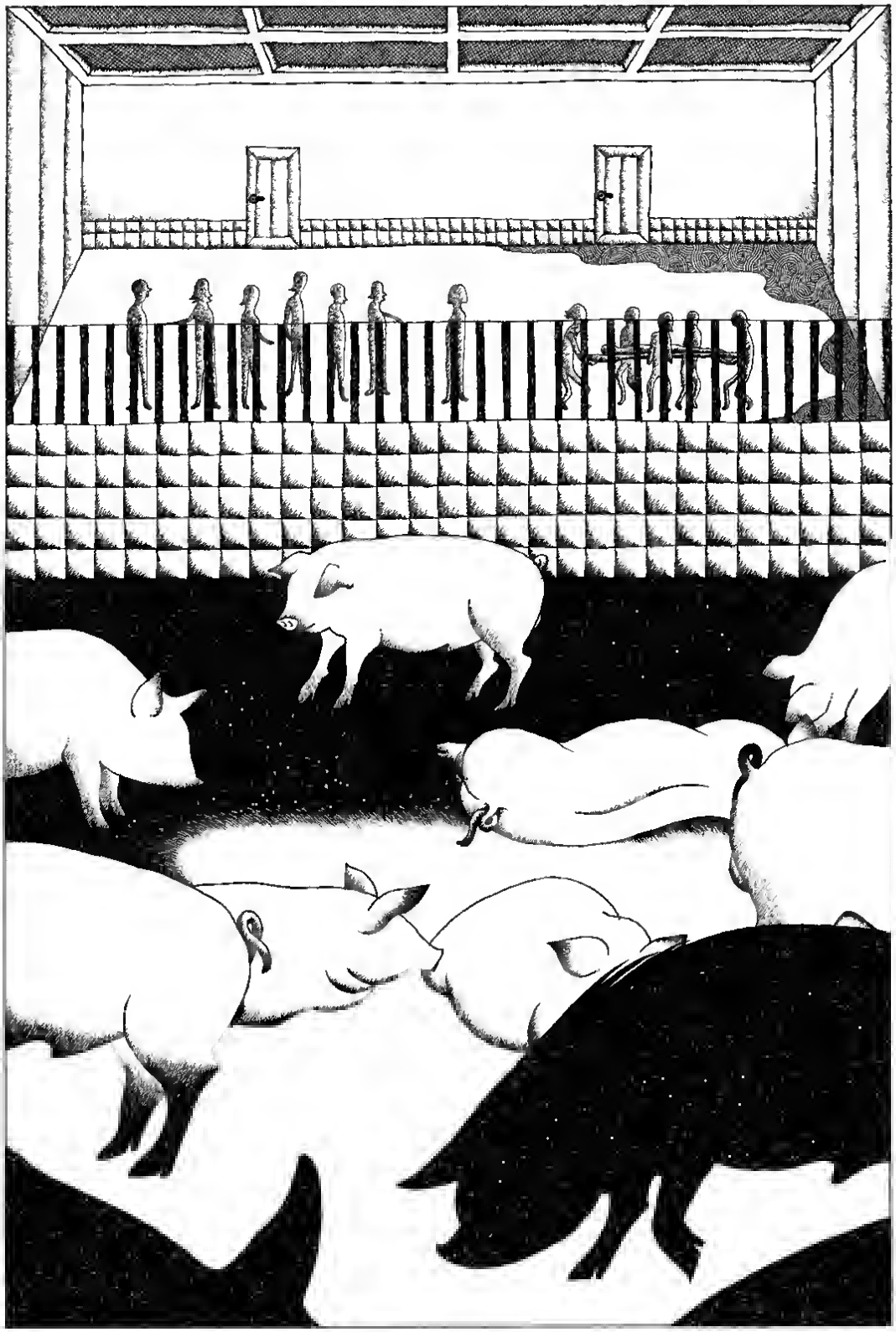


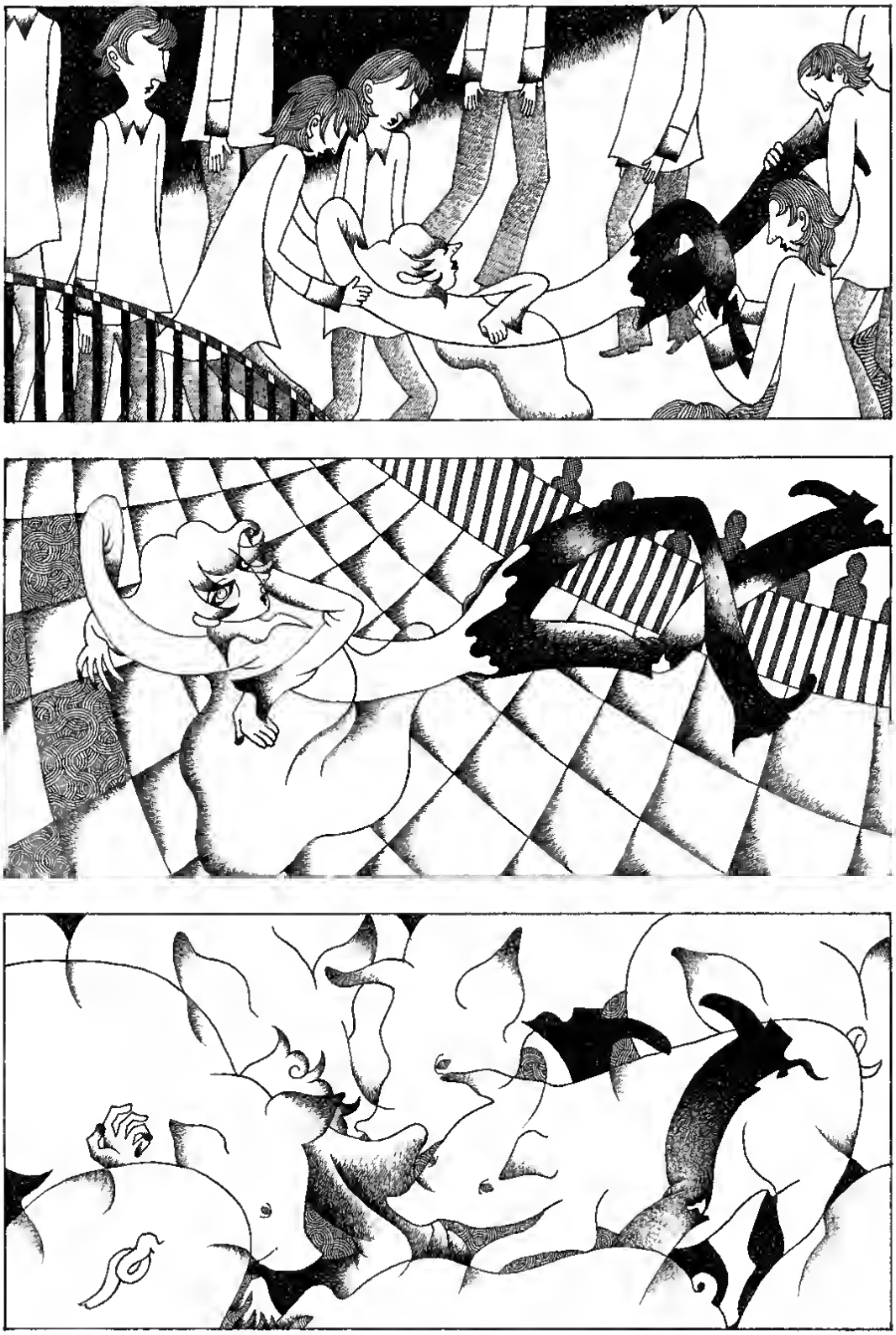

"Give him the death he deserves."
(What should we do?)
(What should we do?)
"Let's feed him...
"...to the pigs."

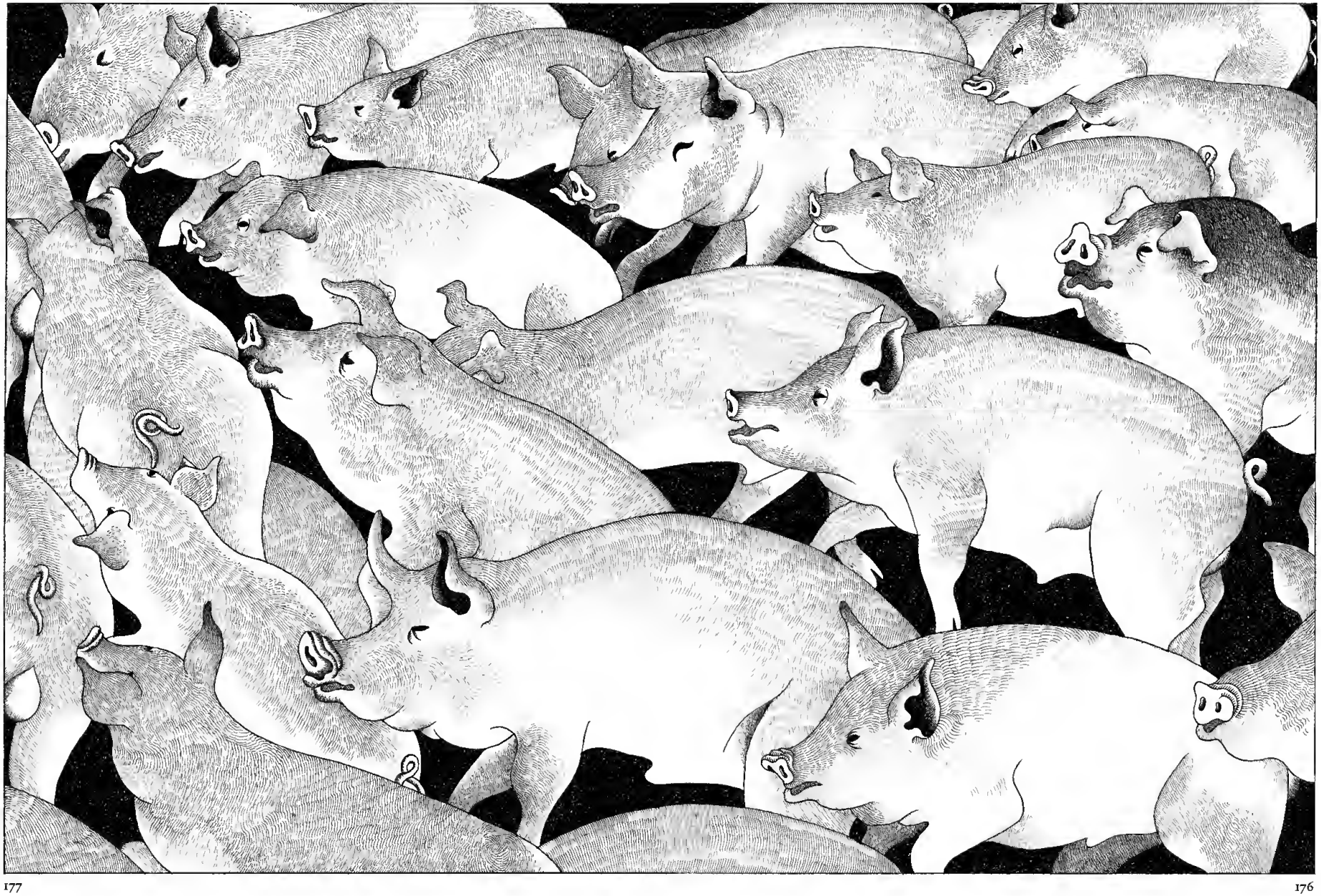


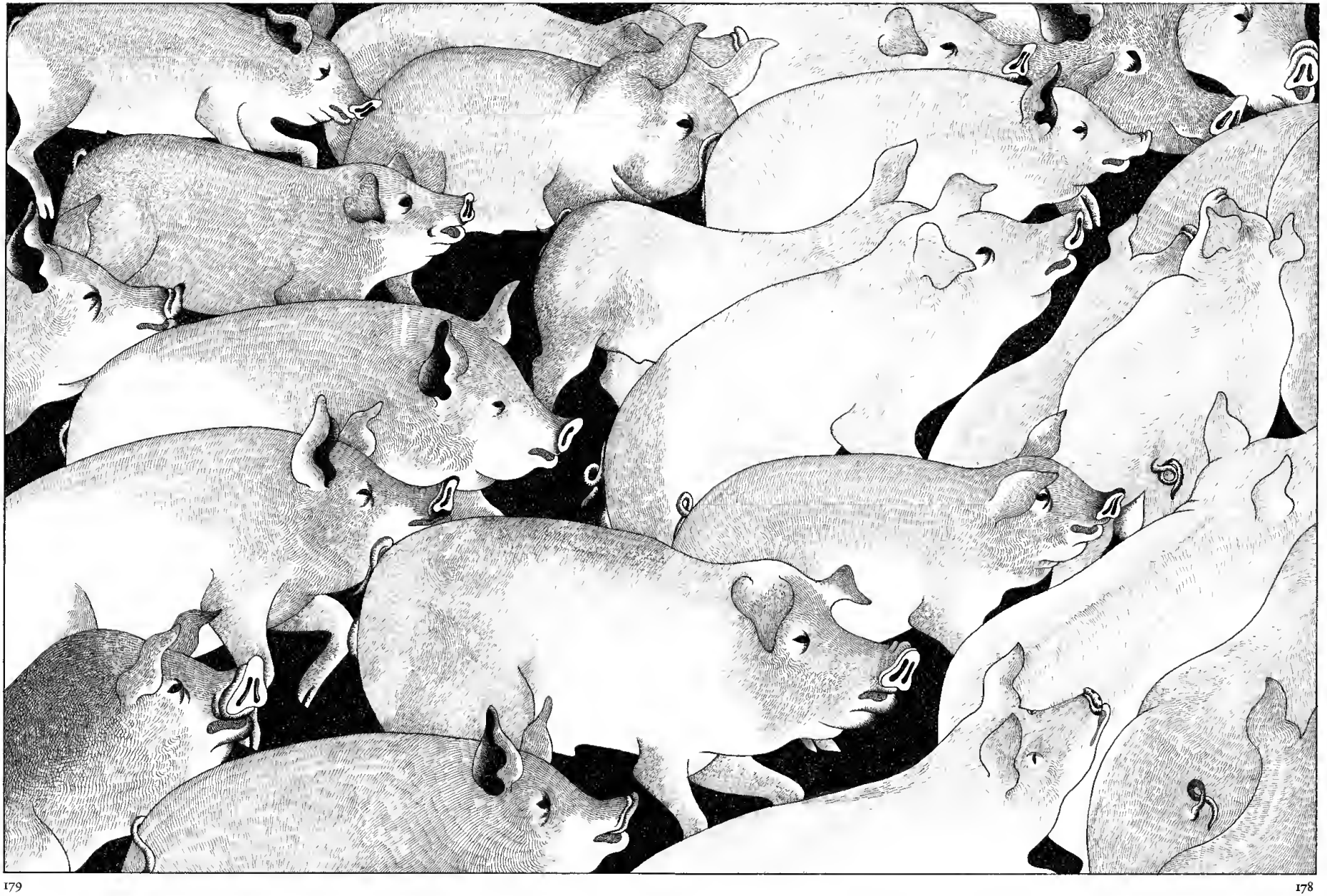


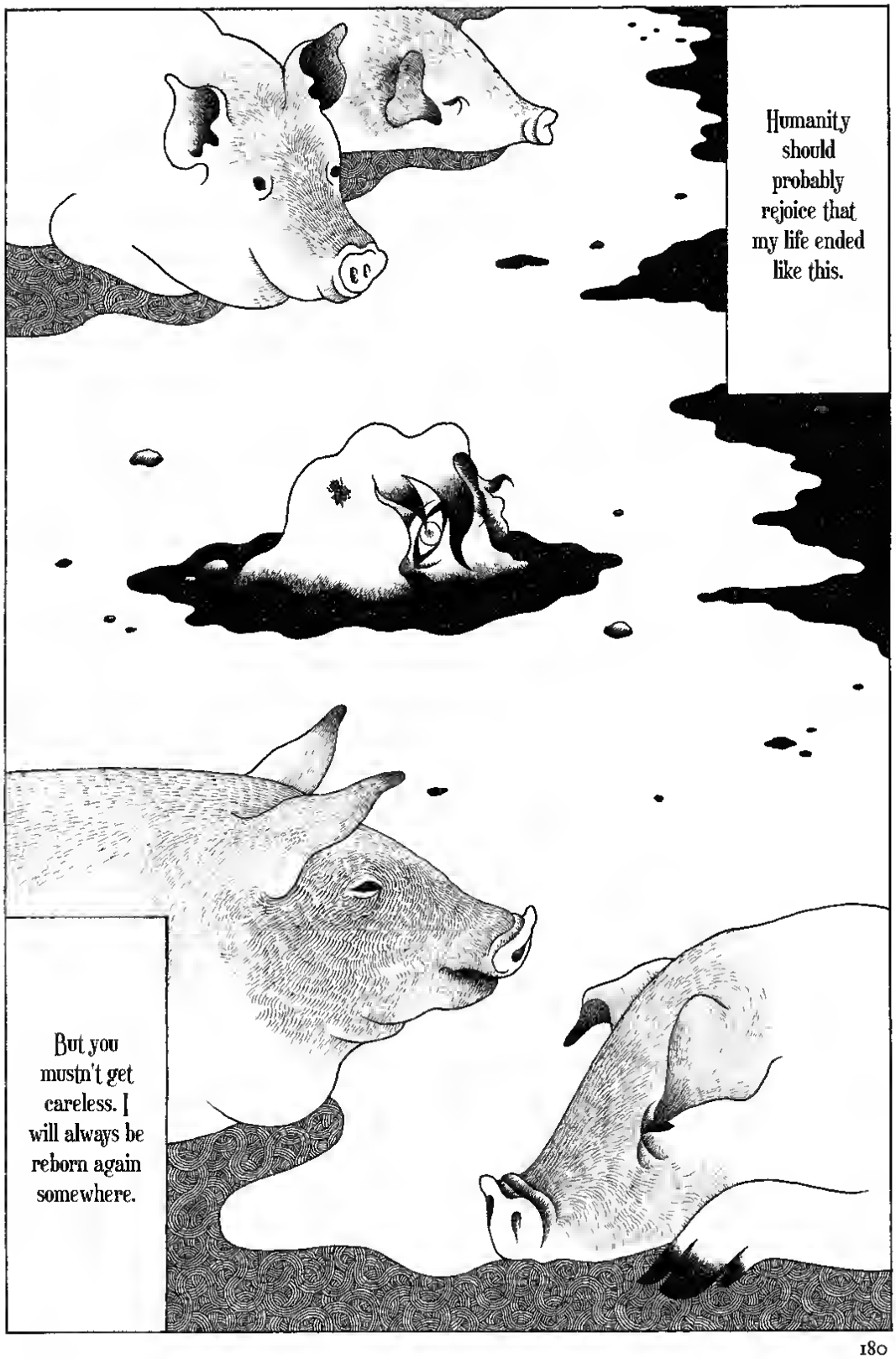











Humanity should probably rejoice that my life ended like this.
But you mustn't get careless. I will always be reborn again somewhere.

END